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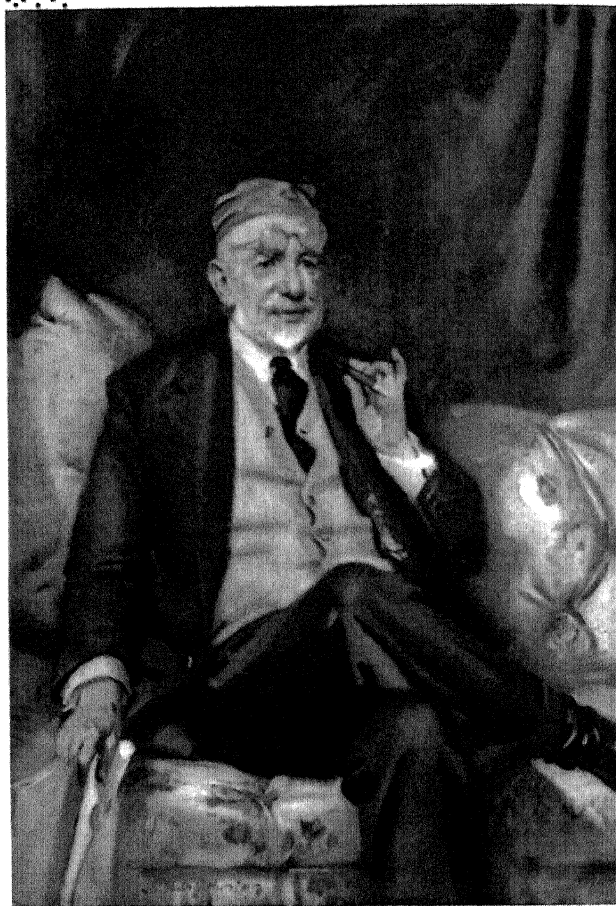
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LUSTY SCRIPPS

THE LIFE OF

E. W. SCRIPPS

[1854-1926]

BY

GILSON GARDNER



THE VANGUARD PRESS

NEW YORK CITY • 1932

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To those older men of the Scripps organization, R. F. Paine, Marlen E. Pew, Negley D. Cochran and the late W. B. Colver, who did so much to build into the structure those principles inspired by E. W. Scripps; and to those many young men and women in the concern in whom the fire burns; and who hope for a continuation of that spirit and purpose in which the papers were founded.

FOREWORD

Lincoln Steffens in Paris to Jo Davidson in New York.

You must do a great thing with Scripps. He is a great man and an individual. There is no other like him; energy, vision, courage, wisdom. He thinks his own thoughts, absolutely. He sees straight. He goes crooked, but he sees the line he is on and his thinking sticks to that. I regard Scripps as one of the two or three great men of my day. He is on to himself and the world, plays the game and despises it. He is sincere, not cynical. Really he should be done, but as a full-length standing figure so as to show the power of the man, the strength he took care to keep from becoming refined; he avoided other rich men so as to escape being one; he knew the danger his riches carried for himself, for his papers and for his seeing. Rough, almost ruthless force, but restrained by clear, even shrewd insight; an executive, capable of fierce action, restrained by the observation that a doer must not do too many things himself, but use his will to make others do them. And he did that all right. Read some of his letters to editors, the young fellows he was driving so hard and yet leaving alone.

Summer 1922

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PREFACE

E. W. Scripps always hoped that I would write his biography. He never ordered me to do so; but he did order me to edit the things which, over a period of seventeen years, he had written but never published. In a letter written me September 9, 1922, he says that if I should ever be tempted to write about his life I would find the best material in his "disquisitions." Other material would be found in his letters and his two attempts at autobiography.

One thing he begged in this letter: If anything should be written, let it be the truth and, so much as might be, the whole truth. He urged that, in selecting material, I should not be conventional. I should not select that material which alone would be regarded as creditable, or notice only those failings which might be regarded as permissible if not respectable common frailties.

As the physiologist regards the cell which makes up the brain as of no greater honor than that which makes the anus, so, he said, he would have the organism regarded as a whole; first, psychologically; second, morally, and third and incidentally, biologically.

In reviewing his own career Mr. Scripps expresses his belief that there is very little difference in human beings, except the difference produced by environment, accident, opportunity and necessity. He sees all people thrust into the world with more or less momentum. Some have greater native force and some have less. It is as when a hammer beats on heated iron.

PREFACE

If the hammer is a heavy one the sparks fly higher and last a bit longer. The weakling deals weaker blows.

But hardly has Mr. Scripps finished saying this when he is found saying that thrust and circumstances and ordinary physical and mental equipment are about the same for all people, and the individual has himself to thank for what he makes of himself and his life. In his own case he feels that he started with mediocre abilities, nothing unusual in the way of education, and with opportunities which are open to any one. Quoting William James as saying that any man can do anything he wants to do if he wants to do it badly enough, Mr. Scripps concludes that those who have not accomplished greatly are those who would rather dream than think, and rather loaf than labor.

The writer concluded that the best biography of E. W. Scripps was his autobiography, and spent his efforts perfecting that. It was frank, inspiring and revealing—what certain moderns have learned to call a human document.

But E. W. Scripps felt otherwise. In the end the instinct for retirement prevailed. In a codical to his will he gave directions that his writings be held by the trustee of his estate until his grandchildren should all be of age, when the latter should be permitted to read them. After that they should become the property of his son, Robert P. Scripps, or his heirs.

After twenty years of rather intimate contact, Mr. Scripps saw fit to name the writer as one of three trustees of his estate, to act in case of the death of his only son, Robert P. Scripps, the purpose being to bridge the gap between such possible death and the coming of age of the grandchildren who would

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ultimately inherit. Mr. Scripps also made other provisions for the writer and his family.

A more intimate personal contact was brought about when Mr. Scripps suffered a slight stroke of paralysis during the beginnings of this country's participation in the World War, after which he spent most of the time during the years of his semi-invalidism aboard his two yachts, the *Kemah* and the *Ohio*. He wanted company and the writer was often commandeered to sail with him.

So it happened that when the time came to carry out Mr. Scripps's wishes in regard to a biography there was a wealth of detail furnished by recollection on which to draw and there were copious notes taken during the labor of compiling and editing the autobiography and the other writings.

Mr. Scripps was accustomed to say that the story of his life would necessarily be the story of the Scripps concern, and vice versa. The one could not be written without writing the other.

In any country having so-called popular government, newspapers have their importance. There was more than a feature story in that article printed recently in which a young sociologist printed a list of 57 men in the United States, who, he said, were the real government of the nation. This list did not omit owners and founders of newspapers.

Newspapers and those who influence them, Mr. Scripps explained, are the government. Newspapers respond to influences, as of great business and of personal opinion, and all the machinery of politics and so-called government responds to the newspapers.

E. W. Scripps founded the thirty-odd city papers which now flourish and bear his name. Also he organized and main-

PREFACE

tained personal ownership of the only real competitor of the Associated Press, namely, the United Press.

The Scripps organization wields a considerable power and is taxed on a valuation of about a hundred million dollars.

E. W. Scripps is dead, but his papers live after him, and will probably continue to live, for good or evil, for many years. A son carries on with a group of editors and managers of his selection. They are the inheritors of a tradition, and are forced in a measure to carry on in the direction and in the manner determined by the mind and the purpose of the founder. This, at least, is one of the dogmas firmly held during his life by the founder.

E. W. Scripps, as a person, lives if at all, today, largely as a man of mystery. For he chose for many years to be a recluse, and rather cultivated the mysterious rôle. Around his personality has grown up a folk lore. They tell—those who saw him—what he was like. They tell how he came into one of his offices and was chaffed by the office boy, being mistaken for a “nut” with something on his mind. Rare photographs reveal the fact that he had whiskers, and report affirmed them red. Also boots, and that on some occasions certainly he tucked his trousers into them; also that he had a “nasty way” of looking at people, especially if he didn’t happen to like them or was in a bad humor. A cast in one eye did not make his aspect more pleasing. There are stories of the incredible amount of whisky he would drink during any of the 24 hours in a day, and the incredible way it never seemed to interfere with his continued success in business. The old boys in the concern tell how Scripps could run a newspaper on a shoestring and would start a paper on two bits. His economies were unthinkable. His early papers were housed in alleys and

PREFACE

in the back streets of disreputable neighborhoods. The farther back the street and the more disreputable the neighborhood the better he seemed to like it.

E. W. Scripps was known throughout his organization as "The Old Man" or to some as "E. W." and his 2130-acre estate in San Diego County, California, where for many years he lived, and which was christened Miramar, was known as the Ranch.

The story of Scripps is three-fold. It is the story of how a great and powerful chain of newspapers was founded; how a country boy, untrained and uneducated, starting with eighty dollars sewed in the lining of his vest, became a multi-millionaire and died on his sea-going yacht at the age of seventy-two; it is the story of how education was attained without the aid of schools, and finally it is the setting forth of a philosophy and self-revelment of a man who, a superb egotist, was a superb teller of the truth, and who spent much thought in his latter years, attempting to put on paper what he thought about all important matters, and what had been the facts of his unusual life.

JOURNALISTIC FORBEARS

Edward W. Scripps was born on a farm near Rushville, Illinois, June 18, 1854. He was the thirteenth child of an English bookbinder who, twice failing in the bookbinding trade, had been shipped to America by his father, a well-to-do publisher and tradesman of London. This Scripps, James G., father of the bookbinder, had prospered. At one time he edited the *True Briton*, and was part owner of the *London Literary Gazette*. He carried on other lines of business also. In the basement of the house where he lived he ran a stationery shop and took in advertisements for the newspapers. Down town he ran a reading room coffee shop where the light-lunch customers paid a small fee to read the latest newspapers, which in those days cost a shilling apiece. In another quarter of the city he acquired a house whose cellar led to some crypts which had once been under a monastery and here he stored wine, of which he became an importer and wholesaler. To these enterprises he added a fourth, the manufacture of white lead, which was then done crudely by trickling acid over lead castings, in earthen jars.

This grandfather Scripps had four sons and two daughters. One daughter entered a religious order; the other married a prosperous London merchant. The oldest son was sent to a university and entered the Foreign Office service. The second was educated for the law but took ill and died. The third helped carry on his father's business. The fourth—the father of E. W. Scripps—always had appeared less promising than

LUSTY SCRIPPS

the others, and had been apprenticed to the bookbinding trade. He was not strong and failed in everything. Twice he failed after setting up as a master bookbinder. He married early and had two children, one of whom died in youth. His wife died and he married again and had six children, five of whom lived. This wife also died early.

By the time this son was forty his father had become discouraged about his succeeding in London, and decided to ship him to America. This enterprising grandfather Scripps had been in the United States and had purchased a tract of land in Illinois, and to this land it was agreed the bookbinder son should be sent. Money was furnished him to make a new start, a small vessel was chartered for the voyage and in due time James M. Scripps arrived in Rushville, Illinois, with his lares and penates, his books, some furniture and even some of the earthen jars used in the making of white lead. He and his six children arrived; and also another wife. For one of the first things the bookbinder did after reaching American soil was to woo and wed Julia Osborn of Williamstown, Mass.

Julia was of Scotch ancestry. The late Professor Arthur Latham Perry, of Williams College, has searched out the Osborn lineage, and recorded it in his history of Williamstown and its environs. Julia's mother was a Blair—Dolla Blair—her father Timothy Osborn. The Blairs had descended from a certain Absalom Blair, a captain in the Revolutionary army who, with some of his comrades, had decided to quit the army and push their fortunes in the new world. They had settled in the vicinity of Williamstown.

A physical characteristic of the Blairs was a cast known in the tribe as the "Blair eye." Julia Blair Osborn, mother of E. W. Scripps, had such a cast. E. W. Scripps had a cast

JOURNALISTIC FORBEARS

in his right eye. He passed it on to his oldest son, to a daughter and to a granddaughter.

Of Timothy Osborn less seems to be known. He was of the roving sort, and soon after marrying Dolla Blair in Williamstown decided to try his fortune further west. He dwelt for a while in the foothills of the Adirondacks, later taking boat at Ogdensburg, whence he sailed up lakes Ontario and Erie, arriving eventually at a point where later grew the city of Cleveland, Ohio. Near the site of Cleveland, on the Chagrin River, he ran a grist mill, held the office of justice of the peace, and died at the ripe age of eighty.

The third wife of the British bookbinder bore him five children, of whom Edward W. was the fifth. His father was fifty-one years of age when he was born and his mother forty. His father had been a successful farmer fourteen years.

There was a tradition of journalism and non-conforming in the Scripps family. A great grandfather of E. W. Scripps, a shoemaker by trade, had found it necessary to emigrate to America on account of his activities in the Chartist movement. He had settled in Virginia, where for conscientious reasons he later determined to free his slaves, and had to move on to Missouri. In that state a son is found as a member of the first Constitutional Convention. Another son rode circuit in Kentucky and Indiana and founded the first Methodist church in St. Louis, and later one of the first weekly newspapers in Illinois. There were several contemporaries of James M. Scripps who edited country papers and worked on them, and a cousin of E. W. Scripps, John Locke Scripps, friend and biographer of Abraham Lincoln, was associated with Joseph Medill in founding the *Chicago Tribune*.

THE SENSITIVE CHILD

When E. W. undertook to write autobiographically he became self-conscious. When he tried to think back to the days of his very early childhood on the farm he was inclined to dramatize himself as the sensitive child, not completely understood. Camp meeting, to which he was taken, terrified him. Instead of staying tucked up in bed where his elders put him, pending the evening services, he worked himself into a wakeful and semi-hysterical state until he finally got up and ran for home, some miles away.

He recalled Christmas without pleasure. Christmas he was sure was a quite uniform disappointment. Instead of getting the things he would have liked to have, he got useful presents of clothing and mittens. There was always a certain kind of candy, known to him as "beefsteak," of which he regularly ate too much and felt ill. He suffered from red flannel underwear, which made him sweaty and itchy, and he could remember being pulled out from under the bed to be spanked because he was not enjoying Christmas as a good boy should. In one of his disquisitions he marshals all the Christmas days he can remember and registers the conviction that all of them were a little less pleasant than any other day. There was an exception once when he remembered sitting in a poker game with some of the printers and reporters of the Cleveland Press, drinking beer and other things. But on the whole he saw little to commend in the practice of tying up packages in tissue paper and gilt string, and pretending to surprise, or to be surprised, with their contents.

THE SENSITIVE CHILD

And speaking of being spanked: His remarks on that subject might be useful to the child psychology clinics which the Carnegie Endowment has started. His testimony, as given in his personal reminiscences, is that he was spanked innumerable times by his mother, not, as he believes, because he deserved it or for his own good but because his mother was irritable or because she liked to spank. Also he testifies it was not the physical hurt that he minded. In fact the hurt was never much. It was the humiliation involved, and this engendered in him feelings only of resentment and rebellion. It was long after he had grown to manhood and was giving his old mother support and loving care before he got his mind entirely free from the childhood resentment caused by this form of punishment.

About the time E. W. began to write his reminiscences it happened that he read Romain Rolland's *Jean Christophe*. The earlier chapters about Jean's childhood seemed greatly to impress him. This account he said he understood fully, for it was substantially the story of his own childhood recollections. Jean's sensitiveness, his hatred of his father and the boys of the street; his broodings, his illnesses, his dreams and his knowledge that some day he was destined to be great and to do great things—all this E. W. says he felt.

He says he was regarded by his brothers as being affected. He considered that he was brainier than they and despised them. He had a real liking for poetry and had heard all of Milton, Scott, Longfellow and Tennyson before he was able to read. But when he was overheard declaiming some verse he liked his brothers jeered at him. And he never liked being laughed at.

Learning to read gave him his escape. He became a chronic

LUSTY SCRIPPS

reader. He always kept a candle in his pocket or hidden in his bedroom to take to bed with him for reading at night. He found happiness in solitude, and would steal away to the fields and lie for hours on his back watching the clouds sail by.

He did not enjoy robust health. Though tall and gangling he was not strong. He had rheumatism in his knees at fifteen, and was found easy to throw by the boys in the school yard.

He started to school at seven and made a very bad record. He hated the confinement and routine of school and spent his time with some good book behind his propped-up geography. He did not feel like studying and didn't study. But at the age of fourteen something happened which woke him up. It was a small thing, apparently, but it had pronounced results. He was sent to the blackboard to add a simple sum. It was Friday, exhibition day, when parents and friends attended the classes. Eddie flunked. Teacher then called on Alice Putnam. Alice was soft on Eddie, and Eddie hated her for that and other reasons. The other reasons were that he hated all girls as stupid and silly things. Alice did the sum quickly and correctly while the teacher fixed scornful eyes on Eddie. In his deep humiliation Eddie formed a great resolve. Never again! He took his *Ray's Third Arithmetic* and his candle to bed with him that night and he began with the introduction. Nights and Sundays he sat up with Ray and his arithmetic and when he got through he knew it from cover to cover. With this running start he decided to take on geometry. So he mastered that, and when it was reached in the course he never had to open his book. He confesses he liked this bit of showing off.

But with all this erudition the multiplication table balked

THE SENSITIVE CHILD

him. After the digit seven he was never quite sure. Which did not prevent his later becoming a perfect wizard at dominoes. Also when handling the finances of his great concern he was wont to say that he could look at two figures in the voluminous statements of some big paper and know the status of that paper. And this was no idle boast.

To relieve his feelings in regard to Alice, and to cure her of her tenderness for him, he sought her out in the school yard, when many were present, and grabbing her by her feet toppled her over and pulled her ignominiously about the yard. Years later Alice became the wife of a great magnate of Standard Oil.

Books and sister Ellen supplemented the education at the little red schoolhouse. At one time Ellen conducted a neighborhood boys' school and Eddie was one of her pupils. All female school teachers—excepting always sister Ellen—are included by E. W. in a wholesale denunciation as weak, futile and even harmful. Teachers, he says, were obstacles imposed upon him, standing in the way of education. He felt that he knew where to find anything he wanted to know and should have been left alone with his books.

At one time E. W. decided that languages would be a good thing to know and devoted himself for a few weeks each to French, German, Latin and Greek. He tried at times to make himself believe that he knew something about these languages, but as a matter of fact it was a mere smattering. He picked up some French while in Paris when in his thirties and traveled enough in Germany to get a little German; but not much. Greek and Latin were not much more than distant acquaintances. He lacked a verbal memory, never being able to quote accurately, or to remember dates.

LUSTY SCRIPPS

The farm at Rushville was stocked with more books than most farms could boast even in that day, when farming was the principal national industry and people could be farmers and be well-to-do. The bookbinder father brought with him many books when he sailed from London on his little chartered ship. His trade had brought more books than he might otherwise have had, though he was a man of some culture and reading. E. W. remembers among the books he read while growing up, Tom Paine's *Age of Reason*; the novels of the Bronte sisters, the novels of Victor Hugo, a story called *Evalina*, Thackeray's works, the works of Goethe, something by Turgenieff, Renan's *Life of Jesus*, Thomas A'Kempis's *Imitation of Christ*, the tales of Captain Marryat, the usual volume of sermons by some English divine; a good collection of the English poets, including Coleridge, Cowper, Hood, Pope, Goldsmith, Wordsworth and Campbell; a great tome, *The Encyclopedia of Arts and Sciences*, of which Grandfather Scripps was one of four authors; the Peter Parley books; and a twelve-volume set of Shakespeare.

"LAZIEST BOY IN THE COUNTY"

As a growing boy on the farm, E. W. earned the title of the "laziest boy in the county." This did not really trouble him. His secret sense of superiority made him feel that this estimate by his contemporaries was merely evidence of their dullness.

At milking and chopping wood he admits he was a failure. It took him about four times as long to milk a cow as it would take any good worker, and his failure to properly

“LAZIEST BOY IN THE COUNTY”

“strip” the udder, that is, to get the last of the milk, caused the cow to go prematurely dry. Which also made him undesirable as a milker. But he liked to make rhymes while he milked to see if he could not make the streams of milk scan to his rhymes.

At chopping he was awkwardness itself. To cut a stick of cordwood took him about four times as many blows as it would take his brother. His stumps, if he cut down a sapling, were a standing joke. His ax never would strike twice in the same place.

But, if he could not chop wood, he could cut up fire wood for the whole community at a profit and find time to stand around and read while the work was going on. This he did by renting the treadmill and circular saw from his father, and renting two old horses from his brother and hiring a man and a boy for \$1.25 a day while he solicited customers and bossed the job.

It was about this time also when he introduced the motive of emulation into farm work. E. W. was fourteen years of age. The elder brothers had left the farm, either for school or other occupations. Much of the supervision of the farm fell to him.

The strap and the cane had previously been the spurs to the boy's farm activities, but with the new sense of responsibility farm work became less a chore. Anything that was voluntary was less objectionable. For example, he had done some quite hard work in cultivating the unused land in the corners of the rail-fenced fields, growing sweet potatoes, corn and Irish potatoes and selling them for his own account in the village. This supplied his spending money. Cultivating

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the earth he liked. It gave him, he says, a pleasure to see the plowed or hoed land, the result of his efforts.

But when the absence of his brothers and the illness of his father threw the matter into his hands he began to work out some ideas of his own in the matter of farm work. With the consent of his father he omitted to hire a man, but went to the village and got boys to come and work with him. The current wage for a man was a dollar a day. He offered the boys 25 cents a day, a chance to get spending money.

At first Eddie worked with his boy friends. He divided off the field and finished his part long before the others. Then he jeered at them. They said he had trained for the job and had framed it up on them. But they had been pricked in their pride. Then he found that his little cousin, who was one of the boys, was a good pace-maker and he taunted the others with him. He added a nickel for the winner and divided the field into equal plots. This was a hoeing job.

Soon he found he could drop out, serving only as referee on the quality of work, the amount and time required to do it. A book filled up the time spaces between his refereeing.

Years later his mother was wont to say of this period that it seemed as if Eddie spent most of his working time sitting on the fence and she wondered if he were running his newspapers in the same way.

He was.

But there were certain things that had to be done, like driving the ice wagon. There was an icehouse which had to be filled from ponds in the neighborhood in the winter; and in the summer one source of revenue to the farm was selling and delivering this ice to the people in the village.

It was at this period, too, when, with the consent of his

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father, E. W. uncovered the surface outcropping of bituminous coal on the farm and sold it to the neighbors.

At boys' games he was poor. He was last choice in all choosings-up. Therefore he confesses he sought other ways to distinguish himself. He would know more about books than the others. And he did. But he found ample time to loaf, and he does not grudge that time. On the farm, E. W. says, much work had a way of taking care of itself, and there were long days in the late summer and fall when a boy could steal away to the fields or woods and lie and dream, or read and think. He availed himself of all such opportunities, and never regretted any of the time so spent.

Fortunate, he says, is the boy whose early years are spent on a farm.

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In November, 1872, E. W. left the farm to go to Detroit. Secretly his purpose was to become a journalist. Officially he was to take a job as drug clerk and soda-fountain tender.

His secret ambitions were fed by the knowledge that many relatives on his father's side were or had been successful in the newspaper business. He knew about his grandfather in London who had begun work on the *True Briton*. His half-brother, James, twenty years his senior, was editing the *Detroit Journal* and with other brothers held a controlling interest in the property. His cousin, John Locke Scripps, had founded the *Chicago Tribune*, and for a time had edited it. A great-uncle, John, had deviated from the ministry and founded a country weekly in Rushville. John Locke, the

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Chicago member of the tribe, had visited the farm and Eddie had seen him and heard him talk. He admired his success. He decided that he would learn to be a man like that. He would make money. Then he never would by any chance have to work for somebody else, and take orders. He hated the thought of taking orders from anybody. He liked the farm; but he could not see a fortune or fame in remaining on it. So he determined to leave. He thought once about running away. But there was no occasion to run away. If he wanted to go his father would help him.

On this occasion his father had helped by getting him the job as druggist apprentice. A British cousin who had graduated in pharmacy had come to America to start in business and had picked Detroit for his venture. He was short of capital and applied to the Rushville uncle, who loaned him several hundred dollars on condition that Eddie be taken into the new store and be taught the business.

A suit of store clothes, an overcoat that father no longer needed, and eighty dollars, the savings from his wood-sawing, coal and ice peddling, sewed in the lining of his vest, were his capital. The money was known to himself alone. It was his firm resolve that it should be used only to meet some extreme necessity. It was a safety fund. All his life from that time on E. W. always maintained such a safety fund. Later when his fortune mounted into hundreds of thousands, and then into millions, the fund was a larger one. But it was secret, available and free from banks or creditors. Always he could boast, if his fortune were swept away, he knew where to turn for what would still give him freedom and independence.

The drug store was not finished when he reached Detroit.

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Carpenters and painters were still at work. Which was entirely to his liking. He wanted to look about and to get in touch with the newspaper business of brother James. In his heart he never believed in that drug store proposition. That would be going into trade and he had acquired a deep-seated prejudice against trade. He thought that eventually he would write books, or even poetry. But he knew that never would he be a tradesman. A printshop or a newspaper office, however, he had read, were good places in which to learn journalism, and journalism led to book writing.

E. W. expected nothing from his elder brother James. Always there had been a suggestion of antipathy between the two. In later life this flared into open quarrels and even lawsuits. James had growing children of his own and had no notion of taking under his protection a gawky, freckled-faced, red-headed farm lout of a younger brother.

There was a younger brother, Will—W. A.—already in the business and a cousin, George H. Will was in charge of the job-printing shop and he and Eddie got on fairly well. It was this brother that E. W. cultivated while waiting for the drug store to be ready. And by the time it was ready he had made a pretty good survey of the newspaper lay-out, and was determined to worm his way into it.

But in deference to the wishes of his father he would give the drug store job a try. He began on a Monday, closed the store on a Saturday and never came back. He did not even collect his wages of three dollars.

While helping the proprietor to get the store ready, and before it actually opened, E. W. observed how a druggist may make up a quantity of alcohol into sherry, claret, port and whisky, all by the addition of extracts and flavorings. After

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the store was opened he discovered that about the brisker trade done by the shop was in these beverages. He found he was not only in trade but he was the next thing to a bar-keeper in a speak-easy. This was among the reasons why he quit.

During his waiting days E. W. had wandered about the docks seeing what he could see and wondering if a sailing venture might not be worth trying. He lived on very little and was neither worried nor hurried. But his father had received his letter telling of his withdrawal from the drug trade, and evidently wrote to James asking him to look Eddie up. He did so and arrangements were made for him to live with brother Will. Also he was offered a job as office boy in the *Journal* accounting room at three dollars a week.

This was accepted. Being an office boy might not be a direct training in journalism, but it was a start. His duties, he found, were sweeping out the office, building the fires, selling a paper now and then over the counter and taking in an occasional advertisement.

These duties quickly irked him and he quit. He was offered a place at four dollars in the job-print department and worked for a while at that. He found that his duties there required him to trundle a heavy truck filled with printed matter for delivery to the customers. He did not care much for that and by diligent protest got himself assigned to more specialized printing labors, such as setting up big-typed ads, kicking a Gordon press and holding copy for proof-reading.

Then one day when he was not busy brother Will sent him to collect a bill. He rather liked that, as it took him outside and gave him new contacts. He was given old bills and brought back the money. He was given sheafs of bad bills

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and found himself promoted to chief bill-collector for the concern.

But this did not seem to pave the way for writing books, so again he quit. He did not say anything to anybody. He just walked out and went off by himself to think things over.

While so occupied he came upon an acquaintance named Lynch, a mechanic who had done work for the Scripps brothers. Lynch had invented a power loom for weaving wooden slats into window shades. He had installed his loom in a loft on a back street and was supplementing his income as a mechanic by weaving a few shades and then taking them out and selling them to anyone whose window they happened to fit and who happened to want them. They were sold unpainted. The buyer had to attend to this work himself.

E. W. saw a chance to do business. He proposed that the two join fortunes and go in for mass production. He would take sample shades and solicit orders. He would take care of the painting and lettering too. This would leave Lynch free to weave the shades.

No sooner said than done, and in a very short time each partner to the business was making fifteen dollars a week clear profit. And E. W. found plenty of spare time to do the painting and lettering.

Then brother James appeared on the scene. Something had convinced him that this bill-collecting younger brother might not be a complete liability after all. And then there were the admonitions of a dying father.

James came and stood over the paint-besmeared youth and indulged in merriment. He jingled his bunch of keys.

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He told Eddie that the old job was waiting for him and that he needn't waste his time this way any longer.

At which Eddie told his elder brother to mind his own business. He was doing very well, thanks. He was making three or four times as much as he did in the *Journal* job room, and would eventually make a lot more. He had started to become a manufacturer and he liked it.

Seeing that the argument was getting him nowhere James took Lynch aside and spoke words to him. The mechanic was no match for the editor of the greatest paper in the state. He yielded to the bullying and came back to tell E. W. that he was fired. There never had been any legal partnership and Lynch did not intend to get into the bad books of the Scripps brothers.

E. W. flamed with anger but when he had somewhat cooled James promised him a better chance if he would return. He offered E. W. eight dollars a week and agreed to push him along into a reporter's job as soon as he showed that he could fill it.

It was not long after this—the spring of 1873—that fire started in the *Journal* office and the whole plant burned to the ground.

PICKING UP HIS FIRST THOUSAND, AND OTHER THOUSANDS

James Scripps—not E. W.—was the author of the Scripps type of newspaper—the small, big-typed, boiled-down, simply worded, cheap paper. In the back of his head James had long carried the idea. E. W. remembered when he first

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heard James talk about it on the farm in Rushville while he, E. W., was still a small boy. He had gone to the attic which was the family play-room and where most of the books were kept. James, who was a grown man publishing a paper in Detroit, had come up to the attic too. James paused before a set of little books published in England and purporting to be stories rewritten in simplified and briefer form and printed in larger type. James stood jingling his bunch of keys. Always when not otherwise occupied James jingled that bunch of keys. The younger brother listened as younger brothers will when older brothers talk. The older brother was talking because he was thinking out loud. He was saying to Eddie that his idea of a newspaper would be something along the lines of the Peter Parley tales. Simplified and in bigger type. A little paper that could be sold cheaply to the working man and that would be easy to read. The ordinary papers were too big, too small-typed and too hard to read.

The dinner bell rang and was ignored. Big brother talked on and on and little brother listened. That had been a number of years ago.

Insurance on his share of the *Journal* and its job printing plant brought James twenty thousand dollars. Obviously this was his opportunity to try his "Peter Parley" idea of a newspaper. Hurriedly a small staff of low-priced men was gathered, a contract was made with a job printer to print the paper, and a start was made.

During the interval, however, when insurance claims were pending, E. W. cleaned up a little deal which added a thousand dollars to his bank account.

As ex-office boy he had been set to watch the ruins against the purloining junkmen. While doing so he noticed some-

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thing. He called in his old friend Lynch and asked him to verify his belief that the new job press which had been set up on the second floor shortly before the fire had not in fact suffered serious damage. The fire had quickly burned the supports of the floors and the heavy press had settled gently to the basement. Lynch verified this discovery. E. W. then went to his brother and told him he thought there might be some salvage from the ruins, and proposed that James give him a percentage on what he could extract. James readily consented, and E. W. and Lynch promptly extracted the press, and within two days had it doing business two doors from the old location of the *Journal*.

Thus he made his first thousand.

With the starting of the new paper E. W. was promoted from office boy to paper carrier. He was set to running routes and soliciting subscribers. From the beginning it was the Scripps idea to get subscribers rather than to get circulation just by street sales.

E. W. worked at soliciting subscribers and running routes just long enough to learn exactly what the work would be. Then he began to apply the methods he had practiced on the farm. He began letting the small boys do it. He supervised. He organized. At ten cents a week he found it was no trick at all to sell a little workman's paper in hard times against the five-cent paper of the well-to-do. It was merely a matter of canvassing his customers, laying out the routes, and getting the small boy who wanted to earn a little something out of school hours to deliver the papers. He could collect the dimes at the week ends. Later he could even get some other boy to collect.

The circulation of the little paper grew. He was really

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circulation manager. In this job he made a discovery. After getting a good share of the city people on the paying list he bethought himself of the suburbs. E. W. was the discoverer of suburban circulation. He mapped out the transportation routes and went exploring. He tried the nearby towns. He found this territory fertile and untouched.

He went to brother James and had a talk about circulation. James was delighted with Eddie's work. He raised his pay and urged him to renewed efforts. E. W. had a proposal. If he could get the *News* a thousand subscribers, how much would they be worth to James? So much. Well and good. And for a second thousand, would he double the price? And how much for the third, the fourth and the fifth thousand?

Then Eddie went out to the suburbs and got them. James had thought him bluffing and did not suspect that suburban game. But he was willing to pay, and soon E. W. found himself his brother's creditor for three thousand dollars. He was becoming a capitalist.

Then James, having discovered the system—fired little brother and set a cheap man to operate it.

But E. W. had his capital now, and was still circulation manager and from his organized routes was getting fifty dollars a week. He brought himself a top hat, and some checked and striped clothes, and moved to the city hotel.

But he was not happy. He was on the business end of the paper and what he had determined to be was a journalist. How was he to manage that against brother James's obstinate refusal? For brother James had no idea of losing so good a man from the business end of the paper and laughed at all suggestions of Eddie that he join the reportorial staff.

E. W. BECOMES AN EDITOR

E. W. joined the editorial staff of the *Detroit News* against the specific orders of its owner and editor, his elder brother James. Michael Dee was city editor. He too laughed at E. W. when the latter applied for a job on his staff.

James had stressed the illegible writing, the bad spelling and the lax grammar of E. W. He had even saved some notes and memoranda which E. W. had written him touching circulation matters. Dee put his objections on other grounds. Anyone who could make enough in the business end of the paper to wear a silk hat and snappy clothes and live at a hotel was all kinds of a blankety blank fool to want to break into the writing end.

But E. W. was determined. He appointed himself to the job. He bought a cheap wooden table and chair, a pencil and a pad of paper and moved in. He announced to Dee and to Ross, who was mostly the rest of the force, that he was present to be used. He would do anything to be done. He would run copy, go errands, cover fires or what not.

As he was paying his own salary and there were no telephones in those days, six feet of errand boy, mostly legs, were not entirely useless. But principally E. W. set about learning to write. Night school he attended for a few months, but he didn't feel that this was the best way to learn, even grammar. The thing he worked hardest at was re-writing news items from the other papers. He wrote and condensed. He wrote imaginary items. Finally he assigned himself to the job, so distasteful to all afternoon paper men, of clipping and

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re-writing the morning papers. This means getting down early. The Scotchman Ross had that job and loathed it. E. W. made himself his assistant. He beat Ross to the office and had copy ready for him when he arrived. He got Ross to correct it. In time he became sufficiently practiced so that Ross could leave the job to him.

Then E. W. began clipping and choosing the follow-up items from the morning papers. He would even put the initial of the reporter who might cover the follow on the clipping. These he put on the city editor's desk. In his spare time he went out and acted as reporter. He turned in pieces. Also he re-wrote miscellany. James was strong for miscellany. So long as it was interesting it was just as good as much news. After a while E. W. found that, one way and another, he was writing a good deal of what made up the paper.

At the end of a year he went to his brother with a sample paper marked to indicate what was his copy.

James admitted that E. W. had made good in his reportorial apprenticeship, and wrote out a check for \$520. This was ten dollars a week for the time he had worked.

By this time James had acquired respect for the opinions and abilities of his little brother, and when the latter suggested that Michael Dee was wasting his time as city editor and should be promoted to editorial writer, James assented and E. W. slipped into the chair of Michael Dee. Now he was city editor. He took the boys out to the nearest best saloon and they had another, and another and another, until it was necessary for them to take him home and put him to bed. He does not remember the journey home or the bedding operation.

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It was the only time, E. W. contends, in a long period of conscientious drinking that he got that way.

The date of these occurrences can be approximated from the fact that E. W. did not take his first drink of an alcoholic beverage until he was twenty-one years of age. Then he drank industriously for some twenty-five years. He did not let it interfere with his business or his pleasure. He just consumed alcohol because he liked it. Mostly it was in the form of whisky, though when abroad he drank brandy and tried other things.

E. W. was not what would be called a convivial drinker. He drank with others at times and for certain purposes, but he drank mostly by himself. If he wanted a drink in the morning, he took it. If he wanted several drinks in the evening or during the day he took them. He kept a bottle of whisky in his room always, and resorted to it when inclined. In Paris, where he spent some months, he liked to sit in his room studying the language, with a bottle of brandy and a pitcher of water on the table beside his book.

In later years E. W. would amuse himself doing mental arithmetic as to how great a volume of liquor he had consumed—just what the cubic bulk would be if it were all put into a square tank and whether in fact there would be enough to float a fair sized ship. His verdict, I believe, was in the affirmative.

The end of E. W.'s drinking came when he was about forty-seven years old. He had begun to feel a numbness in his skin, and a tingling. The doctor told him he had come to the point where he would either have to stop drinking or go blind. He decided to stop drinking and did so at once. He relates that it was a bit hard for a few days, but in a

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little while he got used to it and felt about as well without it. He never relapsed. What the doctor would prescribe for him he would take. Not otherwise. There was one occasion, however, when he deliberately took a tumbler full of whisky. He was on his yacht *Kemah*, which was hardly more than a hundred-foot gasoline tugboat, and the captain had run into a nasty storm trying to make a run from Havana to Charleston. E. W. said he thought that if the boat were going to sink he would drown more comfortably with a good shot of whisky inside. When he awoke the boat was safely anchored in the harbor.

The *News* had been started in 1873. E. W. had spent about a year as circulation promoter. Then he spent another year as under-study to the city editor. Soon, however, he was on outside work again, choosing to cover the city hall and the legislature at Lansing rather than to hang to the city editor's desk.

These activities covered a period of approximately three years. The *News* had won out, and E. W. had attained his wish to be a newspaper man.

EARLY STRUGGLES OF THE NEWS

The *News* did not win without a struggle. The watchword was economy, and economy and still more economy. James had twenty thousand dollars to found the paper. It cost thirty thousand. Banks and business men had no confidence in the new enterprise and would not lend or sell on credit. It was the year of the great panic. Money was tight. Everything had to be cash.

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The first issues were printed on rented presses. Soon there had to be a building and presses for the *News*. A second-hand press was bought for three thousand dollars. A cheap lot with a wooden dwelling on it was bought for a few hundred dollars, and a one-story shell of brick was built next the dwelling to house the press. The dwelling was made into office and editorial rooms, while the compositors shared the brick shell with the press and the newsboys.

The *News* was about one-sixth the size of the other papers. It began as a four-page paper, 18 by 12 inches, with six columns to the page. James had narrowed the column to two inches, which was a fraction of an inch less than the regular standard column. This made a saving of eight per cent on paper, composition, postage and all such items on all advertising sold by the "square." And that is how advertising was then sold. The white paper margins were cut to the minimum.

There was no economy too small to be practiced. Copy paper was used twice, front and back. After the day's run it was the duty of one of the boys in the composing room to gather up all copy paper, cross off the copy with a blue pencil and return the paper to the editorial room for re-use. Most of this copy paper was slit wrappers and envelopes from exchanges, carefully saved and smoothed by James himself, who always opened the mail.

Everybody worked long hours. Ellen Scripps had joined the paper when it was started, leaving her little school and the farm at Rushville, Ill. She wrote miscellany, and furnished large quantities of what E. W. always said was the best copy that went into the paper. She also read proof. James did everything from keeping the books, which he

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worked on at home in the evenings, to selling the papers to the newsboys. Later, after brother George had joined the concern, George became business manager and bookkeeper. George was even more saving than James. He even increased the revenues by refusing to cash the "strings" of the printers, except on Saturday afternoon, except at a ten per cent discount. And other printers were forbidden to "discount strings." Instead of having a contract for the casting of new rollers, the foreman of the composing room had to cast his own rollers. The ink barrel was scraped to the last drop. Any printer who pried his type was fired.

E. W. and Ellen were living at James's house. James had a wife and two daughters. The house was run with such extreme economy that E. W. found it necessary to slip out after meals and get something filling. Ellen added housework to her other duties. The three newspaper workers got to the office at seven in the morning, taking their lunches, and returned at six. After the evening meal James and Ellen turned to making copy and keeping the books. This was the regular daily routine.

But in spite of economies the money was running low. James began to be greatly worried. E. W. always felt that the *News* was a success from the start, but James was not so sanguine. Within a few months after its start the *News* had five thousand circulation. This was more than any of the established papers in Detroit had. The panic, while it made some conditions hard, was an indirect reason for the success of the enterprise. Not only readers but advertisers turned to the less expensive paper. The aim in the beginning was to get returns from circulation and economy in production, but the advertisers began crowding in.

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E. W. never doubted ultimate success. But as the end of money and credit began to loom James got quite panicky. He looked for a business partner, someone who could and would put up about ten thousand dollars. A young man from Saginaw came along. He had a rich father-in-law who wanted to start him at something, and he almost got James to sell a control of the paper to him. But E. W., as usual, interfered and quarreled his brother out of the idea. Then he furnished an idea of his own. Why not get George to leave the farm and put his money into the paper?

George, who was fifteen years older than E. W., and was, like James, his half-brother, had left home in 1860. After working in a Michigan lumber camp he, with his brother John, had enlisted in the Union Army. John was killed in an early skirmish and George was sent very ill to a Cincinnati hospital. When he came out he went on crutches. At times he got so he could get around without them. At other times he used one or two. But even with this handicap George, after he had returned to farming, was able, as his neighbors testified, to do more work than the average able-bodied laborer.

After his discharge from the army George had returned to Rushville and rented half of the 160-acre farm from his father. This he farmed. Soon he bought other acreage. He stocked it with cattle. He worked incessantly, never hiring anyone to do what he could possibly do himself. His economy amounted to niggardliness.

E. W. proposed that James take George in. George must have, he figured, fifteen thousand dollars in real money or its equivalent. James could sell a third of the paper to George

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and his money would tide over the crisis. As James could see no other way out he consented. There was much wrangling. George was not keen for anything so speculative. He preferred his farm and its certainty. He did not like James's patronizing attitude. It required all the diplomacy E. W. could muster to keep the deal from being broken off. But finally an agreement was struck, and George transferred money to Detroit and went to work to convert his farm holdings into cash. Finally he came to Detroit and assumed the position of business manager. The real business manager, however, was John Sweeney, cousin of E. W., who later went to Cleveland as business manager of the Press when that paper was started. Sweeney was not yet twenty-one.

It was about this time that the *News* was incorporated. It had been published by the firm of James and Ellen Scripps. James had begun to worry about criminal libel suits. The lively writings of Dee, Ross, Little and Thompson—"as wild a bunch," says E. W., "as ever got together in a city room"—had attracted a couple of civil libel suits. These helped to advertise the paper, and James didn't mind them even if he had to pay damages at times. But he was sensitive about being branded as a criminal, and he thought by incorporating he could avoid personal responsibility. He was not strong on law, and did not relish paying lawyers for opinions.

To think, with James, was to act, and he went right at the job of incorporating. He found it would be necessary to have as many as five stockholders to comply with the law. He liked the idea of a close corporation, and wanted the shares to be as few as possible. So he incorporated for fifty thousand dollars, with shares at a thousand dollars each. He took thirty shares; George was assigned sixteen; Ellen (who

had never drawn any wages) was given two shares and E. W. and Sweeney each got one share. Each share represented one-fiftieth part of thirty thousand dollars which had been spent on the paper, and was assessed six hundred dollars.

E. W. notes in one of his disquisitions written in 1914 that six hundred dollars invested in the Detroit paper paid him that year six per cent on a valuation of \$120,000.

It always seemed to E. W. that his brother James never had any proper appreciation of the real and prospective value of newspaper properties. He seemed to think that the success of the *News* was some sort of an accident. As soon as he began to prosper greatly he was in the habit of taking his profits and hurriedly investing them in real estate where he felt they would be safe. E. W., on the other hand, had an aversion to tying up money in real estate. He even went to the extreme of renting plants for his papers in order that he might have that much more available capital to promote other papers. It was not until after he was fifty years of age that he permitted the acquisition of expensive real estate holdings by his papers.

As an example of their differing ways of seeing things, E. W. relates an incident which took place in the parlor of James's home in 1875 or thereabout. James had finished going over his books and turned to E. W. "Do you know, Ed," he began, "I can foresee the time when the *News* will be making twenty thousand a year." E. W. says he was surprised, but his surprise was that James could not sight along the line of certain definite points in the business of the paper, and see that the profits were to be figured not in thousands but in millions.

A RUNAWAY STAFF

As a matter of fact, as early as 1879 the *News* was paying annual profits of fifty thousand dollars.

A RUNAWAY STAFF

E. W. says his brother James was a dull man, without a sense of humor, and without imagination. He says also that James was a thorough toady; that he revered wealth, and, had he remained in England where he was born, would have revered any man with a title. He would have been a conservative, strong for the Lords and the King.

But here he was in Detroit publishing a wildly unconventional "gutter sheet," as the other editors called it. The *News* was everything that James was not. It was pugnacious, daring, amusing, brilliant. How could this be?

It was because, says E. W., James never at any time controlled his paper. While he was pottering over the details of his business the editorial force ran away with the paper and carried it to success. And E. W. was part of the editorial force and was continually and surreptitiously goading the force into unseemly speed.

The editorial force had come together quite by accident. For the small wages he could pay James had been forced to take what was left after the other papers had taken what they wanted. So what he got was the burly Scotchman, R. B. Ross, ex-printer, hobo, Confederate captain, blockade runner and bankrupt country editor. Ross had for years led an irregular life. Next came Michael Dee, Irish, ex-printer, ex-reporter on the *Chicago Tribune*, editor for a brief period of a labor strike organ, brilliant and dissipated. He was a poor city

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editor but a marvelous maker of copy, whether local or editorial. By E. W., Dee was always regarded as the most brilliant journalist Michigan ever had. Then there was Thompson J. Hudson, a man past fifty when the *News* started. He had failed at law and had failed in politics. But he had written books and become wise by reading and observing men. There was Henry Little, who could imagine better news than could happen. He could brilliantly fake or he could write fiction. And finally there was E. W. Scripps, writing with no great brilliance, but intriguing between the force and the paper's owner, publisher and supposed editor. When nominally city editor, E. W. says he never at any time attempted to exercise any control over this staff, but bent all his efforts to inciting each one to raise as much hell as possible.

James liked the results of the hell raising. That is, he liked the results on circulation. But he never knew exactly why or how it was happening. And he disliked the picture the public was getting of himself as a bullying, pugnacious, libelling man. He attended church, was a professing Christian and later, when he became wealthy, even built himself a church and hired a Church-of-England rector just because he liked to have a church and a rector around.

To show how out-matched was James in the battle of wits with his staff, E. W. tells of a certain mayoralty campaign. It seems that a young man named Thompson, who had married money and come to Detroit not long before, took it into his head that he would like a fling at politics. He announced with some presumption that he was a candidate for ~~mayor~~. But a short time before a very wealthy and very respectable old resident of Detroit had announced himself as candidate. He had taken pains to be condescendingly agree-

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able to James, and the latter was so well pleased that he published an editorial written by himself declaring in favor of this prominent citizen.

The city room gang didn't like the policy. Ross had met Thompson in his roisterings. Thompson was a good spender and an agreeable companion. The city room declared for him, and at once went into a huddle to see what sort of a conspiracy was necessary in order to beat James's candidate and elect their man.

Quickly it was decided to seem to comply heartily with the order of James. His candidate was to be praised, and the gang's candidate abused; but the gang's candidate was to be abused for being and doing the kind of thing the public would approve, while the candidate of James was to be praised for being and doing the kind of thing the voters would disapprove.

Thompson was called in and let into the secret. He readily agreed. He said he would make occasions for the boys to disapprove of him, and if he did not make enough they were privileged to invent them. He would stand for whatever they wrote. So they abused him for pandering to the labor vote, and they praised the other candidate for his wealth, his fine house, his fine banking connections, the number of his servants and his high social estate.

James was greatly pleased. But when election day came around and Thompson was winner by a large majority, he was surprised. It was a long time afterward that it dawned upon him that something had been put over on him and that maybe it was that pesky little brother who had turned the trick. He fussed and fumed and tried one editor after another, but never could get control of his staff. But he

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realized that the staff was what was making the paper a success and he was not willing to part with his turbulent talent.

How different was James's point of view from that of E. W. is illustrated also by another incident many years later. About 1900 James decided to use some of the great wealth which had come to him from the *News* in acquiring a paper in Chicago. Through his son-in-law, George Booth, he purchased the *Journal* and the *Mail* and consolidated them, retaining the name of the *Journal*. He planned to build up a conservative money-making paper. But his choice of staff was not good. All the paper did was to lose money.

After James had spent some two hundred thousand dollars he called in E. W. He thought perhaps E. W. would put in some money and take over the management of the paper. The conference was held at the Great Northern Hotel on Dearborn Street, in a bay-window room looking down on the street. While the talk was in progress a commotion was observed below. It was an incident in the teamsters' strike which was then in progress. A good sized riot was in progress. James jingled his bunch of keys and muttered: "I wish I were mayor of this city or any city while one of these things was happening. I'd teach those men a lesson."

When the trouble was over and business was resumed, it was only to hear E. W.'s verdict.

"What you just said about those teamsters," E. W. declared, "shows me how impossible it would be for us to try to work together. You would have them clubbed or arrested or shot down. My sympathies are all with the men. No, I'll have no interest in your paper here. You will have to go it alone."

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The Detroit *News* was to E. W. something of a mischievous lark; but his later experiences in founding the Cleveland *Press* and the Cincinnati *Post* had the effect of bringing him to a rather clear consciousness of what his own ideas of policy should be. In later years there was a thoroughly fixed idea of what the Scripps papers should stand for. They were founded in the belief that other papers served the classes, and it was their job to serve the masses. "C. P." was an abbreviation familiar to all the workers—the "Common People." Sometimes it was "the 95 per cent." There were those who profited by monopoly and exploited those who toiled. E. W. and his papers would have none of these. What was good for the masses? What did the unions want? How make government more amenable to the people? How tame the grafting city government, the state legislature or the United States Congress? They were low-brow papers, spat upon by the nabobs and loved by the laboring man. They made no attempt at dignity, respectability or culture. The editor of a Scripps paper must be an Ishmaelite. He must be attacking something, a corrupt bunch of aldermen, a street car corporation; or it might be gas or water or electricity corporations. The editor or owner of the rival paper would have his safety deposit box stuffed with bonds and stocks in the utility company, and was proportionately disinclined to fight for lower rates, while Scripps, with a life-long rule to keep his money exclusively in his newspaper holdings, was free to lead the charge for the people's cause.

But fighting graft is a ticklish business and the Scripps editor was, from the beginning, menaced with personal violence or jail. Courts can often be influenced to fight on the side of money, and it was a frequent occurrence that Scripps

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editors were clapped into jail or threatened by judges for contempt of court. The Old Man had frequently, in the old days, been very near to jail, and had found it necessary to be constantly prepared with a pistol against physical violence.

There was something very drastic about Scripps' sense of fidelity to the working classes. Even after he had become the very rich newspaper proprietor, it did not abate. This was shown in a letter he wrote to his son James, who had become business manager of the papers, with a copy to Canfield, editor and part owner of the *Seattle Star*. The *Star* was and is one of the most valuable properties in the western string.

It will be recalled that shortly after the war there occurred, particularly in the West, rather alarming demonstrations by laboring men, looking to many people like the beginnings of revolutionary activity, savoring strongly of the Soviet. Seattle, where labor had been strongly organized and during the war had come to feel its power, was the fighting ground chosen for a first clinch between labor and its masters, to determine whether wages should decline from the war scale or be perpetuated. To enforce the demands of labor a general strike was organized. More or less successful efforts were made to enlist the aid of the police, the fire departments and the governing authorities of the city generally. The labor-elected mayor declined to go along with those who had elected him. He became a law and order man. The rich and timid became genuinely alarmed. And along with the rich and the timid James Scripps and Canfield participated in the alarm. They threw in their lot, and that of the *Star*, with the anti-labor group which determined to make the last ditch fight for "law and order." They bought insurance from Lloyds

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against mob destruction and editorialized for conservatism and respect for property.

I shall make no effort to quote verbatim from the letter Scripps wrote to his son and to Canfield when they reported what they had done, but there was no mistaking its meaning. His papers, he said, were built upon the good will of labor; whatever they might be worth as properties was due to the favor of labor. Their loyalty was owed to labor alone. It made no difference whether labor were foolishly led or did foolish or ungrateful things. The attitude of any one of his papers should be: "The Lord giveth and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

But Jim said: "Yes. But what would Dad have said if they had burned the *Star* plant and shot up the force and we had not taken any Lloyds?"

Jim's ideas differed always from those of his father.

THE CHAPTER ON SEX

In discussing a possible biography, or autobiography, E. W. once declared that such a work without a frank chapter on sex would be like Hamlet without Hamlet. He regarded sex as one of the very important things in life. The urge to continue one's being and to perpetuate the race was to him one of the big facts of existence.

He was frank about such matters. He did not have a prurient mind, but he was always sex-conscious. As to sex he was both conventional and unconventional. His conventionality lay in the fact that he regarded marriage as a binding bargain and lived up always to his nuptial vows. He was conventional

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in disapproving of divorce. He was unconventional in his idea that an unmarried man or boy should have his sex experiences just as he would his other experiences in life, guarding himself against seductions and disease. He advised a boy to seek out experienced girls or women and always to avoid adulterous relations.

Before coming to Detroit E. W. says he had mastered the first principles of sex. Bold country girls had seduced him. He was one of those who discovered that the male is not always the pursuer.

But these affairs at first troubled him. They left him with a sense of guilt and something like debasement. He came to classify all girls as "nice" and "not nice." He felt diffident with the "nice" girls and sought by preference the "not nice." After coming to Detroit he had a number of girls who were experienced and willing. Finally he found it more convenient to settle on one and to provide quarters for her.

Seeking the "not nice" girls was how things started in Detroit. They did not go on that way all the time. With business success E. W. began to play with the idea of getting married. But marry whom? Certainly not one of the "not nice." He must begin to think of the "nice" girls.

E. W. was not blind to the fact that he was an awkward country hobble-de-hoy. Social graces were not in his line. But he reasoned they might be acquired. It was like his spelling and his handwriting. He set about acquiring them. He went to dancing school and really learned to dance. He began giving thought to his toilet. He bought better and less conspicuous clothes. He studied the young men who seemed to be what they should be and practiced pose and deportment be-

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fore a mirror. So in time he got to be quite well satisfied with himself.

Meantime he made some tentative incursions into the world of "nice girls." At one time he spied out a very beautiful young Jewess and got properly introduced to her. Her father, as it happened, was rich. He was a large stockholder and director of the Michigan Central railroad and lived in some grandeur.

Attentions from the rising young gentile journalist were apparently pleasing to the lady. And the rising journalist was pleased to be seen with so beautiful a girl. He thought seriously of marriage. And he thinks she thought seriously of marriage. To be sure, there were questions of religion which might prove serious. But that is not what broke up the match. First, it was the ribald quips of his fellow workers. "When will you get married, Abie?" "When will you make yourself satisfactory to the synagogue?"

And then there was the rich father-in-law. Would it seem that he had married in part for the money connection? Would his independence be menaced by that?

So when business took him away for a considerable time he let the absence begin the break. He never went back. For years after he felt a sense of shame and humiliation at what he had done.

The beautiful Jewess waited six years and then married a man twice her age, a widower with two children. She made a point of calling, with her husband, on E. W. at his office in Cleveland; and without husband's observation, presumably, she made her beautiful eyes convey a message that caused the recipient to redden and tingle with discomfort.

E. W. made love to a number of "nice" girls. Four times

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he was engaged, and about the same number of times was refused. He was not always certain of himself. Once he broke off an engagement, finding that he did not care as much as he thought, and that the girl had insanity in the family. Another time he returned from a long trip abroad, expecting to be engaged to a girl the night of his return, which was the night he would see her for the first time since their parting. It happened just the opposite way. He could not tell just how or why; but he found he had been loving a product of his imagination. He felt, the moment he saw her again, that he would not go through with it. The girl married the next day, left the city and he never heard from her again.

Celibacy E. W. found impossible. He tried many times to "reform." He swam, rowed and walked. But a few days or weeks was about all he could stand. The physical strain was too much, and he found it hard to keep his mind properly on his work. At these times he felt degraded.

In his later leisure years, when E. W. was amusing himself and exercising his brain by writing his "disquisitions," he wrote about one kind of utopia, a kind which would deal as a state with the problems of sex and would so arrange things that human beings would breed for a better physical and mental race. In this dream he had a sufficient number of fine adult women to take care of the first sexual needs of the adolescent youth, and to teach him what he ought to know. And then in this state the most perfect of the men and the women would be crossed for progeny, and the progeny again would be selected and crossed for still better progeny.

E. W. declined to regard these years in Detroit as a period when he sowed his wild oats. They were "wild flowers" and lovely ones. They were not immoral years. They were merely

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unmoral. On the whole he felt that his actions did no one any real harm and they did him real good. Follies? It is not the youthful, he says, who are foolish. It is the old who are censorious, dull and forgetful.

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In 1877 the scene shifts suddenly. E. W. has said that chance and outside happenings are often the most potent determinatives. There were several outside happenings which rung the curtain down on Detroit and shifted the scene to London, Paris, Rome, with a glimpse of Switzerland and Germany.

George had inherited from a British relative, four thousand dollars which he had not yet collected. It might be necessary for him to go to Bristol, England, to collect. George had also had a misadventure with a girl. She had been of the kind which does not know how to "take care of herself." There were consequences and threatenings of other consequences. It seemed best for George to go and look after some mining business he had in Colorado, leaving negotiations to Ed.

After certain payments and agreements it seemed best to Ed that George go to Bristol to collect his legacy. George agreed, if Ed would go with him. He would even finance the whole trip if he could have Ed with him.

And so it was that, in the fall of 1877 E. W. resigned his job as city editor of the *Detroit News*, and, joining George in Toledo, accompanied him to New York, whence they sailed

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for England. It was agreed that it should be a six-months' trip.

It would be interesting to speculate whether this trip to Europe was in any way the cause of the happenings which subsequently took place, or whether it merely furnished the stage settings for certain important determinations which would have later taken place in another setting. E. W. always regarded the trip as of the utmost importance. He was twenty-four. He had made some successes in starting his career. But he was at a fork of the roads, and this diversion gave him opportunity to discover that there was indeed a fork of the roads, and then to ponder on which road to choose. It freed his mind from the preoccupation of the daily routine of work, and, as it happened, resulted in the adoption of what he called his "Brook Street philosophy." Also it resulted in the forming of a resolution to build, by Fabian methods, a little journalistic kingdom in which he would be an unknown and uncrowned king. He looked searchingly into his own mind and dreamed a dream.

E. W. and George took rooms in a house in London on South Moulton Street, which is a short street running between Oxford Row and Brook Street. They chose it to be near English cousins who resided in the house which had been the home of grandfather James, and in which the father of the two travelers had been born. This was the point of departure for walks and sight-seeing expeditions to all parts of London.

E. W. found these walks and rides on the tops of buses interesting. He had read some English history, but he cared less for the historic stuff than for the life he found about him. Everything was different and, in a sense, everything was new. He felt that he was studying humanity. He studied

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faces and tried to think what was behind them. He studied the masses. He tried to interpret the masses to himself.

When he came to an awning leading from the front door of one of the great houses in Brook Street to the curb he stopped and studied the people and the happenings about the awning's terminal. He stayed and watched the carriages roll up. He watched the footmen jump down, help the "swells" from their seats and start them up the red plush carpet. He heard the flunky at the door bellow their names and sometimes the titles which went with them. He mingled with the footmen who gathered in increasing numbers at the entrance to the awning, and listened to their patter. They were a handsome lot, he thought. Much better bodied than their lords and ladies. The latter, he thought, were disappointingly unimpressive. Even with their diamonds and expensive attire they seemed to him very unlike the nobility he had learned to know in fiction. Where were the dukes and duchesses and the marquises and marchionesses he had dreamed about? How did it happen that these scrawny pale ones gave orders to strong, handsome ones, and the latter did their bidding and pretended to like it?

And how did he compare with these people, the carriage occupants and the footmen? Which was he most like? Would a Scripps make a good footman, or other kind of servant? The members of his tribe, as he thought them over, did not seem to be just of that sort. But, after all, if not, why?

And what was he and how did he compare? He remembers, in telling about the incident thirty-seven years later, that he was dressed at the moment in a sack suit of loud checks. He had a diamond solitaire in his shirt. He wore a silk hat, known there as a "topper," yellow dog-skin gloves and carried an

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ivory-headed cane. A young lady cousin of his had informed him that he looked like a bounder—whatever that might be—and frequently behaved like a cad.

There were some vague principles of democracy that had entered E. W.'s mind as far back as when he was a boy on the farm. Then it was formulated as a belief that no man ought to have more than a dollar a day. This theory, carried to the big city of Detroit, where living was more costly, had to be modified by increasing the allowance to three dollars a day. But somehow money seemed always to be rather easily acquired by E. W. and he finally had raised his estimate to three thousand a year. That should, he felt, be enough for any man, single or married.

In a vague way the people who had but a dollar a day, or less, enlisted E. W.'s sympathy. And, at the same time, he felt a strong disapproval of the rich. He could not have said why, except that he thought he was believing in democracy as it existed in America, or as it ought to be. Folks should be equal. He would not have called himself a revolutionist, but he had no difficulty in summing up his feelings in the two sentences: God damn the rich and God help the poor.

But here in London, in Brook Street, this social and economic problem he found presented to him in dramatic form. Here were the servants and here were the masters. Which class was he for? Which would he be of?

The young man in the checked suit and shiny topper circled the crowd and went on. He walked up Brook Street thinking. He walked the length of Brook Street twice. He walked until dawn. He was foot-sore and weary when he finally turned into South Moulton Street. But he had answered his question to his own satisfaction. There were, in the world

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he faced, two classes of people, masters and slaves; drivers and driven; employers and employed. Any man who works for wages is bound to take orders from him who pays wages. To that extent he is not free. There are few wage payers; there are many wage takers. The few are the master class. He determined to join the master class. No more would he take wages. Never again. No matter how high the wage, it was the condition of serfdom. By whatever means necessary he was resolved to be of the master class. By anything short of crime, and he rather thought he would not stop there if it became necessary. In any case he would achieve. To him it was as if two men should meet under circumstances where it was known to both that one or the other must die. Under such circumstances self-preservation would assert itself. The kindest and most humane man would kill.

This was the first of the resolutions he was to bring back to Detroit.

E. W. was at this period in a highly emotional state of mind. He was subject to extremes of exultation and depression. It was soon after the Brook Street episode that a crowd on London Bridge threw him into an almost suicidal moment of depression. It served also to accentuate his determination to climb, by any necessary means, up and out of the crowd. He tells in his writings (written many years after the happening) how he was returning from one of his sight-seeing expeditions and found himself on the bridge at the evening hour walking toward the city. Hordes of workers were pouring across the bridge away from the city. There were men, women and children of all ages but of one condition—the condition of weariness, wretchedness and poverty. It seemed that he was breasting a stream of horrible humanity. He had

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to push and elbow to keep his footing and make his way. At times he stood to one side and let the crowd go by. Somewhere near the middle of the bridge he stopped, hanging to a parapet, and looked down at the black waters of the river. Why exist in a world so full of such people? Why not end it in a quick struggle to unconsciousness? What, he thought, is one being in so many millions? Back of this crowd there are millions in the city, and outside the city are countless other thousands and millions. If a million could be suddenly killed they would not be missed. And all are miserable; all poor, and all what they are because of their environment. He thought again about himself, one infinitesimal unit. But for a chance he would be one of that daily crowd. For he had no choice in being born where there were wide spaces and fresh air, and a new tradition of freedom.

He did not then know the terms which he read in Galton thirty years later, but he felt eugenics and environment, and was a quick convert to his own thought against any theory of heredity. He was confident that any footman, if he had been changed in the cradle with his employer, would have filled the office of the latter with no less ability. Inherited ability? Inherited virtue of any sort? No. The job makes the man. That is the phrase he invented years later. It was, he contended, the result of experience and observation. The job makes the man. If ever he had children he resolved that they should have an environment which would tend to make them great; to make them physically sound and mentally sound. Environment would do the trick. And he would make the environment.

But that was looking far ahead. As yet he had not laid the corner stone of his kingdom.

CONTRAST

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The environment which, after many years, E. W. created was Miramar in Southern California, and my first sight of Miramar and E. W. were the same occasion. I had served five years as his Washington correspondent, and had written some important politics. But Washington was a long way from The Ranch and no one in the Washington office ever heard from the Old Man. But one day I was told by a "higher up" that it might not be a bad idea next time I was in the West to go to see him.

In passing it may be told that at this time, about 1896, a curious theory was maintained by Mr. Scripps, namely, that people came to see him always on their own motion. He never sent for anybody, unless it might be his partner, Milton McRae, or his business manager.

There might be secretaries at hand with intuitive faculties so keen that they could guess that "E. W." would like to see so-and-so, and the latter would be moved to journey to the Scripps estate and seek an audience. Owing to what might seem an over-sensitiveness on the part of the host as to the contagious character of colds and coughs these attempts were sometimes fraught with amazing consequences, as was frequently experienced by one of the veteran lawyers of the concern, who was not always entirely free from colds.

"Get out!" the host would snap. "You've got a cold! I can see it. Go back to the Grant Hotel and wait till you get over it."

"But the business."

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"Hell with the business. I've been free of a cold now for a month and I don't want yours. Get out."

And out would go the veteran counsel of the Scripps concern.

A rather shabby auto had been sent by some intuitive secretary for the arriving guest and in due time it called for me at the Grant Hotel. Then the dusty ride of sixteen miles through San Diego and its suburbs through the broken valleys and up a gently rising road toward the foot hills of the far-away Sierras. And finally a rising, winding road shaded with huge pines and Eucalyptus trees swept up to the house—a Spanish-like affair of one story built in a rectangle around a court with the usual fountain in the middle. Palms and pepper trees and all sorts of semi-tropical growth gave the place a setting suggesting care without ostentation while falling away on several sides were luxuriant growths of hand-planted eucalyptus forest covering several miles.

Screened and glassed corridors gave on the court and opened through many doors into a series of suites, each with its private bath. The scale of everything being large, it did not seem unusual that there should be in this private residence some sixty rooms.

When it was time for me to go to dinner I was notified and shown the way by an ununiformed Japanese servant. I dined alone, except that there were at a side table in the room some other persons presumably part of the domestic entourage, who remained to me unknown. After dinner I found my way back to my suite.

There were books in profusion and with them I amused myself until I was sent for and was conducted by another Jap to the Old Man's office.

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This was one of a suite of rooms with open doors between them, the final one evidently a bed-room. Huge windows looked out through vines on the still visible blue hills to the east. A smooth oaken table was in the middle of the room. A wood fire burned pleasantly in the fireplace, though the weather was that of summer. There were oak tables against the walls, with scores of magazines on them, all in good order and a swivel chair in which Scripps sat. The chair was the only thing suggestive of an office. No files, no office paraphernalia of any kind. I was motioned to a chair where the light would fall full upon me. The Old Man seldom shook hands; never with strangers. When he did his hand was found to be small, soft and rather useless.

This Scripps person was about as he had been described. The boots, really very dressy boots, were soft, well made and over quite small feet; the beard not so long as tradition and early photos had pictured it; hair which had been sandy and was now yellowish-grey and scant; his vest half unbuttoned; spectacles pushed up on his head. He was flicking a cigar and boring me through with his one operating eye.

My job in Washington and elsewhere had accustomed me to meeting the great and near-great and I stood in no awe of Representatives, Senators, departmentarians or even Presidents. They were all in the day's work and our profession had the valet point of view, in a way, in estimating their heroic qualities. None was great to us. But here, in addition to whatever else he might be, was the custodian of my job, and in my inner heart I was timid about my job.

When my host had bored me through to his complete satisfaction he came straight to business.

"Gardner is your name?"

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"Yes."

"How old are you?"

"Married or single?"

I began to wonder if this were a police court or a business interview.

"Any children?"

"Why not?"

"How much money have you got saved up?"

"College?"

"Yes."

"Too bad. And law school too. That's bad."

"How long have you been in Washington?"

"Five years."

"That's bad. Carpet knight. I know that sort. No man should be five years in one job. Against rules of the organization. Up or out."

I saw my job going. I loved Washington and felt it was distinctly my metier. Terror gave me courage. I stood up and turned on my tormentor.

"Yes, that's the trouble with you and all the rest of them," I snapped. "You have that theory about 'fresh eyes.' Because a man has been in Washington long enough to begin to learn the ropes and to be able to find his way about, then he must be yanked off and sent elsewhere. The office boy with his 'fresh eyes' must be sent down to write about how they make money and what they do with their dirty money. And meantime the wise and experienced politicians, lobbyists and general grafters carry off the loot. That is why there come along people like Lincoln Steffens. Nobody has been on the job and he finds the story all untouched and tells about the shame of the cities and the shame of our government generally.

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He brings the mind of a grown-up man and some experience to the job. And the papers go on with their office-boy items from the National Capital."

It was a long speech and the Old Man sat up and looked a trifle surprised. He chewed his whiskers and I think suppressed a smile. But his reply was only a grunt and presently a milder and less personal line of questions.

At the end of half an hour:

"All right. That's all. In the morning I'll have Jim take you over the place."

I was dismissed.

Jim did.

"But don't think I'm doing this because I want to," Jim assured me as we got into the weather-beaten car. "Dad says I got to go down and see how that man is with a broken leg and when Dad says so, I go."

I went to bed troubled in spirit.

"No man ought to be in one job for five years."

I wished I had not come.

Many years later I reminded Mr. Scripps of this first interview and confided how he had caused me to lose sleep. He said he was really sorry and had not intended to make me unhappy. And, having learned to know him better, I know he spoke the truth.

It happened I was to see much of E. W. Scripps in the next nineteen years. The five-year rule never was invoked in my case.

At the time of my first encounter with him E. W. Scripps was 51 years old. He had founded some thirty newspapers, established the United Press, staked out and built Miramar and was supposed to be living in strict retirement. He had

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three sons and two daughters. He owed nothing. He never issued bonds or other securities against his properties, and he knew to a dollar what he was worth. His plans were clear and definite. When his oldest son Jim should reach the age of twenty-one he would be handed all the business affairs of the concern to manage. His second son John, who was a big hulking, lovable fellow, when he reached his majority, would be made editor-in-chief of the Scripps papers. His youngest son—well, even as a boy he wanted to write poetry and novels. Let him write. There was money enough for all and if Bob didn't want to work at the business—and he always said he didn't—he could clip his coupons and cultivate his leisure. As for girls, they generally marry. Time for that many years later.

There seemed something very secure about it all. It was in that political interval between McKinley and Roosevelt. Business was looking up. Politics were getting interesting. There were no clouds in the national or international skies; no auguries but good ones.

There was a little plot of grass just outside the entrance to Miramar's court yard shaded with lace-like, drooping pepper trees. Scripps was sitting in a big wooden swing under the pepper trees talking to one of his unusual men, Marlen E. Pew, his New York correspondent. I remember overhearing him say:

"Take it away from me, Marlen. You earn it. I've got it. Why don't you put your hands on my throat and take it away from me?"

Thus would the Old Man sometimes make merry about serious matters. It was a serious matter to Pew, who wanted

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more money but he declined to attempt any grips with the boss.

If E. W. had been asked to elaborate he would merely have stated that what he got of the world's goods he had been obliged to wrench single-handed from a reluctant world and that Mr. Pew must do the same. And it is only just to Mr. Scripps to say that if Pew could have come to him with a fine money-making proposition in one hand and a throat-gripping gesture in the other, E. W. would have held him in high esteem and rewarded him accordingly.

"A man is never benefitted by a gift," was one of Scripps's frequent sayings. "A thing you get free you don't value and it never brings gratitude."

Early days of poverty had bred in Scripps a desire for security. He had sought economic security first in small ways. Then he had desired economic freedom and this proved the greatest of all tasks. No man is entirely free, but money can loose some chains, and in his case money did. But though he lived to see his money grow into many, many millions, he was not secure against a fate which marked down his two oldest sons and which made his later years a daily struggle to hold off a little longer the grim wielder of the scythe.

But London Bridge and Miramar were at this time still a long way from each other.

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It was a sudden aversion to the crowds of London that sent E. W. to Paris.

But he did not escape London without an encounter with

brother George that all but wrecked the trip and the state of increasing friendship between the brothers. It was all about nothing more important than giving tips to servants.

George, it will be recalled, was paying for the journey. He was expecting soon to go to Bristol and see about that legacy. Sight-seeing was progressing in the customary way, which was generally on foot, with the six-foot Ed forging along and George in single file three feet or so in his wake. They had crossed a muddy street and arrived at the farther curb. E. W. had handed a penny to the sweeper who kept the crossing clear. Safely over, George caught up with E. W. and demanded to know what he meant by handing a penny to the crossing sweeper. That precipitated an argument which had been in the making since they landed at Liverpool.

George, the farmer, who had acquired his nickels and his dimes by hard and continuous manual toil, did not like to part with them. Besides which he was country-reared, an American unfamiliar with the customs of the old world and grounded in a democracy's belief that tips were abhorrent. From the point of view of the tipper they were, as George saw it, a hold-up; and from the point of view of the recipient they were a degradation. George voiced this to Ed.

The latter had foreseen this moment and was determined to meet it once for all. He explained to George that, in the old world, tipping was a custom that all gentlemen observed. Ever since they had landed at Liverpool he explained that he, Ed, had been obliged to hand tips to the hotel and other servants secretly in order to avoid being insulted and having to encounter disagreeable scenes. George was not convinced. These menials did not work, as he had worked, for their gratu-

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ities. It was just a splurge to hand out money merely for show. Ed replied by explaining that it was the custom of the country. Many of the servants were dependent on the tips. In many cases they were paid no wages, or even paid for the chance to work and get the tips. When these people were deprived of their tips, the customer was meanly cheating a poor worker of his just compensation. As for him, Ed, he would travel, paying tips like a gentleman, or he would not travel. As for the present expedition he was ready to wind it up and go home.

With some heat George reminded him that he, George, was paying for the trip and that it might not be convenient to walk home. To which Ed came back with both barrels. The first was a challenge to the effect that he knew perfectly well that George would not think of refusing to lend him what money he needed to get home; and the second was a revelation as to what was between the lining and the outer cloth of his vest. Again there was that secret hoard such as had buttressed him when at the age of 18 he had journeyed from the farm to Detroit to make his fortune. Only this time it was considerably more than \$80. It would suffice to take him home.

George surrendered. He pleaded in mitigation that it was the habit acquired during those years on the farm; that he did not wish to be stingy or unjust to anyone. (In fact, E. W. always testified that George in large sums was generosity itself. It was only the small amounts that tortured him.) He agreed to set aside the necessary sum from which in future all legitimate tips should be paid. And thus harmony was again restored.

But E. W. was not yet satisfied. In the course of their argu-

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ment, after George had adopted a more conciliatory attitude, George told his brother that there were only two members of the Scripps family for whom he cared a rap or for whom he had any respect. One was Ellen and the other was Ed. George said he had decided to live his life as a bachelor, and would need an heir and that such heir was to be Ed. It was not necessary to consider Ellen. She would always be able to help others. Ed had been decent to him, and he would leave him his money.

To which E. W. replied that he would be no man's heir. He would take care of himself. And moreover in the present circumstances, on second thought, he would feel better about it if he were paying his own share of all expenses. If George would lend him eight hundred dollars he would give him his note.

George agreed and from that time on E. W. went and spent as he pleased, and George even gave tips on his own account. The amount owed George was eventually paid by a check for eight hundred dollars which James gave E. W. for travel copy furnished on this trip. He had printed all that was sent, and paid for it at fifteen dollars a column. And James said he liked it.

Having George in an expansive mood E. W. broke the news to him that he, George, was elected to back a penny paper in Cleveland, of which E. W. was to be the editor and some day, he hoped, the owner. George was to be business manager, if he wished to be. In any case he was to put up the money and let Ed alone. In return for which Ed promised to make George rich. Perhaps James would be let in on it if he wanted to come. E. W. told George of his resolution re-

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sulting from the Brook street incident. No more would he work for wages. He would pay wages. He would be his own master, and perhaps the master of others. The first step was to be a paper of his own.

George, having mastered his tipping complex, was ready for anything. He was in a reckless mood. He readily agreed to all that Ed proposed.

A greater surprise was a letter from James arriving by a return mail also approving of the plan. For E. W. had at once written James telling of his idea.

E. W. stayed with George through Bristol and the business of getting the legacy, but finding there would be further delay in London, he informed George that London and its slums was getting on his nerves and that he had resolved to push on to Paris where he would find quarters and wait for George. So early in May he sailed for Dieppe.

The Exposition of 1878 was in progress and the young American in Paris found plenty to see and to occupy his mind. And he did not find so much visible poverty and vice. Paris seemed brighter and cleaner. It seemed happier. There were restaurants to try, boulevards to explore, different wines and liquors to experiment with, and a new language to be mastered (?).

He was busy and happy, but did not linger long in Paris. George joined him and they went on to Rome. His stay in Rome was a period of exultation. He had read a lot of history about Rome. It had been one of his favorite lines of reading. He had even, like Silas Wegg, declined and fallen with Gibbon. He knew the emperors and great generals of the Roman Empire almost by heart. There were Tiberius, Julius Cæsar,

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Augustus, Julian the Apostate, Constantine, Valerius, Marius and Spartacus. But particularly there was outstanding in his mind Quintus Fabius Maximus. That was the old fox who saved the Roman Empire by being patient and unpopular and keeping in the background. While the popular Consul of the moment led the Roman forces to a shambles where fifty thousand of the empire's choicest citizenry were slain, Fabius kept the mountains and watched and waited with his little force until he could finally rescue Rome from the all but successful Hannibal. That was the game to play. He for Quintus Fabius. By Fabian methods he would build his kingdom.

Again there had to be a dramatic setting for a big resolution. It was E. W.'s birthday, the 18th of June, 1878. He had found his way to the old Roman Coliseum, having passed the Forum. It was a moonlit night. He had discovered the cap of an ancient pillar, a cap partially buried in the earth (the Coliseum had not then been excavated). The cap was upright and on the flat level top he found he could lie at length. He lay and dreamed. And the conclusion of his dream, as he smoked away at endless cigars, was that determination to be patient in war, but ready at the proper moment to deliver his blow; to let the other fellow take the glory; to add one paper to another in the building of his journalistic kingdom so long as he might live. He would consciously build for power—build patiently, steadily and obscurely. Power he would use only as he should be obliged to; but perhaps at sometime he might use it to some good purpose.

E. W. had slipped away from George the morning of that day. This day was to be an important day. He was all of

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twenty-four. He had begun to see his way and know his mind. He wanted to think and dream. George had a horrible facility for humor. He could get a laugh out of anything; even a Roman ruin. E. W. didn't want George wisecracking three feet behind him all through the remembrances of those heroic ages. So, having successfully shaken him, he spent most of the day in churches in an almost religious frame of mind. He found a good dinner with red wine on the Corso, and ended on his pillar-top, with the dream dreamed, and the resolution made and sealed with the setting which he wanted for its seal.

When thirty-seven years had passed E. W. was in a different mood. He faced a different problem. He said: "I have forged Excalibur. Who is strong enough to wield it when I am gone? Would it not be better to hurl it back into the waves?"

HOW TO PICK AN EDITOR—THE CAREERS OF JOHN McVICAR AND PAT BAKER

E. W. and George were back in Detroit by the first of September. E. W. was filled with eagerness to found his paper and start building his independence. James had agreed. At least James had approved the project in a general way. The details were still to be worked out.

E. W. and George were in Cleveland two days after their arrival in Detroit. In two more days they had looked over the field and decided on a four-room shack on an alley which would house the first office and editorial room and presses.

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But an unexpected obstacle suddenly loomed. It was James's objecting to Ed as editor of the proposed paper. Ed had organized circulation and been all right as city editor, general reporter and correspondent. But he had not been tried out as top boss of any paper. The other arrangements had been practically worked out. It was agreed that the project should be backed by a maximum of ten thousand dollars of which James should put up half, George half, and the stock should be apportioned in the ratio of 30 per cent each to James and George, and 20 per cent each to E. W. and Sweeney. The two latter were to put up the single share which each owned in the Detroit News as security for their shares in the new paper.

But James balked.

"All right," said E. W. finally. "I will get someone else to finance me. I know it is a good proposition, and I know George believes in it and will go with me. I will take it elsewhere."

This was too much for James. He confessed why he had been holding off. He wanted Ed's help in reorganizing the staff of the *News*. Ross, who had succeeded to the position of city editor—Ross, the Confederate captain and blockade runner—had proved a hopeless failure. James had demonstrated again that he never did have any control over his staff. He wanted help in that matter before he would consent to Ed's going off to Cleveland.

Submitting grudgingly to any delay, E. W. agreed to resume his job as city editor until he could find a suitable successor. It did not take him long. What he looked for was a dull, industrious man who would have the confidence of his brother James, a man who would be conscious of his own

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limitations and would recognize the talents of the incorrigible staff, and would serve as a presiding officer at its meetings, a man who would remain sober and do his own work and a good deal of the work of the other men.

In John McVicar Ed found his man. McVicar had been a printer, a proof reader and a casual writer, having worked on the old *Journal* for James, and done a little work on the *News*. He was a man of whom the staff never would be jealous, which was an important consideration. Also, he was a man who never would try to ride the staff.

James was delighted. How was it he never had thought about McVicar? Here McVicar had been right under his nose and it never had occurred to him to use him in this way. He was effusive in his gratitude.

For nine years McVicar continued to justify E. W.'s judgment. Then another and very similar happening took place. In 1887 James, believing himself very ill, decided that he must go to Carlsbad and he wrote begging E. W. to come and take charge of his newspaper properties. E. W. came and was made president and general manager.

It did not take long for E. W. to see that, while the choice of McVicar had been an excellent one, the time had come for another change. The property was much larger now. The work quite different. McVicar had become managing editor. He had also succeeded to the authority and duties of James. The old staff had mostly scattered. McVicar was no longer young. He had begun to feel the continuous nervous strain and was irascible. He quarreled with his staff. He was so honest that he leaned over backward. But he was dull. The paper had begun to be inexcusably dull. What was needed was another man in McVicar's place.

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This time E. W. did an even more remarkable thing. He took Pat Baker, foreman of the composing room, and made him managing editor.

In all the history of journalism it is doubtful if any such thing as this had, or has since, been done.

Baker was the ideal man for the job, as is evidenced by the fact that he held that job for thirty or more years—during all the period of the *News's* immense growth and great prosperity—and retired only when he was forced to do so by failing sight.

Asked how he came to pick Pat Baker, E. W. once explained:

"I was looking and noticing. I saw that Baker always had his composing room in order. I mean the type was set or was being set, the copy on its hooks, the printers were kept busy, and there was a spirit of contentment. He had what sailors call a 'happy ship.' He was obviously a good executive. He did not get excited and seemed always to have time on his hands. I noticed him in conference with the city editor, the managing editor or the other men. I heard his comments on copy and on other men. I got his point of view. No, he never had written anything I knew about except occasionally some dialect stuff—Canadian French, I think it was. But I didn't want a writing man. I wanted a man of strength, of steady nervous energy; an executive and a master of men. In Pat Baker I got such a man."

McVicar's feelings were salved by a demotion at a slight increase of salary.

James did not have a mortal illness. The letters from Carlsbad were encouraging, and finally he arrived home in ex-

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cellent health, and again congratulated his little brother on his rare discrimination in picking editors.

STARTING THE CLEVELAND PENNY PRESS

Having done the little chore of finding for James a city editor, E. W. and George were off to Cleveland to push the new adventure. George helped with the preliminary labors, but later decided that he preferred to remain in Detroit. So the members of the firm who hung out its shingle in Cleveland were Scripps and Sweeney.

The shack on the alley was soon equipped with presses and type, and a few pieces of cheap furniture. There was an editorial office about as big as a trunk closet and a small room where the "staff" did its work. The staff was composed of two inside men, a Mr. Spencer and a Mr. Little. The former drew sixteen dollars a week; the latter, fifteen. Then there were three cub reporters who got each about six dollars a week. The editor, E. W., drew twelve dollars a week. Sweeney's salary was the same.

There was a counter behind which John Sweeney conducted the business of the paper.

This was the equipment with which E. W. and Sweeney went to work to found a property which, in later years, would be valued in the millions, and which in less than a year would have ten thousand circulation and would in a period of twelve months have become a self-supporting paper. •

But victory was not had without a struggle. The bitterest moment was when James and George swooped down on "the boys" in the middle of July, telling them that they must

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cut off 25 per cent of their expenses or be shut down. E. W. and Sweeney knew that the Press was on its way to sure success. It was as plain as the rising of the sun to them, and yet here were these two old buzzards (George was, as usual, merely consenting. The head devil, of course, was James)—here were these birds of ill omen sitting on the fence and croaking that the paper must be killed.

But all this is ahead of the story. It was November 2, 1878, that the first copy of the *Cleveland Press* was published—less than sixty days from the return of E. W. and George from abroad. Friday was the first. The paper was to start on Saturday.

There had been busy days before that Friday; days devoted to buying type and presses, arranging the space in the limited quarters, getting the staff and printers. So busy had E. W. been that he thought not at all about making copy for his paper. This had seemed a relatively unimportant matter; it had seemed so until it came Friday night, and he sat down in that little cubby which was his editorial office with a bunch of copy paper on his desk, and a soft pencil in his hand. He sat all ready to write; but nothing happened. He stood and tried to think, but still nothing happened. He sat and, though there was no fire in the room and it was November, the sweat began to pour from his skin. He had a bad attack of stage fright.

One rule in life E. W. had even at this time worked out. Never to do today what can possibly be postponed until tomorrow (it is not the rule as laid down in the copy-book) and never to do yourself what you can get anybody else to do half as well as you can do it.

He applied the first half of his formula. He went home to

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his cheap hotel, had dinner and went to bed and slept as peacefully as a healthy child. But in the morning he was at the office before seven. No longer could the business of copy-making be postponed. It was a matter of minutes when the printers would be there wanting words to be set into type. E. W. sat down and wrote, and wrote, and wrote. In looking the paper over afterward, he figured that he wrote nearly two-thirds of it which is not so much as it sounds, since the paper was the smallest thing that had ever appeared calling itself a daily paper. It was a folio—that is, it was four pages, and it had but five narrow (2-inch) columns to a page. The columns were 16 inches only in length.

In looking over what he had to say in the first copy of the *Penny Press*, E. W. in later years said he could readily understand why the editors of the other five Cleveland papers and the merchants of the city felt that the new venture would be short-lived. It did not appear or sound very impressive.

But there was a real idea back of the *Penny Press*. It had back of it, first, that idea of James E. Scripps of a smaller paper, cheaper to produce, cheaper to buy and easy to read. It had back of its management the hyper-economies worked out by the brothers James and George and acquired by E. W. and Sweeney. It had back of it, as was later to appear, a tremendously vital personality, an editor filled to overflowing with ideas which were mostly not intellectual conclusions, but hot emotions and burning impulses. The little paper was born a Philistine, with the independence of a bantam rooster, and the cock-sureness of a college president. But there was something more. The little paper was found always on the side of the working man, boosting the cause of union labor; it was

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always on the side of the striker and the under dog generally. Moreover, it was persistent in printing news no matter what the consequences; no matter who or what was hit.

Was it strange that the people of Cleveland began to sit up and take notice? Was it strange that in less than eight months the little paper had ten thousand circulation? Was it strange that its income from circulation and advertising had grown by July to \$1700 a month?

SUCCESS ON TEN THOUSAND AND IN A YEAR

By the middle of July the firm of Scripps and Sweeney had run out of money. Six thousand dollars of that ten thousand had been used to equip the plant with presses, type and furnishings. That left only four thousand on which to arrive at a daily paper paying for itself. Despite all possible economies the money had been spent. The young publishers had even had to apply to Detroit for a loan of \$2,500 more.

To be sure the deficit had been daily growing less. But still there was a deficit. It now ran about \$500 a month. Daily, weekly and monthly reports had been sent to James and George, showing clearly just what was happening. But alas, they were too clear. James saw the income mount to four hundred a week and he had the quick thought that this was enough to run the paper on. He took George with him to Cleveland and announced that this riot of extravagance must cease. They must stop having any more deficit. They must run the paper on its receipts. Otherwise he and George would close it down.

It seemed to E. W. and Sweeney that James was stark

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staring mad. It was so clear that the paper was succeeding phenomenally and must eventually be a big success that they could not at first credit the seriousness of the demand. With tears in his voice E. W. pleaded not to withdraw support at this critical time. But James was adamant and George was consenting. There was the ultimatum.

After two hours of heated argument and even threats (Sweeney got mad and was all for resigning) James went back to his hotel and E. W. and Sweeney went off by themselves to think the matter over.

They faced financial ruin. Not only their chance in Cleveland, but the money they had staked in putting up their *Detroit News* stock would be gone if the *Press* were stopped. How about it? Was there a chance that they could go on without exceeding the paper's income of \$1700 a month?

The business of the paper had at the outset been divided between E. W. and Sweeney (and this was the division always effective in E. W.'s papers in later years), E. W. taking control and financial responsibility for the editorial end and the composing room while Sweeney took the accounting and the mechanical end. The accounting included advertising and circulation and the mechanical included all except the composing room.

James had brought with him a set of figures. These were rejected by E. W. and Sweeney as unworkable. How about that \$400 a week? Was it possible for each to take \$200 a week and meet the demands of his department? E. W. could see how Sweeney might cut down in the business department, and Sweeney could see how E. W. might cut down on the editorial side. But neither could see how he might cut down in his own department. Yet there was nothing else to do. The

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alternative was to be shut down. Why not try it? Better try than surrender. Of course the receipts would fall off and the paper would go down hill. But there was nothing else to do.

James and George were notified and went back to Detroit, and beginning the following day the *Press* was run until the end of the calendar year on \$400 a week.

And the joke was on "the boys." The effect of the reductions in out-go was never for an instant visible. There was no pause in the steady growth of both circulation and advertising. The paper in a few months was actually making money—which money was used to pay off the loan of \$2500. So that, when January came, and the *Press* was 14 months old, it was not only breaking even; it had paid off that \$2500 loan and was "out of the red." So it is fair to say the *Press* actually did win out in a year with a capital of \$10,000. Which was always E. W.'s boast. This is believed to be an unmatched record in starting a daily paper.

The Detroit *News*, which was the pioneer in economical journalism, had taken \$30,000 to found. Both papers became enormously valuable properties. The *News*, on the whole, has earned more in dividends by perhaps a third than has the *Press*, but the latter at times has exceeded the *News* in its total annual dividends.

To E. W. this experience carried, with its residuum of bitterness—for he never quite forgave James for his seeming harshness—a lesson. To him it emphasized the fact that it is men, not money, that make a newspaper. Even in its infantile state the *Press* was not hurt by the withdrawal of \$500 a month from its monetary nourishment. Its life depended on the spurred thought and energies of himself and

PERILS OF A FIGHTING EDITOR

Sweeney. Nobody, E. W. was wont to claim, ever works at capacity. Most people work at less than fifty per cent of their potential pressure. Come the emergency, more steam, more inventiveness, more thought, and gone are the difficulties.

PERILS OF A FIGHTING EDITOR

What kind of editor was this E. W., heading his own paper in Cleveland in 1878, and what sort of paper did he edit? And what kind of time did he have editing?

We have his word for it that he had a very good time. Those months in Cleveland—that winter and summer of the first year of the *Penny Press*—were among the happiest days of his life. He was succeeding. He was determined to succeed. In London and in Rome, in Brook Street and in the Coliseum, he had resolved to win both independence and power. These he knew were the first steps toward independence. There was nothing he would not do, no risk he would not take, to succeed.

His policies, as already stated, were reached by emotional and instinctive rather than rationalistic processes. He just naturally felt a contempt for the shop-keeper. He felt the same contempt for the rich and socially superior. He was against power when it was superimposed and took pains to show that neither power nor conventions held any terror for him.

He resolved simply that a newspaper should print the news and that his small paper would be a newspaper. When a prominent citizen committed suicide by chloroforming himself in bed and left his fortune for scientific research

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he printed the facts. All the other papers omitted to state that the death was by suicide. When the son of a rich iron-monger was arrested for street fighting with a prostitute while drunk, the *Press* printed the story. It was not played up. It was given the same space and attention that would be given to the same item about a stevedore. When the largest advertiser in town was sued for divorce and all the other papers obeyed orders to suppress the news the *Press* printed it. When the editor and publisher of the *Press* was arrested at the instigation of agents for the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals because he was found riding a horse on the hard pavements after the horse had cast a shoe, the item was printed without omitting the name of the editor and without noting his explanation that he did not know the shoe had been cast. The item recorded that Mr. Scripps paid the fine. If there came to be a choice between two items of equal news value, one of which would be offensive to an advertiser, or a possible advertiser, the offensive item was given preference. To tell the truth, E. W., from the beginning of his newspaper career, loved to bully the advertiser. This is not hard to understand. To a newspaper the advertiser is the one chief curb on freedom. If the paper is dependent on the receipts of the advertiser for its existence or its profits, or its excess profits, then the advertiser must be considered. If the paper is entirely independent of such receipts, then the advertiser may be kicked with impunity. E. W. always had a yearning to kick his advertiser. Often he did, in a way of speaking, as when he found one of the chief advertisers of his Cincinnati paper trying to dictate to the business office and, after getting the merchant to repudi-

PERILS OF A FIGHTING EDITOR

ate his contract, he forbade any future contract with that concern until it had been supplied with a new manager.

An aggressive attitude like that assumed by E. W. with his *Penny Press* is certain to arouse dangerous hostilities. And it did. There were threatened and attempted assaults. There were traps laid.

E. W. always carried a pistol. On several occasions he had to draw it. The only wonder is he was not shot or did not shoot some enemy in those Cleveland days.

When in a fight he seemed to like it. He did not go out of his way to look for trouble, but when the moment came he had a determined manner which was apt to cow the opposition. No doubt, when aroused, E. W. looked an unpleasant customer. On the eve of impending trouble E. W. once caught sight of himself in a full length hotel mirror, and he confessed in later years he was a bit alarmed at his own reflection. Six feet of gangling strength—or what appeared as strength—his straggling red whiskers, his large expressive (savage) mouth, and his bad eye—such a figure, with his hand on his revolver pocket, or with the weapon gleaming at his side, was an apparition to give pause. And it did. On a number of occasions, E. W. tells, one look was enough.

Once it was a frame-up arranged by the woman who at the moment was his mistress. She had a friend who was the mistress of a young manufacturer who had come to hold a grudge against the editor of the *Penny Press*. It was arranged that the two take a house together. Then it was arranged that E. W. should come on a certain night when a couple of roughs were to be present, and some policemen in plain clothes. He was to be beaten up and then arrested and the

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next day written up and exposed. It was to be staged as a drunken brawl, with E. W. as the drunken aggressor. But the "friend of his friend" was a lady with a human side and she liked E. W. well enough to tip him not to come that night. He was curious and came with his pistol cocked in the pocket of his light brown overcoat. When two dark figures moved across the street and one of them inquired if this was Mr. Scripps, the pistol came out of his pocket with the affirmative reply and an order to get to hell out of here or take the load. They went.

On another occasion the scene was set in a room off the court room in the city hall. Something had happened to arouse men's passions. There was a mob with some fighting and E. W. found himself backing toward a table against the wall while a crew of hostile men moved toward him. He sprang on the table and whipped out his gun, also his ugliest and most menacing look. There was a yell. "He's goin' to shoot," and the crowd fled in panic. Was it the look or the pistol? Or both? He often wondered.

THE NEWS—ALL THE NEWS

There were less turgid reasons why the *Penny Press* might commend itself to the people of a middle-sized city. It strove to be, in its small way, a real newspaper. Its aim was to set forth, in condensed form, all the important news happenings of the previous twenty-four hours. It was just as careful to re-write all the news from the morning papers as to write the fresh happenings of the next twelve hours. By condensation all was there; news of the city, of the county, of the state,

THE NEWS—ALL THE NEWS

of the nation, of the world. Little space was wasted on so-called editorials. If editorializing was needed it could be done in news column space.

Almost from the beginning the *Press* printed a considerable amount of what is called "miscellany." This was furnished by sister Ellen, who, after each day's work on the *Detroit News*, sat up and clipped and re-wrote from exchanges, magazines or other Detroit papers items of interest either news or otherwise. From a column and a half to two columns of this matter arrived by mail daily, and was, E. W. always said, the best stuff in the paper.

Trying in later years to think out exactly what was his policy toward labor and labor unions, E. W. said it was his firm conviction that other newspapers were published almost exclusively for the non-laboring class; that many of the troubles of the country could be remedied by labor if labor were better informed as to the laboring men's power and opportunities, and that one of his jobs was to avert trouble even for the non-laboring class, and to make conditions better for the laboring class by encouraging and instructing them in asserting themselves as against employers.

Which, perhaps, was an effort to rationalize a sentiment previously voiced as: "God damn the rich, God help the poor."

With all his strength and occasional hardness, E. W. was a man whose sympathies were quickly and easily touched. Women's tears seemed to him about the worst thing in the world. He must not with his paper do anything at any time to make a woman weep. It was in these early days in Cleveland he so resolved.

But, alas, the facts of life are often weepy facts and there

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had to come a day when E. W. was asked to suppress a piece of news because it would bring heart-break to a wife. The man had done something criminal. There were some mitigating circumstances. The judge and the prosecuting attorney were disposed to be lenient. If the matter could be kept out of the paper the judge would refrain from imposing the regular sentence. The other papers had agreed. The wife came to see E. W. The lawyer came to see him. The judge sent a message. Here was a woman who was guiltless. If he published that piece of news there would be a woman's bitter tears.

But he had said: "My paper prints the news—all the news." Should a criminal go free because he, E. W., had consented that the matter be hushed up? No. Print the news.

But when he saw the item locked in the form he seized his hat and left the office. He felt himself an executioner, a sort of hangman. And yet this was journalism. Was there not some other calling which would leave him his self-respect and still afford a chance to work out that dream of power?

On the long tramp he took into the country this was the theme of his debate.

PICKING EDITORIAL TALENT: REPORTER PERKINS

How pick an editor? What should be his qualifications? How discover whether he has such qualifications?

Weight, complexion, color of the eyes or hair will tell nothing in regard to editorial abilities. Neither will conversation. Are editors born or made?

E. W. concluded that an editor is a "dumb orator." He

PICKING EDITORIAL TALENT

is a person who can sense what the public wants to hear, and can make the public think, more or less, as he thinks. The one way to find out whether a man can be an editor is to try him.

In spite of E. W.'s proud record in picking editors for brother James's Detroit paper, he did not have the honor to pick the biggest and best editor his own concern ever had; namely, Robert F. Paine. Paine came into the Cleveland Press against E. W.'s protest.

It happened about as follows: The paper was beginning to do well, and the income justified a slight increase in the editorial staff. One more reporter might be hired. E. W. was on the lookout for a cheap but bright young man. He received a letter one day from a person signing himself R. F. Paine applying for a job on the Press. Paine said he was at the time working for a little union paper which had been started to help a strike but was on its last legs.

E. W. happened the next day to be passing the address mentioned in the letter and looked in. He was directed up a dark stairway in a shabby old structure and, coming into a dimly lighted room, saw, when his eyes became accustomed to the dimness, what appeared to be Dickens's fat boy asleep on a rough wooden table. He poked the sleeper in the ribs and told him to wake up and answer a few questions. No, he didn't know much about reporting. He was just starting to learn. He wanted a job where he could learn the business. He didn't care about what was paid, if anything.

One glance was enough to convince E. W. that this was emphatically not what he was looking for. He wanted something that was awake, and that had a bit of the know how. So he bade the fat boy good day and went on his way.

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On returning to the city a few days afterwards he was surprised to find Paine at work at his office. Henry Little had hired him. So E. W. told Little that he had interviewed Paine and found that he would not do. Little replied that Paine might be of no earthly use, but that E. W. had promised Little to let him choose the men on his staff. E. W. agreed but said that he, E. W., had reserved the right to fix salaries, and that his appropriation for Paine would be nothing. This was agreeable to all parties and Paine remained an apprentice reporter at nothing per week.

It is recorded that Paine was slow to learn, but that in time he did learn how to gather and how to write a piece of news. Before many months had passed he was a regularly salaried member of the staff, and in two years from the beginning of his labors he was editor of the *Press*, left in sole charge while the owner and publisher went to other fields to start new papers. And for thirty years Paine was editor of the *Press*, leaving his personality indelibly impressed on that paper.

Yes. It was Paine who published that item about E. W. being arrested for riding his horse after the animal had cast a shoe. The orders from the Boss were to print all the news, no matter whom it might concern. Paine carried out his orders.

E. W. believed, on the whole, in not giving his editors orders. There were general orders or principles with which they started. After that he left them almost entirely alone. In the thirty years of Paine's editorial term E. W. says he gave Paine but two orders. Both nearly broke Paine's heart, but they turned out for the benefit of the paper. The first was to cease and desist from printing any matter, editorial

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or news, which might in any way affect the political fortunes of any person in or about Cleveland. The second was, that he should increase the editorial expenditures of the *Press* to thirty-four per cent of gross receipts. Which was about doubling these expenditures.

These orders came after Paine and the *Press* had grown great and powerful. So influential was the *Press* (which was Paine) that no person could hope for political preferment without the support of Bob Paine. He was political boss of the city, county and state. E. W. discovered this and reasoned that the *Press*, by becoming a political organ, would suffer as a newspaper. Paine, as political dictator, would suffer as editor. By ruling out all political matter, and forcing Paine to double his editorial expenditures, E. W. felt that he would be building more wisely for the future of the *Press*.

It turned out exactly as E. W. had figured. For several weeks Paine was numbed by the order. But his steam-engine vitality in time began to seek something to expend itself on, and found its objective in news. The *Press* began to be the greatest newspaper in the state. Circulation leaped, and advertising followed. And when enough time had elapsed to permit the lesson to sink in the embargo was removed to the extent of permitting a reasonable amount of political news once more.

At about the same time that Paine was annexed to the *Press* E. W. took on one Maurice Perkins. He took Perkins for his copy. He had seen a little of his work in Detroit where Perkins had worked a short time on one of the rival papers. Later he had gone to Toledo, and E. W. had noted his stuff in the *Bee*. Perkins wrote so distinctively and originally that his copy could be recognized by one who had become ac-

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quainted with it. He was droll. At times he wrote with almost inspiration. He was to show later what he could do.

One day E. W. being in Toledo on other work looked in on Perkins and sounded him on coming to the *Press*. Perkins was getting ten dollars a week, and was in love with his landlady's daughter. He needed fifteen to get married. So he went to the *Press* at fifteen.

On the *Press* Perkins covered police, wrote and re-wrote general copy, turned out feature, and finally got himself stripped and painted with black mineral paint by an outraged reader to his eventual enrichment, and to the advantage of his employer.

All this was before he went to New York on a good spree, applied to Amos Cummings, city editor of the *Sun*, for a job, was assigned to climb the steeple of Trinity and to write what he saw; did so and was hired at a hundred a week.

THE CHISHOLM INCIDENT

As an example of what could happen to an editor who was printing—or trying to print—all the news, the attack on Perkins was a perfect case. It had its beginning in what would have seemed a very trifling matter, the gathering of a police court paragraph. A young man had been arrested for being drunk and fighting on the street with a dissolute woman, also intoxicated. Perkins turned in the paragraph.

The name as entered on the police sergeant's blotter was not the real name of the young man, but the police told the press that the man was Stuart H. Chisholm. Now it happened that one of Cleveland's richest and most respectable residents

THE CHISHOLM INCIDENT

was one Henry Chisholm who, with his brother William, was owner of the Cleveland Rolling Mills, in that section of the city known as Newburg. Each Chisholm had a son, and each son was named Stuart. But the son of Henry had a middle name represented by the letter H. The son of William had no H in his name. He was merely Stuart Chisholm. So when William's son, Stuart Chisholm, got himself arrested, and the event was reported in the *Press* as happening to the immaculate son of Henry, by the mistake of adding the H to his name, cousin Stuart H. and his father were theoretically injured and were in fact properly outraged.

When E. W. arrived home from a brief trip to Detroit he was told of the libel suit in the offing, which would result from the error of Perkins. He was becoming accustomed, by now, to libel suits and on the whole was inclined to welcome them. He had learned how to turn them to the paper's account.

But when he got to the office he found new cause for excitement. Perkins, he learned, had been sent for by Henry Chisholm who pretended to a friendly interest in learning just what his wayward nephew had done, and how the error had occurred. But when Perkins got to the Chisholm office he was set upon by Chisholm's rolling mill employes, dragged into a back room, stripped, and painted with black mineral paint, such as is used to paint iron pipes. The paint was poured over his head and he was thrown into the street. As good fortune would have it he was picked up quickly and taken home where a doctor was summoned.

All which happening, E. W. quickly recognized, put a much more serious aspect on the matter. That paint might kill Perkins unless it was immediately removed. Thus to close

the pores of the skin was known by all doctors to be a means to quick and fatal poisoning. Perkins at best was a weakling. Tall, very thin, his health was undermined and he would, in such circumstances, be a poor risk. E. W. called a carriage and dashed to the Perkins's residence. Here he found, to his relief, that steps had been promptly taken, and under a doctor's supervision most of the paint had been scraped off and Perkins had been put to bed.

So far all was well. But E. W. foresaw early eventualities. He must prepare Perkins against attempts by the Chisholms to settle. Soon they would be informed by friends or lawyers that they had committed a grave error. They had done what might have resulted in murder. Their one wish would now be to hush the matter up and to settle with Perkins.

E. W. cleared the room and talked firmly to Perkins. The latter had been so affected by the shock that he was continuously hiccoughing. E. W. told him that later when he began to get over the shock the hiccoughs would probably cease. But he suggested to Perkins that he make no great efforts to make them cease. To which Perkins responded by closing one eye and leaving the other open.

Then E. W. told Perkins that the affair was good for at least five thousand dollars. So sure was E. W. that Henry Chisholm would pay that much that E. W. promised himself to pay Perkins that sum if he were wrong about Chisholm. He would send him a lawyer. Perkins was not to settle except through E. W.

It happened as he had foreseen. Henry Chisholm's lawyers called on Perkins and tried desperately to settle. But Perkins had full confidence in the promise of E. W. and declined.

Meantime the whole cohort of Chisholm lawyers were

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turned loose on the *Press* and its editors and owners. Sheriffs appeared with writs in suits for criminal libel calling for the arrest of E. W., John Sweeney and others. These called for small bonds, and there were people on the paper who could give such bond.

But the big shot was to come. It came in the form of a damage suit by Chisholm for fifty thousand dollars, with writ of attachment against the newspaper plant and properties, based on an affidavit that this was the only property in the jurisdiction, and that therefore, in default of bond it must be attached and held against the possible judgment sought. Sheriff and deputies appeared to take charge of the property.

But Henry Chisholm was not yet through. He was a man with a fiery temper, accustomed to have his way, so he decided that a little mobbing would help to chasten the spirit of the *Press*. So it happened that when E. W. returned from the court house, where he had gone to give bonds for the criminal libel suits, he found a crowd of the employes of the Cleveland Rolling Mills blocking the road to his office. The front door was shut and he could see at windows and other points of vantage Sweeney, and various burly fellows from the *Press* editorial and composing rooms, with mauls and pistols. E. W. rightly concluded that the mob was not really in a bad mood. The men were merely earning their money from Chisholm. So he stood up in his open carriage, with his pistol drawn, and ordered his driver to force his way to the building. Which was done.

It had been the purpose—or so at least it was generally reported—to attack and gut the office. But the men were in fact friends of the little labor paper, and they had heard

about what Chisholm had done to Perkins, and they were not very keen on the job. So after about twenty minutes the crowd melted away, without violence or arrests.

But the matter of the damage suit for fifty thousand was not so easily disposed of. E. W. applied to a few rich men he had met since coming to Cleveland, and who had professed interest and good-will. They all failed him. There were no bonding companies in those days. The suit for fifty thousand called for a bond of double that amount. To find a bondsman for one hundred thousand dollars and find him in time to release the plant from the clutches of the sheriff in time to get out a paper was a harassing problem.

The Sheriff who had attached the plant began his work of appraising the value of the property. E. W. tried to expedite this. He produced bills for the newly purchased outfit. But the appraisers were selected from the other Cleveland papers, his competitors. They were unfriendly and they were influential. They stood on their right to inspect and put a valuation on every article from garret to cellar.

E. W.'s legal adviser in this crisis was none other than Judge Robert F. Paine, father of the "fat boy." The judge had done all he could and left advising E. W. to be patient and let the law take its course.

But E. W. was not patient and he began to think as he never had thought before. What to do? How to find a rich man who would go that hundred thousand bond? At last he had an inspiration. Paine's office was in a little cottage about six blocks from the *Press* building. He leaped into his carriage and sped to Judge Paine. The Judge was seated, tipped back in an old wooden chair on the sidewalk in front of his office.

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"Judge," demanded E. W., "isn't there anybody in this town that hates Chisholm as much as Chisholm hates me? Think. Chisholm is a man to make enemies. You must know someone."

Judge Paine thought a moment and then smote his thigh. "I have it," he said. "Come with me."

Judge Paine led the way to a squalid little house not far distant and soon introduced E. W. to one Baldwin. The latter was clad as a workman and showed no signs of wealth. But Paine had remembered that Baldwin once had a case in the police court with Henry Chisholm, and when Chisholm had been angered at something Baldwin had testified to on the witness stand, Chisholm had slapped Baldwin's face. Chisholm was about four times the size and weight of Baldwin. Judge Paine also knew that Baldwin had spent most of his life bonding prostitutes and petty criminals and had amassed about half a million dollars in what is known as "red light district" property. He gave bond gladly against his ancient enemy, and E. W. was finally free to take over his plant and get out a paper.

While these things had been going on every preparation had been made for getting out a paper, when possible. The whole editorial force had been writing the story of the day's happenings. Copy had been taken to a job printing shop and in return for liberal payment their type and facilities had been put at the disposal of the *Press*. So when the sheriff finally stopped his inventory and got out—it was getting late of a Saturday afternoon—the story in the galleys was being hurried to the *Press* plant all ready to shove on the press. Sweeney had gathered boys and vehicles of all descriptions ready to rush the papers to all parts of the town.

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The other papers had published their late editions without a word about the troubles of the *Press* and the Chisholms. So when the *Press* burst with its extras on the streets it was with an exclusive and a startling story. The city rang with it all evening and all next day, which was Sunday.

Chisholm, an elder of his Presbyterian church, was not in his pew. It was soon after this that it was reported that he became ill and had taken to his bed.

Determined that the story of what Chisholm had done should not be forgotten, E. W. wrote a condensed account of the affair which he had printed every day in italics at the head of the editorial column.

These various events soon caused a movement on the part of the Chisholm battalion of lawyers to settle. First, they asked that E. W. cease printing that daily story. Chisholm was represented as a very sick man and his doctors could not say what might happen if this continuous irritation were kept up. E. W. was unmoved. He laid down his terms. The libel suits, criminal and civil, must be dismissed. Perkins must be paid five thousand dollars, through him. When they had done that they could come again and see him. Meantime the story of Chisholm's Shame, as it was headed, continued to run.

Word was brought that Chisholm was a very obstinate and proud man and that, while he believed himself dying and wished to make his peace with God and man, he would like some friendly gesture from E. W. first. E. W. replied that he remembered only what had been done to the weakling Perkins, and had no friendly gesture to make.

The suits were then withdrawn, the money was paid over to Perkins, through E. W., in the presence of the lawyers,

HOW TO SUCCEED WHILE LOAFING

and Perkins ceased to hiccough. The account in italics was discontinued, and the episode was at an end.

Three weeks later Henry Chisholm died.

Perkins was told to go and take a frolic, which he did until he had spent half of that five thousand dollars, and had moved another stage toward his untimely end.

HOW TO SUCCEED WHILE LOAFING

E. W.'s success with the *Cleveland Press* was not achieved by copy-book methods. He did not rise early in the morning, nor did he spend hours at his editorial desk. He lived at a hotel, slept late, often not getting up before noon; often did not go to the office at all; generally he seized a book and a pad of paper and started for the country if the weather was favorable, or for Lake Erie for a row or a sail; or would go for a drive or a long horse-back ride. He loafed and he drank. He did not roister or get drunk, but he consumed what liquor he wanted. He was afflicted with colds and plagued by the climate and took to whisky as an antidote.

E. W. never condemned or apologized for these practices. He merely related them as facts. He held they had nothing to do, necessarily, with success or failure.

After the first six months E. W. seldom visited the office of the *Cleveland Press*. When he did it was not to give orders. Sometimes he made suggestions. Occasionally he turned in copy he had written while drifting in a rowboat or lying in the shade of a tree. He wrote not much, and he wrote where he happened to be. He was accustomed to say his business was under his hat. Which really contains the clue to the

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whole paradox. When he was loafing, he was thinking. Therefore, he was not loafing. Many years later he voiced one of his most important findings on success in life: "Thinking is the hardest work there is. It is because people are too indolent to think that they pay others to do their thinking for them. That is why there are employers and employed, masters and slaves."

A man who knew E. W. in these Cleveland days said when he met him years afterward: "I remember you always as walking along the street with someone, but you were always talking, talking, talking."

"Yes," replied E. W. "I was thinking out loud."

E. W. was also applying one of those formulas he had long since worked out: Never to do today what by any means he could put off until tomorrow and never to do himself what he could get anyone else to do half as well as he could do it.

Forever he was girding at his brother James. "You waste your energies; you, a thousand dollar man, doing little frittering chores that any three-dollar a day man could do better than you can do them."

By systematic loafing and hard thinking E. W. felt that he was keeping himself in readiness to meet some real emergency when it might arise. He tried to think ahead and to know what he would do when the time should come.

So to the others he added the following formula: To do the right thing, in the right way, at the right time.

Once he was asked in those days of official leisure when he had pretended to retire and was building as always for the greater glory of his kingdom—what he was doing now to warrant the income he was drawing from his concern.

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"I make an important decision once in every six months, or perhaps not so often," he replied.

To think and to make the right decision at the right time—these were his substitutes for the copy-book formulae.

And always there were girls. These did not contribute to his success, nor yet did he permit them to contribute much to his failure. He just was attracted by the sex. He sought them casually and carnally, and he sought them in marriage. Casually and carnally he had no difficulties with his girls. What he lacked in beauty or charm he made up in boldness and desire. But when it came to matrimony, each case proved a false alarm. The answer quite uniformly was "No." He began to get quite used to it. Certainly there could have been no very serious damage to hearts on either side.

His experience in St. Louis, which occurred at this time, contributed another chapter to his education on girls. He found in St. Louis that his simple cataloguing of girls as "nice" and "not nice" would not suffice. There were girls in St. Louis who were "nice" (by the rating of the world) and yet were "not nice" by practice. He met and enjoyed a number of such.

The St. Louis chapter is not one to enlarge upon. It was not only about those "nice" and "not nice" girls, but it was a chapter of failure.

Eager to go on founding papers, E. W. had talked his brothers into adventuring into the St. Louis field. The *Chronicle* could be bought for a song. E. W. would buy it and add another Scripps paper to his string. In one of his disquisitions E. W. paints a picture of himself dressed in the height of fashion and mounted on a Kentucky steed, riding with nice and fashionably-appearing girls in the public parks

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of St. Louis. He took to wine in place of whisky. He bought pretty horses for pretty girls and incidentally he gave a little thought to editing the *Chronicle*.

But in St. Louis he was a failure. His brothers left him alone for a while, but when a year had gone by it was evident that the paper was a rat-hole down which they were pouring money. They called for E. W.'s resignation.

"I was up against a better man," was the only explanation E. W. ever made of the St. Louis fiasco. "Joseph Pulitzer, who ran the *Post-Dispatch*, beat me at my own game."

In other fields E. W. had been fortunate in having a conservative opposition. Pulitzer was just as good a friend of the workingman as was E. W. and he was in some respects a more brilliant and better equipped editor. It is an interesting coincidence that both editors spent their last days on their private yachts, and E. W., by mere chance, had the same captain who had sailed the Pulitzer yacht during Pulitzer's last four years.*

The adventure in St. Louis lasted approximately from March, 1880, to March, 1881. E. W. returned to Cleveland nominally as editor-in-chief of the *Press*. He had spent fourteen months in Cleveland getting the *Press* started. He was away a year in St. Louis. Then he was again in Cleveland for six months, leaving in November, 1881, for a trip abroad.

It was six years after his departure from the farm in Illinois that the Cleveland *Press* was started. By 1880, two more years, E. W. awoke to the fact that he had achieved his economic freedom. He was for his time and age, a rich young man. His routes in Detroit were paying, his single

*And that in 1931 the Scripps concern bought the Pulitzer properties in New York and merged them with the Scripps *Telegram*.

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share in the *Detroit News* was paying, the 20 per cent interest he owned in the *Cleveland Press* was paying, and the total was approximately ten thousand dollars a year.

What was the next thing to do was determined by the doctor. Although standing six feet in his stockings, E. W. weighed but 120 pounds. The doctor intimated tuberculosis. It was not yet the day of Koch. There had been blood spitting. There were the everlasting coughs, and bronchial irritation. A change, a milder climate, rest and diversion were recommended. Europe, northern Africa—that was a good place for lungers. Why not die in comfort in a sunny place?

So a decision was promptly reached. Ed must go with sister Ellen to Algiers, Egypt, the Holy Land, places on the Mediterranean—anywhere—for a long, long time—at least two years.

So with the fixed idea of leaving his bones to bleach on the desert sands, E. W. set forth in the fall of 1880 to travel in foreign parts.

GETTING TRAVEL-CULTURE, AND REFORM

Foreign travel in the hands of E. W. and sister Ellen in 1881 was not much like foreign travel as it is modernly practiced by the average man and woman of their age. There was not then the string of Americanized hotels with the continuous accompaniment of the English tongue. There was not the exported American food and American drinks. There was Cook, of course; but not the movement of thousands of organized and directed sight-seers, with their ambition to have seen the galleries and to have done the cafes,

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E. W. and Ellen were sight-seers—and thoroughly did they see their sights. But they were more. They were two people with unlimited leisure and an unslaked mental thirst. They wished not only to see but to read and learn. So they attacked the languages at once, E. W. choosing French and German, while Ellen took Italian and Spanish. They got books about the countries they were seeing or were going to see. They read history omnivorously, and then attacked the foreign newspapers and magazines to get current atmosphere. They went to galleries, palaces, lakes and resorts.

It was to Algiers they headed first on account of E. W.'s health. They spent that first winter in Algiers, Tunis and Egypt. They had landed in England and done some brief visiting of relatives in and about London, but they did not linger long in the fogs. The African sun was pleasant. E. W. read and rode. He had begun to pride himself on his horsemanship and he procured fine Arab beasts and spent hours ranging the desert sands. When not so occupied he was reading, sleeping and seeing what was to be seen. The Tombs of the Kings, the ruins of Luxor, the quaint native life at Cairo and Alexandria, helped to fill the days.

And soon E. W. noticed that his cough had practically ceased. He began to pick up weight. By the end of the winter he had added sixty pounds to that hundred and twenty and was feeling quite himself again.

Spring found the travelers vigorously seeing Europe. They came from Africa to Sicily, thence to Italy, Venice; to Rome, to Vienna, where for several weeks they lingered; then to Carlsbad and half a dozen German cities of secondary size. Looking at palaces and ruins, sailing the Danube, and always

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studying the language and the history of the country. Thus they loafed.

There was nothing hurried about these moves, and nothing very planned. They went as they felt inclined. One thing led to another. After Berlin and Dresden they went to Brussels, and when they were tired of Brussels they pressed on to Paris. Here they separated for three months. Ellen went to England to visit relatives; E. W. settled down to reading and studying French. Brandy and water were his drinks while studying French in Paris. A large pitcher of water, and a squatty bottle of brandy with a book and a paper (French) and a magazine (also French)—with these on the table before him he was ready for a happy day. He made some progress with the language and says he got so he could read a lot of serious literature in French, without too much recourse to the lexicon. He remembers also how appalled he was and how shocked was his landlady at the accumulation of empties in his closet. The thrifty landlady did not dare throw away the bottles even when there was nothing in them, so they accumulated until Ellen returned.

By December 1882 Ellen had come from London and they started wandering again. They spent a month or more in Spain whence they sailed for Malta. It was Egypt again for the winter. But sight-seeing had taken a hold on them, and they joined a Cook tour for the Holy Land, ending at Beirut. They pressed on and saw ports of the Eastern Mediterranean. Then Athens, and Constantinople and back to Rome again. By now it was the spring of 1883.

Travel was contributing to E. W.'s social education. He was proud of the way he had handled himself on one occasion in Germany. They had decided to see a palace. It might have

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been Schonbrunn. Royalty was away and the palace was open to tourists for a fee. Ellen was interested. So E. W. did special honor to the event by hiring what in those days would be called a swell turnout. It included a shiny (non-livery looking) carriage with two fine horses and an appropriate coachman and trimmings. E. W. wore his cream-colored top hat with other clothes to match. He had left Ellen to make a more complete tour of the palace while he strolled on the terrace and smoked a cigar. All went peacefully until a young officer loaded with gold lace and strutting with military pomp approached, after dismounting from his horse (which was immediately taken in charge by a menial) and started to reprove (in German) E. W. for smoking. E. W. was secretly appalled, but he decided to experiment. He drew himself up to his full height and addressed the officer in English. "Young man," he said sternly, "I guess you do not know to whom you are talking?"

The effect was magical. The officer bowed low from the waist and with evident apologies backed himself to the palace door into which he disappeared.

E. W. was delighted, but secretly nervous lest his identity might be inquired into by the officer, and it might be discovered that he was neither the American Ambassador nor the British Chargé d'Affaires. He felt that he must have been mistaken for something terribly important and he wished Ellen would hurry. But in fact he was on his third cigar before she came.

In writing of these travels E. W. says that Ellen always appeared to meet people of distinction or culture with all the ease in the world. Himself, he could not. He wanted to know these people, but he could not wait on the slow convention-

TRAVEL-CULTURE AND REFORM

alties of good form. These people would not appreciate his abilities unless he trod upon their toes, as it were, and made them notice him. But people do not always like this species of unconvention. So he was not always a success.

One man he did meet who wanted to annex E. W. for life, one John Bookwalter, possessing great wealth, an Ohio man, traveling to escape being bored. Without near kin and having more money than he could possibly spend, he was looking for companionship and an heir. After a quick intimacy with E. W., Bookwalter proposed that, instead of returning to America, E. W. join him in a trip around the world. Bookwalter would pay all expenses and he would fix up a will making E. W. the beneficiary. He felt that he was getting old and had not long to live. To wander about and finally die with only a valet and secretary was not to his liking. He wanted a strong young companion and would pay well to have one. But E. W. scented something dependent in the proposed relationship and said it would be intolerable. In vain Bookwalter urged that the obligation would be all on his side. So they parted. Many years later E. W. sought a similar relationship with one of his young men and experienced the hurt which he later saw Bookwalter felt when he had a similar response.

Foreign travel did more than restore E. W.'s health. He underwent a species of reform. He did not "get religion" or anything like that, but he worked over in his mind several personal problems, and came to several very definite conclusions. In the first place he concluded that there was nothing to that vague dream of his childhood and youth that he was destined to be a literary person and to write immortal poems and equally immortal books. Approaching thirty, and hardly

equipped to do more than write fair newspaper copy, he did not seem to be driving toward a literary career. Nor had girls and drink seemed to help.

There was another thing. He began to feel differently about girls. The lightly immoral girls seemed less worth while to him. In fact, he began to feel rather disgusted with all that breed. He decided, too, to face the fact that he was in business and would probably stay in business for the love of it. He was willing to give over that notion that he would be very great and do very great things, and achieve a very great name. He was willing to be more normal. He began to crave work for work's sake. He could begin to see that work was worth doing just because it was work. The human organism must function, and the mental organism must function. Finally the spiritual life must be lived. He wanted to go home. He wanted to find some good woman who would take him with open eyes, for better or for worse and rear him children. He wanted to cut out drink.

Ellen approved these resolutions as well as the purpose to cease wandering and go back to the United States. So, in the spring of 1883, they landed in New York.

E. W. BUYS A "PROSPECT HOLE"

The job waiting for E. W. in America proved to be the founding, in Cincinnati, of a semi-religious daily. Religious publications had not been in E. W.'s line; but at the end of his two years in Europe he was a reformed character. He was ready even for such a venture.

But before he could get down to his real business he had

again to do a little business for James. The family interests had extended to Buffalo, where they were running the *Telegraph*; and there was the St. Louis *Chronicle*, wabbling along. He was asked to give a once over to these and to the Detroit and Cleveland papers.

What he found in Buffalo was not encouraging. James had taken a minority interest in the *Telegraph*, and all the rest of the family, including brother Willie, had dabbled to the extent of about five per cent each. Sister Ellen had taken some stock. So had Sweeney. E. W.'s share was about five per cent. The *Telegraph* was being managed under the vague direction of James in Detroit. It was doing badly. It was up against a vigorous one-cent competitor, the *Evening News*, and the other stockholders were dissatisfied. In fact they were actively quarreling with the management. E. W. wanted nothing to do with the *Telegraph* and advised the same course for his family. He was coming to the firm conclusion that a fifty-one per cent ownership was essential to the successful management of a Scripps paper.

The Detroit *News* had made money, but had made little or no progress since he left. It was in the doldrums, and needed something to make it go. His Cleveland *Press* had made money and under R. F. Paine had made itself influential in Cleveland. Its circulation had remained about stationary but advertising had increased. In his absence the paper had come under the complete domination of Sweeney, and had therefore been squeezed for profits until as, E. W. found, it had been run on forty-five per cent of its gross receipts, leaving fifty-five per cent of gross receipts for profits. This is believed to be the record for any Scripps paper.

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E. W. made recommendations which, on the whole, were followed by James.

There was by now a Scripps interest in Cincinnati. Before the foreign journeyings, and while E. W. was still fussing with girls and the *St. Louis Chronicle*, James had undertaken to back a venture in Cincinnati. It came about rather accidentally. Walter Wellman and his brother Alfred—the same Walter Wellman who was Washington correspondent for many years for the *Chicago Herald*, and who got Victor Lawson of the *Chicago News and Record* to back a scheme for a trip to the North Pole in an old-fashioned free balloon—the two Wellmans had started in Cincinnati a tiny four-page sheet called the *Penny Post*. It was printed in a job office, and had started its career with a campaign against the local gambling industry, and particularly against its rich head, one known as "Policy Bill Smith." The Wellmans had but a few hundred dollars and they soon found they had taken on more of a fight than they could handle. Policy Bill hired the Pinkerton Detective Agency to frame a case against the brothers and had them arrested for blackmail. But just before this happened Walter Wellman, being at the end of his cash, had gone to see James Scripps in Detroit and had got him to come to Cincinnati to look over the *Penny Post* to see if it were worth an effort to salvage it. James was much taken with Wellman and liked the economical look of the *Post's* lay-out, and ended by undertaking to advance ten thousand dollars and to take stock in the paper. E. W. had helped form the company and had taken a small share of stock himself. So had Sweeney. The business manager was allotted stock and the brilliant and dissipated Confederate Captain Ross was

E. W. BUYS A "PROSPECT HOLE"

permitted to buy some stock and to give his note for the money to Thomas Palmer, later a Senator from Michigan.

E. W. was wired to rescue Wellman from jail. He came and brought a lawyer. Wellman had been well frightened and both brothers were anxious to get out on any terms. They would apologize and close down the plant. E. W. stopped that and began to fight. He found that the accusation against the Wellmans was an offense not extraditable and told Wellman he could keep out of the enemy's clutches by crossing the river into Kentucky. His interest in the paper was not enough to control it. E. W. offered to buy it for three thousand dollars, and the Wellmans were glad to get out on those terms.

This was the state of things when E. W. went abroad. C. A. Worthington had been brought from Detroit as business manager, and with the pugnacious Ross at the helm the little boat was started on its course.

Returning after his two years' absence, E. W. found that the little boat was in a bad way. Ross was ill most of the time and a dull man named Ridenour had sat in for him. The work of Ross had given the paper some influence, but the business office returns were discouraging. The income was about one thousand a month and the out-go was twenty-five hundred. The ten thousand put up by James was long since gone and the Post owed about ten thousand more.

The paper had been housed in a little twenty-foot alley, known as Home Street. Its office and plant were in a big rambling building used for a variety of manufacturing industries. The old six-cylinder Hoe press was in the cellar and on the next floor was a space about forty feet square divided by cheap pine railings into three parts, one for the composing

room, one for the business office and circulation, and the rest for the editorial office. The whole lay-out represented about five thousand dollars.

The ownership of the *Post* was discouraged. Worthington had just inherited thirty thousand dollars from a relative. But the liability on his stock in the *Post*, which seemed to be increasing every day, filled him with fear that his legacy would soon be swallowed up by the liability. He offered E. W. his stock for a dollar if E. W. would assume the liability which went with it. E. W. took it. Then E. W. sought out Sweeney and found him in a selling mood, and bought his shares. Ross sold his. Thus E. W. acquired fifty-five per cent of the stock of the Cincinnati *Post*. The other holders were James and George, each twenty per cent, and Ellen five per cent.

The *Post* was his! It was a poor thing, to be sure, hardly more than a prospect hole. But it was his very own, to do with as he pleased. For the first time in his life he owned the control of a daily paper. E. W. exulted and glowed with pride. He would not have traded that ownership of the *Post* for a forty-nine per cent interest in the most prosperous paper in the country.

Here, he recognized, was his work. The *Penny Post* must be rescued from bankruptcy and built into a great newspaper, dedicated to the service of man. The latter end was not unimportant. His spiritual regeneration implied a moral purpose for any paper he now took on.

THE McLEANS AND THE TAFTS FOR "OPPOSITION"

One thing E. W. liked about Cincinnati as a field for his activities; the opposition was as bad as he could have wished it. With the exception of one paper, the *Commercial*, which was edited by Murat Halstead, the Cincinnati papers were reactionary and unreliable.

The outstanding success as a money-maker was the morning *Enquirer*, the property of John R. McLean. He had inherited this with a fortune from his father, a chum of General Grant, and by trade a blacksmith. This original McLean had been a politician and a speculator in real estate and had laid the foundations of a considerable fortune. This was increased by the son and was heavily invested in the city's public utilities. The principal business of the *Enquirer* was to serve the financial interests of its owner. In character it was an imitation of the elder Gordon Bennett's *Herald*, filled with sexy and personal items disguised as news. It was this McLean who in later years came to Washington, and bought the *Post* from Wilkins and Hatton. He was succeeded as its editor by his son, Edward, who married the daughter of Thomas Walsh, discoverer of the Camp Bird mine in Colorado. The son was in some respects, though not in ability, a repetition of his Cincinnati parent. The *Enquirer* was the organ of the Democratic party.

In the morning field was also Halstead's *Commercial*, later the *Commercial-Gazette*, organ of the Republican party.

In the afternoon field was the *Times-Star*, a paper quite without character which had been bought for Charles P.

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Taft by his wealthy father-in-law, David Sinton. The Sintons had the money and the Tafts furnished family. Charles and William Howard, later President, were sons of Alphonso Taft, who had been in his day in a Presidential cabinet. The self-made and rugged Sinton had a profound contempt for his son-in-law, but he used him and his paper to promote the Sinton interests in public service corporations, and his daughter got what she wanted socially. The *Times-Star* was no competition to a good paper.

A STAFF OF WORKING CHRISTIANS

Accident certainly played its part in the beginnings of the Cincinnati *Post*. By the merest chance, as it seemed, the staff which E. W. found gathered for the start under his auspices was made up of sincere, God-fearing, professing Christians. It was the exact opposite of that crew of brilliant pirates who had started the *Detroit News*.

Ross, who was of the Detroit band, was soon counted out by illness. His understudy was John H. Ridenour, who had come to the *Post* from a job in a hospital as man-nurse. He was an Oberlin college graduate and had studied for the ministry and also had started toward the medical profession. Falling between two stools he had got a job as a cub reporter. He was an earnest church man and had entered the Presbyterian congregation.

Serving as cub reporter, at a salary of seven dollars a week, E. W. found a thirty-year-old man named Lemuel T. Atwood. A graduate of Michigan State University, a licensed lawyer, Atwood had tried to make his living in that pro-

A STAFF OF WORKING CHRISTIANS

fession and had failed. He was married and had two children. He was discovered to be an earnest Swedenborgian. This man E. W. later found to be so honest and so reliable that he was for years entrusted with full power of attorney to represent him in all matters touching the business of the concern. This position Atwood held until his death in 1908.

The third member of this remarkable staff was an unfrocked preacher, Delos R. Baker, who came in one day and applied for a job. He had been writing for the *Enquirer*, which, when E. W. learned the fact, caused E. W. to tell Baker he had no use for *Enquirer* men. Baker replied that this was why he wanted to come to the *Post*. He would come for less pay. He was getting thirty dollars a week and would take fifteen. E. W. said he did not want a fool on his paper. Baker answered that he was no fool. He had taken the matter up, he said, with God and knew it was the right thing to do. The *Post* would pay half his salary and God would see to it that the other half came to him some way. E. W. objected that he wanted no unfrocked priests. Baker explained that his unfrocking was no reflection on his character, since his excommunication was on the ground of a difference over a Methodist dogma and not on account of personal misconduct. Baker, it appeared, had made a brilliant record in the pulpit for several years. He was married and had several children. E. W. took him on.

E. W. was not a religious man. His reform, as it had come to him while abroad, did not take this form. He regarded himself still as an atheist. But he saw the real character in these men and respected them. But his tongue was in his cheek as he started on his new and highly moral job.

There was another Christian associated with the *Post* enter-

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prise, though not on the editorial staff. This was C. A. Worthington, a man about forty-five years of age, who had been brought from Detroit to handle circulation. Worthington had been a bachelor up to the time of his coming to Cincinnati. His marriage there produced no children and Worthington's great passion was children. The *Post* was carried by little boys mostly from six to eight years old and every one of these boys was a friend to Worthington. He had something for them every day. His pockets always bulged with peanuts, cheap broken candy and such things, and on Saturday afternoons there were special treats. Worthington would buy whatever the market offered that was within his reach. When bananas were cheap, or oranges, or watermelons, there would be some of these for every boy. He arranged with river captains for free excursions on the boats and always was planning some little excitement. All this he did out of his own slender means, and with no motive except his love for little boys. That this aided in any way the circulation of the *Post* Worthington never stopped to think.

The spectacle of Atwood, however, was too much for E. W. The man was learned and had a very fine mind. But his copy was impossible. He wrote a police item as if it were a brief. He was slower than God's wrath. But here he was nobly tackling a brand-new profession at the age of thirty, with a wife and two children to support, and trying to keep the family alive on seven dollars a week. When E. W. noted that Atwood was chewing tobacco he readily guessed it was to dull the pangs of hunger. The man was thin to a degree and his color was that of a starving man. He had a big head set on square shoulders, but his arms and legs were skeletonous. E. W. called him in one evening and begged him to resign.

CHRISTIAN EDITORS AND BOY PREACHER

He told Atwood that it was not right or fair to the little family to try to live on what the *Post* could pay him. He could earn more as a day laborer. Atwood replied that the Lord had given him a mind and that he could do the Lord greater service with his mind than he could by doing manual toil. He said he must go on.

So it began to seem to E. W. that his little staff were not only very honest and sincere men, but they were actually consecrated to good works.

CHRISTIAN EDITORS AND A BOY PREACHER

In reply to the natural question what to do with a staff like that, chance again intervened. There came on the scene a boy evangelist; a sort of forerunner of Billy Sunday. He preached on out-of-the-way corner lots, but he preached to growing audiences. His hearers were affected. They were converted and professed the salvation of their souls. The boy preacher got himself a tent, and then a bigger tent.

E. W.'s staff were terribly interested in the young evangelist. To their minds this was good news stuff. Baker explained his idea to E. W. If one of the great political parties were to have an assembly or convention the *Post* would write it up from the point of view of members of that political party. It would be handled sympathetically. Now here was a rally of the Lord's party. And here was the staff of the *Post* in full sympathy with that work. Why not get behind the boy preacher and help to save souls? Handle the revival as a big news event?

It occurred to E. W. that there would be novelty in the

stunt at any rate, and he had long since formulated the idea that a man can do best the thing he approves of, and particularly can do well the thing he originates. Ross was still ill. Ridenour was all for the plan. So E. W. gave the order to pull wide the throttle, and let her hum.

She did. Columns were devoted to printing the doings of the boy preacher. How many souls were saved, how great was the attendance, what the preacher said were set out with the details and headlines ordinarily given a good sensational murder trial. Many of the *Post's* editorials were prayers. Others were sermons. Nothing like the paper had ever been seen; probably nothing like it ever has been seen since.

The other editors smiled broadly. Even Murat Halstead, who was very friendly, asked how the daily edition of the *Sunday School Advocate* was getting on.

But the effect on circulation was startling. It doubled, tripled, quadrupled. And it was circulation that stayed. When the boy preacher campaign ended the *Post* went on giving much attention to church matters, Catholic as well as Protestant. It printed advance notices of services, sermons and other news apt to be interesting to church-going people.

And from that time on the *Post* was always regarded by its Cincinnati readers as a very moral, if not a pious, paper. As the twig is bent the tree inclines.

E. W. was always rather proud of his Cincinnati personality. In Detroit and Cleveland he found that people, who judged his character from that of his papers, regarded him as a rich man; but in Cincinnati he was regarded as a good man, a man of honesty and courage—a good citizen.

A CORRUPT POLITICAL RING

CHRISTIAN EDITORS AND A CORRUPT POLITICAL RING

It must not be supposed that the Cincinnati *Post* did nothing but write up boy preachers. When E. W. began to look about him he found Cincinnati governed by a corrupt political ring. Many cities in that day were so ruled, but in Cincinnati corruption and graft were particularly rampant, and the ring was strong. It was in the day of Tom Campbell. The ring was known as the Campbell ring. John R. McLean and his *Enquirer* were politically associated with it. The combination controlled the police, the magistrates and many of the judges. It controlled the jury system. Stung by the *Post*'s exposure and attack on the ring's practices, McLean and Campbell swore to get Scripps and put the *Post* out of business. The occasion seized upon was an exposure of the practices of the City Physician of getting a commission on all prescriptions he sent to favored druggists. A criminal libel action was begun. With the machinery of the law so thoroughly in the hands of the enemy it looked bad for E. W. And it probably would have gone badly with him if it had not been for the help of Murat Halstead. He helped drag the trial into the open and again Scripps won. This was the beginning of a city clean-up which aroused the people and finally led to the well-known Berner riots and the burning of the City Hall.

WHY E. W. LOVED THE CINCINNATI POST

In all his writings E. W. dwells lovingly on the Cincinnati *Post*. It was his pet child. Not only because it was his first very own newspaper, but because when he undertook it he was in an uplifted spiritual state. He was carrying out fine resolutions. It was to be a paper based on service. The one worth-while thing in building papers was to make them to serve the people. When the paper showed signs of making money E. W. made another of those resolutions. He resolved that never would he take more than ten thousand a year out of the property. Perhaps he would take only six. But the rest would go back into the paper and make it increasingly better able to serve the community.

Of course he did not keep that resolution. But the paper did keep much of its born purpose to serve.

Once, however, while E. W. was away, ill and absorbed in other interests, the *Post* lapsed. Secretly it fed on the swill of political corruption. E. W. learned of it and took the situation firmly in hand. When he began the job of reform the *Post* had been appraised at two million dollars; when he finished he had cut off advertising receipts to such an extent that it was reduced in value to one million. A boycott was organized by the principal advertisers of the city and this was continued to a certain extent for ten years. This experience in Cincinnati was one of the happenings that aroused E. W.'s special interest in the problem of how a newspaper might rid itself of the domination of the advertiser. It was in working on this problem that he founded and ran

the *Day Book* for four years in Chicago, as an adless tabloid. The experiment worked out a little like that of the farmer who decided he could train his cow to eat sawdust instead of ground feed. The critter no sooner learned the trick than she died. The *Day Book* had just turned the ledger from a deficit to a nominal profit when along came the war, with its increase in the cost of white paper and many other things, and the little venture had to be closed down.

Independence, freedom—economic and otherwise—was a goal E. W. was always seeking. His papers must make money, for without money they could not be free. He had no illusions about subsidized organs, or newspaper properties or editors that had their notes in the bank. He avoided banks. He kept cash reserves to meet possible contingencies. He did not borrow from banks or bankers. He never issued bonds against his properties. The stock was always closely held—at least as to the fifty-one per cent—preferably by members of the family. He liked the minority stock to be in the hands of the actual workers—the men and women engaged in making the daily output.

It was the determination to be free that kept the papers small for many years. A small paper could live without its advertiser if subjected to a boycott. A very large paper is almost entirely dependent on the good-will of the wealthy advertising patrons. E. W. wanted no patrons.

Again it was the urge toward freedom that kept E. W.'s money out of other kinds of properties. The blandishments of those who offered easy profits from public service corporation stocks fell on deaf ears. Soon such interests might warp him from the straight and narrow way. Fifty-one per cent was his slogan. And keep out of debt. Just as well not

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to own that other forty-nine per cent. That money could be used to start other papers.

MILTON A. McRAE OF THE SCRIPPS-McRAE PAPERS

For many years the Scripps properties—those of E. W.—were known as the Scripps-McRae papers. McRae began with the Cincinnati *Post*. When E. W. arrived from Europe he found McRae drawing the highest salary in the office, twenty-five dollars a week, working as advertising solicitor. He had been sent on by James from Detroit to help Worthington.

McRae was then about twenty-six years of age, a six-foot ruddy Scotch-Canadian, whose father had failed as a merchant in Detroit and who had gone to work as hotel clerk when seventeen and later had solicited subscriptions for Pope's directory. E. W. found him a human steam engine. His energy was something tremendous. He believed in himself and he was determined that the world should agree with him.

E. W. says McRae took possession of him. Evenings and Sundays when not beating the highways for business, McRae was at E. W.'s side. McRae was interested in his business and in the *Post* to the point of an obsession. He talked of the paper and the business and the advertisers and the prominent merchants; and he talked of nothing else. When E. W. left or arrived in the city McRae was on hand to carry his bag, call a cab and to welcome or to speed him on his way. E. W. learned that McRae was married and had one son.

The relationship which ensued between E. W. and McRae

MILTON A. McRAE

was peculiar. The position of mentor which McRae set up at once both amused and annoyed E. W. McRae was evidently of the opinion that E. W. was a sort of erratic genius who required only such a good manager as himself to be turned to great profit. He decided to be that manager.

E. W. did not mind letting McRae think he was managing him. In many ways he liked having a manager. He liked to have McRae take the spot light and let him, E. W., be the power in the shadow. Which was very satisfactory to McRae, who enjoyed more than most men the brightness of publicity. But McRae's obvious conviction, becoming more manifest as time went on, that he was really the better business man and in fact was the real creator of the Scripps-McRae organization, tended to get on E. W.'s nerves. He appreciated McRae's abilities, his energy, his single-mindedness and his native shrewdness; but he was always antagonized by his egotism and his lack of humor.

As time went on McRae represented E. W.'s newspaper interests in St. Louis, Cleveland, Kansas City and other places. In 1890 E. W. took McRae into a limited partnership. This never affected the ownership of the fifty-one per cent which carried control of the E. W. Scripps papers. McRae was delegated to push the concern into new fields and was permitted to acquire minority stock ownership in some papers. Thus in time he became quite wealthy, his fortune after the war being estimated at about two million dollars. At the same time E. W.'s fortune was about fifty million.

McRae's name was carried at the concern's masthead until about 1920. Meantime E. W.'s second son, John, had married McRae's eldest daughter and from this union there had been born a son, John. While this child was still young both father

and mother died, and the guardianship of E. W.'s grandson was given by the court to McRae. E. W. had a strong feeling for this son of his favorite son, and soon quarreled with McRae over his neglect to permit E. W. to see more of his grandson, and to have a more important part in his upbringing. In his resentment against McRae E. W. gave orders to remove the name of McRae from the concern and substitute that of Roy Howard, a bright young business office man who had won his spurs building up the business of the United Press.

In this boasting of Roy Howard, as E. W. was wont to note, appears another illustration of how chance predetermines men's careers. If Howard had not been son of the toll-gate keeper on the road which was traveled by E. W. in the days when he was courting, he might not have had all the breaks which the Old Man gave him.

LEMUEL T. ATWOOD FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

E. W.'s ability to see the virtues and uses of widely differing kinds of people is illustrated in the rise of Lemuel T. Atwood, the Swedenborgian lawyer journalist. What E. W. saw in Atwood was fidelity to the utmost. In Atwood's world there was God and E. W. And after a while it was a question which came first. E. W. was wont to say that there was no order, however unreasonable it might appear, that he could give Atwood which would not be instantly obeyed. If it were to burn down the building in which they were talking the building would be burned.

When, after twenty years of faithful service, E. W. once

ATWOOD FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

asked Atwood how he, a man of genuine piety, could bring himself to carry out the orders of such a worldling as himself, Atwood replied that in the beginning it had been hard. He feared he might be ordered to do something forbidden by his conscience, but he knew that when that moment came he would take the matter up in prayer and would then resign, let the consequences be what they would. But as time went on and he never found himself ordered to do anything that went against his conscience, he grew to have greater trust in E. W.'s good intentions. After a while he ceased to anticipate the impossible order and settled down to the conviction that E. W. was sound in purpose and probably knew best.

The first evidences of Atwood's reliability came in his work as a reporter. When he went out on an assignment he covered it with such thoroughness that the results could be relied upon without question. He took nothing on hearsay. Any important fact had to be verified by himself. In consequence he was slow. He turned in less product by half than any other man. And he wrote and edited slowly. But he was sure. He followed Ridenour and Baker as editor of the *Post*, and served in that capacity for nearly twenty years before he was promoted to a business office job, becoming E. W.'s personal representative in all business matters.

It was Atwood who had an experience in interviewing Joseph W. Foraker, then Governor and later U. S. Senator from Ohio, an experience still remembered in veteran political circles in that state. The *Post* had found fault with some official act of the Governor. Atwood was sent to interview him. The Governor was prominent in Methodist church circles and had been nettled by criticism in the churchly little *Post*. To be asked for an interview was to him an impertinence.

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He turned in anger on Atwood and ordered him to go back to his master and tell him for him to , using as vile a phrase as exists. Atwood returned to the office and wrote the item exactly as it occurred. In that form it was regarded by the city editor as unprintable. E. W. was appealed to. He told Atwood to go back to Foraker and show him the item as written, and to tell him that unless he submitted to an interview as originally requested the refusal would be printed verbatim as he had uttered it. Foraker knew E. W. by reputation and he had also met him. He knew E. W.'s reputation for keeping his word. He sent back a full apology with an interview and his thanks for a chance to undo what he saw was a grave error of judgment.

As E. W.'s personal business representative with full power of attorney Atwood drew a good salary over a considerable period of years. But it occurred to E. W. once to look into Atwood's private affairs. Atwood's health was obviously not good, and he wondered what provision he had made for his old age and his family. He found what he had suspected. Atwood had been using practically all his money to forward the cause of his church. E. W. increased his pay but tied it into a trust so that the increase would accumulate and provide for those who might eventually need it.

BATTLING DRINK AND WOMEN

It will be recalled that before leaving Europe E. W. had made several firm resolves. One was that he would tackle some fair-sized job and work for the sake of working, not just for success. The *Post* had furnished the fair-sized job and he had

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worked since coming to Cincinnati as he never had worked before. He had resolved to overcome, or to try to overcome, certain bad propensities, drink and women. Drink he continued but in greater moderation. In the matter of women he found hard mental work to be one of the best aids to chastity. He had resolved also to make a sensible marriage; by which he meant that he would seek out a nice woman of his own age, to whom he would confess all his youthful sins and, having her forgiveness and esteem, start on a career as an ordinary child-raising family man. So far, he had been too much engaged with work to give attention to this resolve.

Abroad there had been little chance for philandering. Once, however, pleasure beckoned. It was in Venice. His lodgings were in an old palace and there were verandas commanded by the French windows and looking down on the canal. She was pretty and her porch was neighboring to his. They conversed under the Venetian moon. Her husband, she confided, was a Boer. He thought she meant bore and responded to what seemed an invitation. And she was not averse.

But now in Cincinnati he was battling for the Lord.

It was not an easy battle. For example, one day there appeared in his office an ex-mistress, from Detroit. She had married a member of the state legislature, who, as it happened, was a rascal. He had put her up to going to see her former lover for the purpose of "shaking him down." She proposed that they resume their former relations. She was a temptation, but was resisted. Then she demanded money. E. W. pushed a button which called the office boy. He told him to summon the city editor and Mr. McRae, the business manager. When they had arrived he told the city editor to send word to the rival papers that there might be a story for them if they

wished to send a reporter to his office. McRae sensed what was happening and tried to interfere. He was brushed aside. When the reporters had come, E. W. introduced Annie Brown. "She used to live with me as my mistress in Detroit," he explained. "She was paid for what she did and we parted on good terms. She has come here today threatening to revive that story and asking for money. I don't pay blackmail. You are at liberty to print the facts. So far as I am concerned the incident is closed."

And it was. The other papers printed articles and the woman went her way. His principal compensation for the unpleasant notoriety was the fact that the reporters had been kind enough to publish E. W.'s statement that he had come to Cincinnati determined to reform and lead a proper life. Many who would have been disposed to criticize were moved by this statement to feel that he should have a chance to make good.

When McRae saw what E. W.'s attitude toward this woman was he grew terribly concerned. He begged E. W. to let the matter be hushed up and promised that he could do it. He said such a publication would ruin the *Post*. E. W. replied that he thought, on the contrary, most men would approve what he was doing and that it would have no bad effect on the paper. In any case he refused to cooperate in any effort at suppression.

When McRae persisted Murat Halstead called on E. W. and asked if he wanted the item suppressed. E. W. replied that he was not asking for its suppression, and that if the case were reversed he would not suppress the item. So all the papers used it with moderate headlines.

It proved only a one-day wonder. There was some out-of-

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town editorial comment on E. W.'s action, but it was mostly favorable. McRae found in making the rounds of his business friends that they either treated the incident as a joke or spoke with approval.

ST. LOUIS AGAIN AND THOSE NICE NOT-NICE GIRLS

The battle for the Lord seemed all but won when that old tempter, St. Louis, intervened. Success with the *Post* inspired E. W. to attempt a duplication of this success with the St. Louis *Chronicle*. That property had been languishing. E. W. put Atwood in temporary charge of the *Post* and again took up his residence in St. Louis, that place of wine, riding horses and nice not-nice girls.

Before resuming active management of the *Chronicle* E. W. bought enough more of the paper's stock to give him the fifty-one per cent necessary to control. This was in accord with a resolution which, after Cincinnati, he always kept.

This was in 1883. E. W. remained in St. Louis less than a year. He tried to run a campaign there similar to the one he had run in Cincinnati. But his opposition now was different. It was Joseph Pulitzer, with his well-established *Post-Dispatch*. Several times E. W. was on the point of success when Pulitzer would turn his flank. Always in later years E. W. admitted that in Pulitzer he met a better man at his own game.

But it was not discouragement with the affairs of the *Chronicle* that caused E. W. soon to wish to get out of St. Louis. It was a widening circle of girls and an increasing consumption of wine. He was growing disgusted with himself.

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He was making no progress with his matrimonial prospects, though he found himself regarded by many girls as eligible. To one girl he thought he was engaged—or very near it. But when she suddenly married a wealthy rival he felt relieved. He questioned his own course in the matter and was moved to smile fifteen years later when he next met her and her flock of children, and was congratulated by her for not permitting a broken heart to wreck his career.

In time E. W. came to feel that he never knew all there was to know about the other sex.

In order therefore to help break away from the life he was leading E. W. arranged with Ellen for another trip. It was decided to take his niece, Annie Scripps, and to tour the southern states, and to wind up in Havana where they would remain for several weeks. Grover Cleveland had just been elected to his first term as President, and E. W. felt that it was important that he learn something of the Democratic party which was soon to assume power.

The plan was carried out. Every Southern capital was visited, as well as a number of the larger cities. Men prominent in the party were met and interviewed. At the conclusion of the trip E. W. was convinced that he was not a Democrat. There was something provincial and racial about the party that left him an independent.

When he returned it was to Cincinnati. The *St. Louis Chronicle* might wobble along without him. And it did. It remained one of the Scripps papers for some twenty-five years and ate up nearly half a million dollars of Scripps money before it was finally sold to Nathan Frank. Some of the loss was accomplished under the auspices of McRae when the *Chronicle* bought and merged with the *Star*, and became

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the *Star-Chronicle*. E. W. was always opposed to mergers. It was his contention that a merged property was quite sure to sink to the revenue and circulation level of the weakest party to the merger. Anyway, that is what happened in St. Louis.

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As an aid to complete reform E. W. decided to leave the big city with its easy access to temptation and to find a place to live in the country, where he could ride and read and loaf and be a very virtuous citizen. So he advertised for what he wanted.

Fate and the answer to his ad led him to the home of one Charles A. Gano, of an old and respected Cincinnati family, who by reason of financial reverses had retreated to a beautiful farm with a substantial house which he owned in the Mill Creek Valley about sixteen miles north of the city. Col. Gano and his new young wife planned to eke out a slender income by taking city boarders. E. W. liked the place and its owners and at once took all the Ganos' spare room. He bought a Kentucky thoroughbred to ride and settled down to the quiet life. At least he planned to settle down. He had abstained from drink during the trip with Ellen and his niece and was now quite reconditioned. He was in his thirty-first year. To himself he seemed very old—a prematurely aged battered worldling.

Then he attended his first church festival and met his first girl organist and singer in a church choir. The festival was at the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Sharon, and he had gone under the auspices of his new friend, Mrs. Gano.

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He found that organists in little country churches wear white simple frocks that are quite short and make them seem little older than school girls. From Mrs. Gano he learned in fact that this one was just from the Cincinnati high school. He learned that she was the only daughter of the pastor of the church, the Rev. Samuel K. Holtsinger, who also had a church at West Chester, a mile and a half up the valley; and that she was eighteen years of age. Her first name was Nackie.

All of which was a revelation to E. W. He had never met a Nackie. She was demure, but she had poise. She was very sweet. She was a new experience. At the festival he did not move on to meet others. He remained to entertain Miss Nackie.

By Sunday he had found a new interest in church-going. He walked up the road to the West Chester church and heard the choir and the organ. The music was wonderful. The next day he called at the rectory. The next evening he called again. And the next. Mrs. Gano chaffed him gently about his sudden interest in the church.

Then he decided to pinch himself and wake up. What was he doing with a young thing of eighteen, daughter of a country minister? What could she know of men like him? Where were his resolutions on matrimony? He must run. He must leave the Ganos. He must look up one of those mature but eligible women—one who certainly would regard him as eligible—and get this marrying business over before something happened.

But the departure was delayed. He found himself instead trying to tell Mr. Holtsinger what a wicked life he had led and how unworthy he was to ask for the hand of any young girl. But to his amazement and chagrin Holtsinger took the

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words out of his mouth and said he wanted an answer to one question: Had E. W. ever been divorced?

No, he had not. But what a host of separations! How could a man go on telling things to a man like this? Divorce? Presbyterians were beginning to wonder if they could marry divorced people. It was hopeless, and that long speech which was to have revealed the utter depravity of E. W. was never delivered.

Steeled in his purpose to spare this young girl an offer of matrimony E. W. came from a three-hour call engaged, and with the date set for an early marriage. The event had to be postponed, owing to the death of a relative, but it took place October 7, 1885, in the Holtsinger church with the Ganos as the witnesses and the Rev. Mr. Holtsinger himself reading the services.

To Old Point Comfort, stopping en route at White Sulphur Springs, went the happy pair. Sitting in the old Chamberlain Hotel in the big ballroom how Nackie wished she had learned to dance. But Presbyterian ministers' daughters did not dance. So she had to be happy without that.

Like all newly married couples the two visited Washington and spent some time there. E. W. eased the news to his relatives and invited James and James's wife and daughter, Gracie, and Ellen to go with him and his wife on a long tour of Mexico. Cold weather was coming on and they would all enjoy the bright and salubrious air of Mexico City.

Except for a serious illness which E. W. suffered after arriving at the Iturbide Hotel all went as planned. And the bride returned pregnant.

The latter fact hastened E. W.'s plans. He had no home as yet. Marriage and raising children suggest a home in which

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to operate. So E. W. began to count his ready cash and to look around for a place to live. Money was getting low. The journeyings in the South, the expensive trip to Mexico and the illness with foreign doctors all had eaten into cash. But his papers, except for St. Louis, were doing well and he did not feel worried. And there was sister Ellen. She loaned what money he needed at the moment.

For many years the legal residence of E. W. and his family—the voting and tax-paying residence—was West Chester, Ohio. This address had its beginning when E. W., looking for a roof to cover himself and his bride and the anticipated family, discovered that a large farmhouse, with a small acreage of farm, situated only a few hundred yards from the residence of his father-in-law, Mr. Holtsinger, was for sale at a bargain. The house was too big for the ordinary farmer tilling thirty acres of land. It had been built thirty years previously by a well-to-do Dutchman who believed in building for the centuries. It was heavily timbered with water-cured oak and was as sound as a nut. Five thousand dollars would buy house and farm. E. W. grabbed it and went to work at once to alter, decorate and furnish it as befitted the home of his girl bride and the mother of his children. In later years he spent ten times the cost of the house on additions, alterations and beautifying the grounds.

This West Chester home, however, was for many years more a legal than an actual residence. His eyes soon turned to the West and his younger children were born and brought up in California. In West Chester, July 19, 1886, was born the first child of E. W. and Nackie. He was named James E. after his Detroit uncle.

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Settled in his country house in West Chester, with his pretty young wife and an increasing flock of babies, commuting to Cincinnati, and practicing long distance management of St. Louis and Cleveland papers, E. W. seemed to have come to a fairly permanent stopping place.

Which shows how little can be judged from appearances.

Predestination this time made fate manifest through a little yellow telegram. It was date-lined Alameda, California, and brought word that sister Annie was very ill and might not live. E. W. must hasten to her side. This was in December, 1890.

It was E. W.'s first visit to California. He found his sister better and decided while waiting for her complete recovery to see something of the coast. He took boat at San Francisco and journeyed down to San Diego. The busted-boom town did not interest him, but the sunshine, the blue sky, the spicy smelling growth of the mesa did. He hired a horse and buggy and drove. He went over roads that were hardly more than trails and pushed back on the rising ground away from the sea and edging toward the snow-capped mountains. They called the mesa desert. It was not really desert, for winter rains turned it into a wilderness of flowers and shrubs. In the rainless months of summer it earned its other designation, though the temperature of summer E. W. found from official figures was more moderate than most cities of the East. By reason of dryness of the air the region was more comfortable day or night.

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The country and the climate made to E. W. an instant appeal. It struck him it was like northern Africa, like Egypt and Algiers, where he had shaken off those pestiferous colds and that dread threat of tuberculosis. What a place this would be for a winter home! And so far away! Three thousand miles from the human beings connected with his papers and the human beings who were forever seeking him for business or political reasons. Here was a place where he could escape. He drove his horse up a gently rising hill—it was one of a succession of gentle rises that made toward the blue of the distant mountains. It overlooked the canyons on either side and commanded a view for many miles. The wild lilac was so high he had to stand up in the buggy to see over it. He was sixteen miles from the city. Here it was. This was the spot he had sought. It was the place he had dreamed when swirling in that crowd on London Bridge. It was "the lodge in some vast wilderness" which his spirit and his body craved. He resolved immediately that that land under his feet should be his and that this spot should be the site of his home.

Thus in a moment's purpose "The Ranch," called also Miramar, was begun.

Quick and firm in his decisions, E. W. was always eager to begin the job. The day had not passed before he had offered a young real estate agent five thousand dollars cash for four hundred acres, to include the site on which he had stood and peered over the wild lilac growth. And the man was told he might keep his eye out for adjoining acreage.

Sister Annie had recovered and before February E. W. had returned to West Chester, picked up his wife, his mother and his brother Fred and was out again to show them where they were going to live. He was eager that they should see

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and feel and realize, so he had half a dozen tents brought out from town, with provisions for a camping party. They would all camp out on the site of their future winter home.

But south winds in February are not without their own meaning in Southern California, and before the camp site was reached, but not before they had put fifteen miles between them and the city, the storm broke. The rain came down in sheets and the wind blew a small hurricane. The party took refuge in a deserted ranch house and were storm-bound for three days. When the rain ceased and the sky cleared the camp site was visited, only to discover that all tents were down and all bedding and provisions drenched and ruined.

Did they trail back to the city and get rooms at the hotel? They did not. E. W. had lost none of his enthusiasm over climate and site for his country home. He found a deserted shack near the camp site. It was what they called a claim house. And it had a roof which would turn rain. He drove back to San Diego and returned the same day with a wagon-load of provisions, bedding and laborers. He had the walls and ceiling of the shack lined with cheese-cloth and set out tents around it. And here at "Shallow Chateau" they camped for days, planning what should be in coming years. The site of the ranch house was staked—the southwestern corner which should be the beginning of the western section of a U-shaped structure with a rectangular court in the middle.

Years later, when the picture was completed, Miramar was and is a thing of dignity and chaste beauty. One story, with corridors around the court except at the open end. A fountain in the center. Brick, painted white. A roof on which one may sit or walk. And rooms, rooms, rooms in suites with their baths and privacy, their great windows looking out on

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cactus gardens and the bougainvillea vines, the graceful eucalyptus, the dark pines swaying high and the smooth roads up which glide the autos.

But in February, 1890, it was a location in the desert mesa with a little clearing done under the auspices of brother Fred and some stakes driven to make sure which way the first brick wall should run. A rough diagram was drawn by E. W. and he outlined what he wanted in the way of roads and fences. And then reluctantly the party broke camp and turned their faces again toward Ohio and West Chester. Fred was left with a credit at the San Diego bank and orders to use the summer to construct the first section, the west wing, of the winter home.

Friends and acquaintances in San Diego and the East laughed at E. W.'s crazy project. Building himself a home in the desert! No water, no neighbors, no roads, no transportation, no possibility of any of these things. It was certainly like some fool easterner who did not know the country.

But how E. W. loved it! There were difficulties. Fine! That is what he craved. Here was something hard enough to challenge his personal efforts. Little chores he could turn over to those who wanted to do them. After that cloud-burst nature withheld her rains. For seven years there was a drought. The water company that had been projected did not materialize. What of it? Work out one's own water system. That would be an interesting problem. Impound the little water that would fall during the rainy season (if any), build reservoirs, practice the sweetening effects of algae, lay drainage pipes—what fun it all would be! No trees around this district? Find some that like a desert climate and start them. Why not the Australian eucalyptus? Are there not scores of varieties

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of the Eucalypt? And pines! There were the Torrey pines discovered near La Jolla. Some sort of a pine could surely be found that would take to this soil and climate.

Was it a discovery or only another of these formulas that E. W. worked out? He was accustomed to say that if a man would or could at some time in his life work out a complete change in environment and interests he would be apt to add many years to his life span, to say nothing of bringing in an entirely new crop of happiness.

For E. W. the crop of happiness was large. He loved the planning and the building. It took seven years to get all of Miramar under roof. It took that first summer to build the west wing. E. W. loved the life in the open. He rode and walked and spent many hours away from his business reports and his books. He let his beard grow longer and tucked his trousers inside his boots. He discarded his tie and wore his shirt open at the throat.

Thirty acres directly around the house were reserved from the other acreage and taken in his own name. Ellen shared title to the rest of the land which eventually grew to some 2100 acres. This home-thirty acres was landscaped and planted to semi-tropical trees and shrubs and gardens. Months were spent in forestation. No professional overseers were used. E. W. planned and supervised it all. A crew of men were engaged by the month and set to propagating seedlings, dynamiting holes in the hard-pan, and setting out thousands of trees. They even carried water to the trees in their beginnings to give them a little start. And from these labors came timber-covered acres in a country where timber is almost unknown. E. W. became an expert. He kept books on his trees, had them scientifically measured and calculated the percentages of

their growth. Sometimes he would pause and reckon just how much in lumber value so many thousand eucalyptus trees would come to in twenty years. He built roads around the house, and then built more roads to connect with these roads. He built a good road to San Diego, and then a road to the ocean edge at La Jolla. These were each about fifteen miles in length. Then he built a road to connect with the road at Escondido and another to the west in Murphy's Canyon. He built from Del Mar to La Jolla. He got fascinated with building roads and almost before he knew it the county had bonded itself and made him head of a road building commission to give the people good county roads. This was the first and only time he ever held any public office.

The ranch was started to serve a double purpose. Besides its object as a winter home it was planned by E. W. and Ellen to give work to brothers Fred and Will, both of whom wanted and needed work. E. W. believed it could be made a citrus ranch, growing oranges and lemons, and Fred was first delegated to manage this end of the enterprise. Later Will came on. But with the failure of the irrigation company to bring water to the mesa, and then the seven-year failure of local rains, the citrus-growing industry was a total failure. Eventually—after about ten years with the ranch—Fred quit and set about getting rich in real estate.

At first Miramar was a winter home. But every year the date of leaving West Chester was moved up and the date of leaving Miramar was set back. The stays in California became yearly longer until in later years West Chester was visited rarely. As the business and the organization grew it was from Miramar that the concern was managed. Editors and business managers came to report or to consult. Almost always there

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were one or more and often there would be a conference of forty or fifty lodged at the ranch.

In still later years Miramar became a gathering place for scientists and a certain type of public men. Professional politicians were not welcomed, but active minds like those of Lincoln Steffens, Clarence Darrow, Francis J. Heney, the Pinchot brothers, Gifford and Amos, and even Bryan were entertained there. These were followed by a crew of scientists, as E. W. became more and more interested in the achievements of pure science, began the Biological laboratories at La Jolla, and planned the endowment of his Science Service.

The out-door life, the climate and the interests of Miramar no doubt added years to E. W.'s life. At this time he did not cut himself off from business; he practiced long-distance management. For years he had daily and weekly reports from his papers touching all their vital activities. And for years not a dollar was spent or a man hired or fired without a voucher signed with his own hand. In this art of long-distance management E. W. had his own methods. He worked through certain key-men. An editor and a business manager were as a general thing the only men who would see him. But this does not mean that E. W. was ignorant of the work and personality of the other men. They might not know about him, but he took pains to know about them, about their work and their personality. He had an almost uncanny second sense that enabled him to visualize the plants and their workings editorially and financially. During the earlier years of his western residence E. W. took a yearly tour of his newspaper properties, a journey amounting to 10,000 miles. He generally worked two secretaries and had a private car.

In later years he ceased the more intimate management of

the papers and relied more on those whom he had designated to general management. How and why he was able to do this was the result of his own system, which will be described in a chapter by itself.

THE FIRST WESTERN PAPER: A LAPSE

Besides the construction and beautifying of Miramar, and the doubtful lemon raising industry, E. W. had no business interest in the West. This was one of the many reasons he liked the Miramar project. He was remote—cut off from business. He did not have to think business except when he chose to. The automobile had not been invented. It was a long drive from San Diego to Miramar; fifteen miles each way. He did not have to know the ten thousand people of San Diego, nor they him. He had found his refuge and he was determined to preserve it by abstaining from any form of business activity in this part of the world.

But, like a woman at a Monday morning bargain counter, he was tempted and fell. It was only a little lapse; but as little sins sometimes do, it led to others of its kind.

E. W. lent money to E. C. Hickman and Paul H. Blades to buy the San Diego *Sun*. He reasoned then even a busted paper in a busted town that can be had for three thousand dollars should not go unpurchased; and after all he was only lending the money and a little credit to others. He was not taking the property himself. And he liked Hickman. It was he who had sold him the site of Miramar, six years before.

But Hickman, Blades and the *Sun* did nothing but eat up money. The three thousand dollars grew into eighteen thou-

THE FIRST WESTERN PAPER: A LAPSE

sand dollars of money sunk, and Blades and Hickman were without funds. E. W. was obliged to take over the *Sun*. Man after man was tried in an effort to cut down the loss or to get something that looked like circulation; but in vain. Finally, feeling that he had learned his lesson, E. W. wrote to McRae to come on and close it up. He could sell it or junk it as he wished.

There was some reason why McRae could not come at once and E. W. amused himself while waiting, in an original manner. He had discovered on the *Sun* a fifteen-dollar-a-week reporter by the name of W. H. Porterfield. He called in Porterfield and sold him the paper. Porterfield had no money or credit, but E. W. drew up a bill of sale and handed over the paper, nominally for six thousand dollars, free of debt and gave Porterfield two thousand dollars on which to make the paper go. He told Porterfield that if by any chance the paper did not fail he, E. W., would call on Porterfield to form a company and to give E. W. fifty-one per cent of the company's stock. In any case E. W. did not want the paper to die on his hands.

Then E. W. went off and had a good laugh. There was nothing on the surface of things to justify E. W. in thinking that Porterfield was any better than any other fifteen-dollar a week reporter. Porterfield had sold shirts on commission, solicited advertising for the *Sun*, and had done a little reporting. But E. W. had been attracted to him because Porterfield could always make him laugh, even when he was in low spirits. There was something unconsciously funny about Porterfield and he had a self-assurance that pleased E. W. immensely.

Porterfield took hold with a resolution that was promising.

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By the time the two thousand was spent there were symptoms—faint symptoms—of life in the all-but corpse. E. W. continued to be amused and gave attention to coaching Porterfield. Porterfield was an apt pupil, and at the end of a couple of years—this took place in 1892 to 1894—the *Sun* was actually not losing money. When that moment comes in the life of a newspaper—when it is out of the red—the battle is regarded as won.

The city, meantime, had begun to show signs of returning life and this had assisted greatly the revival of the *Sun*. Soon the *Sun* was making money and Porterfield, buoyant with success, was clamoring for new fields to conquer. He wanted to go to the big city of Sacramento and start a paper there. E. W. tried to cure him by giving him a year of special work in New York City but this only swelled his ambitions and since the paper had prospered under a substitute manager E. W. consented to buy out Porterfield's equity in the *Sun* and to stake him to a venture in Sacramento.

Vice is a monster of such hideous mien that to be hated needs but to be seen; yet seen too oft, familiar with her face, we first endure, then pity; then embrace.

From endurance in the case of the San Diego *Sun* and pity in the case of the Sacramento venture, E. W. moved on to the embrace. He bought the *Record* in Los Angeles, and the *Report* in San Francisco. This led to the San Francisco *News*. Papers were started in Fresno, Berkeley, Oakland, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma and Spokane. Some of them failed miserably; others grew into properties valued in the hundreds of thousands and even millions. The actual money ventured at the time was probably little more than fifty thousand dollars.

THE LURE OF REAL ESTATE

THE LURE OF REAL ESTATE

Real estate speculation was another snare which California laid for the feet of E. W. But this, after some adventures, he escaped.

One of the chief articles in E. W.'s creed was to avoid real estate ownership. Of course it was one of many outside interests to be avoided, such as stocks, public utility companies and the like. But real estate in the West, in the vicinity of his San Diegan refuge from affairs, was a double abomination.

And yet to see outstanding opportunities to make big money with no particular effort; to see money growing on bushes and not to pick it was not easy to one acquisitively inclined.

And so it happened that when one day a man came to E. W. and offered him one-quarter interest in the townsite of La Jolla Park, a left-over subdivision from the boom-bust of 1887, consisting of some five hundred lots, for \$3200, he could not resist. He consulted Ellen and they agreed to buy it "to help Fred." The property was to be made into a company and Fred was to be given a third of the company and the job of managing it.

There were some shabby cottages on the land. There had been a hotel, but it had been burned. It was E. W.'s idea that Fred might build a few more cottages with money advanced to him and rent them to people wishing to winter or summer on the ocean.

Fred had inherited about thirty thousand dollars from George, who died in 1900, and wanted to go into business at

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once. He welcomed the chance to handle the La Jolla property. It was early in 1901 that E. W. and Ellen bought it.

Some months went by and E. W., engrossed in other matters, had quite forgotten the little La Jolla affair when one day Fred came to him and said he wanted permission to sell some of the lots in order to raise more capital to build cottages. He said he had been offered five hundred dollars apiece for several. These were lots that had cost five dollars apiece.

E. W. was shocked and pained. What was this lure of real estate? He with three sons, one of them almost old enough to take notice! Were they to grow up and learn that father had made money speculating in city lots? Heaven forbid! He sent for Fred on the moment and deeded to Fred all his interest in La Jolla. He bade him go and do his own sinning.

Fred and Ellen found they had a boom on their hands. Lots in La Jolla started at five hundred and ran up. One man held his later at twelve thousand. They sold a few lots and found that their takings amounted to \$34,000.

Then Ellen began to share E. W.'s feelings. She thought the matter over for a little while and then deeded her share of the enterprise to Fred. Today there is an office building in the center of San Diego's business district called the Scripps building. It is a memorial to the business acumen of Fred. There is also a hospital, a church, a school, a community center, and perhaps a lot of things more which are the contributions of Ellen to the loveliest town on the Pacific coast.

But E. W. had escaped the big temptation. When he died no one accused him of having anything but newspaper properties.

The devil did come again, however. This time he was disguised as a committee of San Diego's most respectable citizens.

THE LURE OF REAL ESTATE

They were from the Chamber of Commerce, and the City Council, and they came to beg E. W. to perform a public-spirited service to the community. A municipal water enterprise was projected and, if it were to be a success, it was necessary that certain lands be secured secretly and quickly before some speculator should learn of it and grab the lands. These lands consisted in large part of a ranch near Miramar, known as Fanita Ranch, in the El Cajon valley. It had come into possession of a San Francisco bank as a result of foreclosure, and the bank was asking \$35,000 for it. The committee asked E. W. to buy the ranch at once and to give the city of San Diego an option to purchase it—or as much as was needed of it—for water storage at cost.

To E. W. this seemed fair enough, and he was always willing to move in the public interest; so he wired his representative in San Francisco to go to the bank and buy the property. Which was immediately done. But none too soon, for the speculator was on hand next day.

Now it happened that there was in San Diego a private water company which already had built two reservoirs and wished to sell its water or its reservoirs to the city. One of the interested owners in this company was John D. Spreckels, also a newspaper owner. His papers were the *Union* and the *Tribune*. The proposed municipal plant with its bond issue was not pleasing to Spreckels and he at once started a vigorous campaign, not only against the project but against E. W. Scripps, who was charged with being the owner of the *Sun* and with having purchased a lot of cheap land with a view to selling it at a great advance in price to the city. As a matter of fact E. W. had finally given the city an option to buy as much as was needed of Fanita Ranch for the nominal price of

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\$10,000. But the papers of Spreckels had a further reach and a louder voice and E. W. soon found himself in the unfamiliar role of speculator in public service utilities. For so Spreckels made it appear.

At the same time the water company made a very favorable offer to sell its water to the city—an offer which E. W. himself thought might be more advantageous to the city than to undertake the municipal plant at this particular time. But what finally decided the fate of the water bond issue was the blowing up of the Bennington in San Diego harbor the day of the election. In the great excitement thus caused little attention was paid to voting for the bond issue, and when the votes were counted it was found to have secured less than the two-thirds vote required.

Well spattered with mud E. W. found himself holding the bag. But the bag contained Fanita Ranch, for which he was offered a year later seventy thousand dollars, and three years later one hundred and five thousand and a few years later three hundred thousand dollars. He deeded the ranch to Mrs. Scripps with a limiting clause that she should not sell it without his consent, and he enjoined upon his heirs that they should not sell it for several generations.

But this was a lesson to E. W. Never again did he let himself get into real estate.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM BROTHER JAMES

But there was another lesson E. W. had to learn. Life for him in the late eighties was not all beer and skittles—Miramar

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and real estate. There were very serious happenings back East.

James E., at this period, took sick with gallstones and was advised by his doctor to go to Carlsbad and take the waters. His business seemed also to have taken sick. The *Evening News* had sunk into a bad state. Circulation was off, and so were advertising receipts. James felt that it would not be long before the paper would go to smash.

As usual when in trouble he called in his little brother. He proposed that E. W. take over the presidency of the various companies controlling the *News*, the *Press*, the *Post* and the *Chronicle*, and assume their management while James should be away. Presumably this would be a long time. It might be years.

E. W. consented and moved his summer residence from West Chester and Cincinnati to Detroit in order that he might give the *News* his first attention.

Then followed a busy and important two years. E. W. was in the prime of life and feeling very fit. Luck was with him. Everything he touched seemed to turn out well. He worked a revolution on James' little *News*. The staff was reorganized and disciplined. New presses were installed; new equipment and supplies purchased and the wheels were set humming. Circulation and business grew by leaps and bounds.

One of E. W.'s jobs at this time was the breaking in of a new son-in-law of brother James. The latter's eldest daughter, Nellie, had married George E. Booth, a bright and handsome young man who, however, never had been inside a newspaper office. The wedding had taken place shortly before James left for abroad.

E. W. found the young relative by marriage to be good

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material. He was capable and willing to be taught. He studied E. W.'s methods and sought in every way to please him. E. W. was pleased and quickly predicted a business manager for the *News* in the family of James E. He even mentioned the encouraging prospect to young Booth, who modestly disclaimed such ambition.

In his heart E. W. did not relish even a remote prospect of being displaced in his management of the *News*. He made himself at this time a dictator of all the properties, and nursed a private resolution to be so indispensable that his brothers would beg him to remain as permanent manager.

What were his feelings, then, when promptly on the return of James, quite recovered from his gallstones, he was fired, not only from the position of President of the Detroit *News* Company, but from his presidency of the companies controlling the *Cleveland Press* and the *St Louis Chronicle*.

It was incredible. He raged. It was the epitome of ingratitude. And George had consented. Without the vote of George's stock it would not have been possible. But George for the one time in his life deserted E. W. and went along with James's plans. He excused himself on the ground that he was ill and did not want to bother; he may have been convinced by James that E. W. had entered upon a career of money-spending and money borrowing that was so reckless that it endangered the family fortunes. Whatever the reason, he went along.

And sure enough it was the son-in-law who succeeded him. James had been quick to see how good a job E. W. had made in training Booth and he fulfilled E. W.'s prophecy in that regard. There was another daughter and she had married Edgar Whitcomb. What more natural than another son-in-

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law in the firm? One for the editorial and general managerial end and the other for the business office?

Why things happened as they did was the consequence, as usual, of a number of things. On his return from Carlsbad James was amazed at the change wrought in his affairs. He had a feeling that everything had been made so different, so big and complicated, that he could not run his business any more. And then it occurred to him that this was probably just what Ed had intended. And then he looked at the great expenditures for presses, supplies and fixtures and glanced at E. W.'s incredible dash into ranch building in California and concluded that the sooner this colt were bridled and tied in the stable the safer the wagons and other things would be. So, getting George's consent, E. W. was retired.

The consent of George was not got without serious consequences. E. W. had always been able to persuade or bully George and this was a disappointment and surprise to E. W. While James had been away there had been some slight check attempted by George on E. W.'s wild extravagances in Detroit, and E. W. had found it necessary to threaten to leave the Detroit paper entirely in George's hands and go off to his other papers. To avert this calamity George had given E. W. a power of attorney with full control over his stock holdings in Detroit and Cleveland. When the big break came with James, E. W. threatened to use this power over George; but on second thought he went to Cincinnati, took the documents from his deposit vault, and mailed them to George with a letter filled with reproach at the ungrateful manner in which he had behaved, and concluding that he wanted nothing further to do with that kind of relative. Never, under any circumstances, he added, would he consent to be George's

heir. (This threat to leave his money to E. W. had for years been repeated by George and had been pleaded as an alleviation of his offense in siding with James.)

The brothers parted in anger, and E. W. retreated to Cincinnati. But only to find that James's unfriendliness had pursued him there and had developed into a threat of his ownership of the *Post*.

E. W. was owing James thirty thousand dollars. James held as collateral for the loan E. W.'s fifty-five per cent of stock in the Cincinnati *Post*. This property E. W. valued at the time at not less than half a million. James called the loan and announced that if the money were not immediately forthcoming he would foreclose on the stock. James valued highly his holdings in the *Post* and he had long admitted wanting more. E. W. had no doubt as to the seriousness of James's intentions. Here was a crisis.

Getting married and buying ranches in California had let E. W. in for this sort of trouble. He prided himself on not being a reckless borrower. He never borrowed from the banks, or if rarely he did it was only when he had ample cash at hand for repayment. He borrowed freely from George and Ellen, as did James. These savers of the family—for with increasing wealth they never increased their way of living and were bound to have reserves at all times—were bankers for James and E. W., who always wanted more dollars for new enterprises.

E. W. felt that he could justify all expenditures and borrowings by his knowledge of the potential earnings of his properties. For every dollar earned in dividends he figured his papers had increment in value of three dollars, and he felt that at any time he could put pressure on his properties and

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make them yield at a rate which would give him a sure income of not less than fifty thousand dollars a year. At the moment, however, earnings were being ploughed back into the plants and he was living on his prospects.

A painful interview took place in Detroit between E. W. and James. Also with George. James was adamant and George refused to come to E. W.'s relief. E. W. had his own idea as to what he might do at the banks but he did not want to experiment with that idea, and James no doubt felt that E. W. would turn to that quarter in vain.

With every appearance of despair E. W. left his brother to take the train for Cincinnati. Instead he took the train for Chicago and there took another train for Rushville, Illinois, where Ellen was spending a short vacation. He was in a position to know that James owed Ellen over thirty thousand dollars and he felt sure that Ellen would see the thing from his own point of view. She did, and E. W. took the next train back from Rushville with an order from Ellen on James for thirty thousand dollars.

James grinned when the document from Ellen was handed him. Seeing E. W. back so soon he was obviously a little disappointed but E. W. always felt that there was a bit of sporting blood in James and that this, or family pride, saved his loss of the coveted stock.

These various experiences had engendered in E. W. a bitterness which translated itself into a wish to retire. He was thirty-six years of age, and could command an ample income for the rest of his life. Why not take to the activities of a chosen leisure and to the interests of a father with a growing family?

He called in McRae and made a partnership arrangement with him. He drew up an agreement by which McRae was

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to manage all properties—except as to their editorial policies which distinctly was reserved to himself—and in return for such services McRae was to share in the increased value of the properties on the basis of one to two. That is, E. W. was to have two-thirds and McRae one-third of all that both should be entitled to in the way of salary, and of all that E. W. would be entitled to in the way of dividends. But this was conditioned on McRae's running the properties on eighty-five per cent of gross income. In other words, McRae was never to spend more than 85 cents out of every dollar taken in by a paper to produce that paper.

Another and a very important provision in the agreement was that the name of the properties controlled by E. W. should henceforth be the Scripps-McRae concern. Up to now they had been known as the Scripps Syndicate or the Scripps League. The inclusion of the name of McRae was a result of his resentment against James. He wished his properties to be differentiated from those of his brother.

For the next five years E. W. depended much on McRae, intervening only occasionally. McRae did well with the *Post* and tolerably with the *Chronicle*. Nor did the absence of E. W. from the Detroit property interrupt the long career of prosperity on which it had been started.

During the year following E. W.'s quarrel with James, George found that he would rather quarrel with James than with E. W. He had registered his protest against the injustice of James's treatment of E. W. but he had voted his stock on James's side. But George and James always had occasions for disagreement. The pious James disapproved the loose way of life of his ex-army brother and George had no use for the pious James. They continually quarreled over their real estate

YEARS OF EXPANSION

investments and George was continually leaving James's house and finding quarters where he could live his life alone. Before a year had passed George and E. W. were reconciled. George voted his stock so that E. W. was restored to the control of the *Cleveland Press*, and George spent the winter of 1891-2 at Miramar. This was the beginning of many winters spent there.

After making the arrangements with McRae, and before setting out for his retirement in the West, E. W. visited his properties and served notice on them that the day of splurging was over; that they were now going to make a lot of money and pay a lot of money. He reviewed his personal expenses, and finding they had grown to twenty thousand a year instituted some rigid economies; the result being that after a few months he found himself out of the quicksands and on sure rock again.

YEARS OF EXPANSION

The next ten years—those between 1889 and 1899—were years of expansion. In spite of E. W.'s nominal retirement and his very active work at building Miramar and county roads, the newspaper organization took on new dimensions. Long range management was practiced with success.

It was not long before George and James came to the parting of the ways. Son-in-law Booth found George in the way and an unpleasantness took place between them which caused a break between the brothers. It was soon after this, in 1895, that George pooled all his interests with those of E. W. on a partnership basis. At this time, also, E. W. discovered that he

was a millionaire. This fact surprised and shocked him. Up to now he had formed the habit of regarding himself as a species of altruist. He was the voice of the dumb people. He owed and wanted to give the people service—real service, not the lip service of a demagogue. He had tried to do this; but the harvest had been profits. What to do? Give it away? At least he felt he was bound to give away some of it. He resolved to use a tenth at least of his income for public purposes, in some way to be discovered.

The new partnership arrangement was based on a fifty-fifty plan with George, whose holdings in the various papers seemed to be about equal in value to those of E. W. It was agreed that new partnership articles be drawn up by which E. W. and George should share in the ratio of two parts each in all salaries, dividends and increases, while McRae should have one part. This plan was maintained for a number of years and was found to be rather fair, but more in the interest of McRae than the other partners.

During these years a number of papers were started and purchased. Among them were the *Terre Haute Post*, the *Memphis Press*, the *Dallas Dispatch*, the *Oklahoma City News* and papers in Nashville and Pueblo. The Nashville paper soon failed and the Pueblo paper struggled for a few years before it was closed down. The others all developed into paying properties.

Under the Scripps-McRae partnership the *Kansas City World* had been purchased at the strong urging of McRae. It was a failure from the start, and when closed down had cost several hundred thousand dollars. The *Chronicle* began and continued to wither.

A brilliant and successful coup performed by McRae was

YEARS OF EXPANSION

the purchase and consolidation of all the Toledo, Ohio, papers into the *News-Bee*, a property which, considering its limited field, has always been one of the best of the Scripps papers. He also acquired the Columbus *Citizen*, which, after several years of struggle, became one of the best and most paying of the properties.

Among other papers which were added to the Scripps League at this time were the Des Moines *News*, purchased and never much of a success, finally abandoned; the Houston *Press* and the Evansville, Ind., *Press*, the last named inaugurated by J. C. Harper, who had for years been general counsel for the concern.

The birth of the Dallas *Dispatch* is interesting as showing how E. W. and McRae played the game. There had been a conference at which it was agreed that the time had come for some new ventures. There had been surveys and preliminary studying of the map, and a number of secondary cities had been marked with pins as available territory. Then the division of the territory between E. W. and McRae was left to an agreement between them that the territory should belong to the one who got there first. That is, E. W. might want Dallas for his own while McRae might want a share in the paper. Promptness of action would determine.

Thus it happened that an obscure reporter named Alfred O. Anderson working for an obscure wage in St. Louis, received a telegram one evening signed E. W. Scripps telling him to go to Dallas, Texas, and start an evening newspaper at the earliest possible moment. A certain amount of money would be found to his credit in a Dallas bank. Further details would follow to Dallas by mail.

Anderson knew what orders were in the organization, and

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he had the first edition of the Dispatch printed in St. Louis and took it in a trunk to Dallas where, the following afternoon, he had it on the street. The next day's paper was printed in Dallas and the paper has continued its daily issues since. To E. W. it was like a good card game. He liked to take a trick from his partner.

Anderson, of course, in accord with the rule then in effect, was given twenty per cent of the stock in the paper and a salary of twenty-five dollars a week to keep himself, his wife and baby on. He hired a one-man staff and prepared to grow from small to great. With which start he became a rich man.

It was at this time also that E. W. began developing the Scripps-McRae Press Association, which later became the United Press Association. In the beginning this was done with no idea of profit, but to insure freedom from the monopoly of news which was already threatened by the Associated Press. The effort to maintain an independent wire news organization cost heavily in money, time and effort, but eventually became successful.

A number of years later the Newspaper Enterprise Association was started. The purpose of this development was to use the consolidated resources of the Scripps properties to do things which would be too expensive for any individual paper to do. It was to do the big and enterprising thing, and distribute the results to the small participant. It was organized as a corporation not for profit, and one of its chief purposes was to furnish policy material, both editorial and feature, to its subscribers. In time it became too popular. Outsiders wanted it, and were permitted in certain territory to use the service and pay a share. Finally the income from the outside user became so large that it seemed to taint the policy, and

QUITTING THE DRINK

E. W. turned it into an out-and-out profit-making corporation, and substituted the S. H. N. A.* as a pure policy distributor with no clients except the Scripps-owned papers.

QUITTING THE DRINK

During all these years E. W. had continued to indulge to excess in tobacco and whisky. He did not often get drunk. During the twenty-five years he drank he could not remember being drunk half a dozen times. And only on very rare occasions would he be mentally fuddled. Long practice and a very strong physique enabled him to do business and at the same time consume enough liquor to have killed any normal man.

At times he had struggled to be moderate. After his return from Europe in 1883 he went for considerable periods drinking either very moderately or not at all. But during the busy ten years from 1889 to 1899 he had taken off the brakes and took what he wanted. And as is usual in such cases, the volume consumed continually increased. By the time he was forty-six he found himself drinking the incredible amount of a gallon (four bottles) a day.

By this time the danger signals were out. He found his legs and arms had shriveled to ridiculous proportions. The skin had grown dry and numb. The touch of a finger on the legs was hardly felt. But more alarming and distressing was failing eyesight. The right eye with the cast never had been of much use, and now the good eye was going dark. He could no longer read. It was with difficulty he could

* Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance.

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recognize faces and he had to have company to go about in strange places. All business documents, however important, had to be read to him and when he signed his name he had to have the pen put on the spot.

E. W. saw it was time to face the matter squarely. He engaged a physician to travel with him and to help him break off the habit. But he succeeded only in cutting the allowance from four to two bottles a day. Meantime something like a crisis had begun to loom as a result of George's health. E. W. had been so concerned as to his own condition that he had hardly noticed that George had become a really sick man. In Cincinnati, where they had gone to consult in regard to E. W.'s sight, George's condition became so alarming that a specialist was called in and after an examination George was told that he had either ulcers or cancer of the stomach. Asheville was recommended as a good place to go.

The prospect that George might die filled E. W. with new alarm. Business had grown to large proportions, but E. W. had come to feel that if worst came to worst there was George, who could be depended on to carry on or to close out the properties so as to insure an ample income to all Scripps dependents. But what if George were to go?

E. W. had begun to think in terms of family. His oldest son was now fifteen. Six more years and he would be twenty-one. On what terms would the doctors give E. W. six more years? There were more and serious consultations. He could continue to drink and smoke in moderation and hope to live six more years. But how about his sight? Nothing short of an absolute quitting of tobacco and drink would help his sight. With the whisky and cigars out of the equation he might get some of his vision back, but the promises were not

QUITTING THE DRINK

definite. Could his system stand the shock of suddenly ceasing so great a use of stimulants and narcotics? The doctors didn't know but they thought a constitution that could stand a gallon a day for as long as E. W. had been taking it could stand a lot. E. W. emptied his pockets of cigars and had the box removed from the room. He ordered a bottle of ginger ale, and from that day for a year and half he did not smoke a cigar and for four times that time he did not take a drink.

The third day after the swear-off he felt the craving strongly and begged his doctor for just one glass of whisky. But he got a shot of morphine instead and after a long sleep felt no return of the excessive craving.

He missed his tobacco always. Every waking hour he hungered for a smoke. There were no bad effects from the sudden stop. In Asheville he rode and walked and felt his health returning. The work of looking after George and all the business kept him occupied and helped to take his mind from his own bodily wants. George was failing and it soon became necessary to hire a special car and take him, with a nurse and doctor, to Miramar, where in April, 1900, he died.

The effect of abstinence from drink on E. W.'s sight was phenomenal. Soon he found he could find his way about the hotel unattended. He could recognize friends and would even stand up with them in the barroom and take his tippie in ginger ale. One day a telegram was delivered to him in his room and as there was no secretary present he opened it and holding it in the light found he could make out its contents. After three months he had his eyes examined again and the specialist expressed amazement at the good results. At the end of a year his sight had been restored so that with the aid of glasses he could read print again, and the glasses were

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said by the doctor to be merely what would be called for by the passing years. The numbness and trembling of the hands had ceased. He had recovered.

In the matter of liquor E. W. never relapsed. In later years he took wine some times as prescribed by a doctor or a very rare glass of whisky; but he never again drank to excess.

JAMES CONTESTS GEORGE'S WILL AND E. W. WINS AS USUAL

It was inevitable that E. W. and James have a contest over the will of George. When he was dying James visited him at Asheville and at Miramar. These were not pleasant visits. James was curious and finally asked E. W. what he knew about George's will. The latter replied that George had told him that the James family was entirely left out. E. W. knew also that W. A. Scripps was one of the executors and that E. W. himself was the other. As to details he was not informed.

During the visit to Miramar strained and distant relations existed between the brothers, and E. W. was not surprised to receive from James, shortly after George's death, a curt and formal letter making certain demands and forecasting litigation. Soon afterward E. W. learned that the will would be attacked on two counts, one that George was not of sound mind when he made it and second that he was under undue influence of E. W.

When the will was opened it was discovered that George had in fact left out James and his family. He willed his 32 per cent of stock in the *Detroit News* to E. W.; his twenty

E. W. WINS AS USUAL

per cent of stock in the *Press* and his twenty per cent of stock in the Cincinnati *Post* to Ellen; his real estate to his brother, W. A. Scripps; his Edison Company holdings valued at \$100,000, and some twenty thousand cash to Fred, with some small legacies to other members of the family. E. W. and W. A. were residuary estate heirs. The estate was appraised at about \$1,700,000.

That block of stock in the *Detroit News* was the big plum. To see that going out of his family made James suffer. And that block of stock in the *Cleveland Press* was most important to him also. With his own holdings in the *Press* that stock would have enabled him to control that property. The *News* for son-in-law Booth, and the *Press* for son-in-law Whitcomb. As James had frankly admitted he or his family did not really need George's money; but—well, it was not working out as he wished it.

The effort to probate the will produced a strange mix-up. James contended, through his attorneys, that George was a citizen of Detroit and that the Detroit court of probate was entitled to jurisdiction. E. W. had offered the will in the Cuyahoga County court at Cleveland, Ohio. It had been a number of years since George had broken with James and had taken up his residence in Cleveland. He had no other idea than that George was a bona-fide resident of Ohio.

On the face of things each brother was fighting to have the case tried in the friendly atmosphere where his paper circulated. E. W. had had enough experience to know that judges are human and that they, like juries, are not beyond the influence of publicity. James had learned this lesson too.

But as a matter of fact E. W. had no idea of letting the case be tried. He was very much averse to having his brother

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George charged, after death, with being crazy, and he did not wish to go into family intimacies which would be exposed by an effort on the part of James to show that George had been subjected to improper influence. The will itself, however, was the best answer to this. It was made, as shown by its date, at a time when George was still living and working with James in Detroit and while E. W. and George were having one of their infrequent quarrels.

But there were other reasons why E. W. decided to follow his habitual Fabian policy and let events take their course for a while. That question of jurisdiction was most interesting. By a little investigation on his own account E. W. discovered that in Michigan brothers of the half-blood take on the same basis as brothers of the full-blood when there is no will and an estate is distributed under the statutes. In other words, if the will were successfully attacked and declared void and this were to take place in the Ohio jurisdiction, George's estate would be shared by George's own brothers and sisters, there being no participation by E. W. or the other half-brothers and sisters. On the other hand if the Michigan jurisdiction should have the case and the will be thrown out, E. W. and his tribe of the half-blood would share on equality with the James tribe.

To E. W. it began to look as if he would lose if he won. If he were successful in getting the will probated in Ohio, and then James were successful in getting the will set aside, James and his tribe would win. And in winning James would win enough stock in the *Cleveland Press* to take the control away from E. W.

This he determined to prevent at any cost. He went to J. C. Harper, his chief attorney in charge of the litigation.

He warned him that he was altogether too successful. Why didn't he feint a little and let the jurisdiction go to the Michigan court? E. W. knew the judge in Detroit and he happened to be one of the boys who had run a paper route for him. Moreover that judge hated James—long had been in a feud with him. But Harper was a pious Presbyterian and a scrupulous lawyer. He would not put up a sham battle, not even for E. W.

Which created a new situation—one calling on E. W. to exercise a new resourcefulness.

While the litigation had been getting under way E. W. had not lost opportunity to keep in touch with George Booth. The latter would drop in to condole from time to time. After the clash with Harper Booth happened in and E. W. went right to work. He told Booth that the first trick—the matter of declaring in favor of the Ohio jurisdiction—had come E. W.'s way. The lawyers even on James's side admitted that the Michigan jurisdiction would not win. The case would be tried in Cleveland in the friendly atmosphere of E. W.'s Press.

But, he said, it must not be tried. It never had been his purpose to let the case go to trial. He had hoped for a compromise from the beginning. Now was the moment to discuss terms. He sat down and wrote out terms of settlement. E. W. would surrender the 32 per cent of *Detroit News* stock and take in return whatever stocks James had in the other papers. Booth knew how eager James was to get the *Detroit News* stock and undertook not only to get the consent of James but to settle with Elizabeth Sharp, a half-sister, leaving W. A. Scripps to be settled with by E. W. Also E. W. was to be

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paid \$200,000 as additional consideration for his Detroit stock.

Litigation was slowed down. Negotiations were continued, including the settlement of a claim which cousin James Sweeney had for a hundred thousand dollars against James and the estate of George. E. W. happened to have evidence in his possession which brought both parties to their senses. Booth was intermediary in these transactions and before they were at an end he and E. W. were at daggers points. Asbestos and vitriol were required by E. W. at this time to express his opinion of Booth.

In course of time the settlement became effective. E. W. was content. The money value of the stock he gave up in James' *News* was not so great as it later became after the automobile industry boomed Detroit; but he had saved his child—the favorite newspaper child of his brain, his first-born, the *Cleveland Press*. He loved the *Press* and would as soon have handed one of his own children to an orphanage as to have let the *Press* be commercialized and desouled by a son-in-law of his brother James.

FOUNDING THE UNITED PRESS

The most important contribution to the cause of better journalism made by E. W. Scripps was, in his opinion, the preservation of freedom in the collection of telegraphic news. This he accomplished by the organization of his United Press Association. But for this the Associated Press would have dominated this industry; it would have been in a position to suppress news and to serve private instead of public interests.

FOUNDING THE UNITED PRESS

It was a hard and costly fight and it had its dramatic moments. One of these was in 1897 when Victor Lawson, Frank Noyes, Melville Stone and other directors of the re-organized and triumphant Associated Press met in Chicago at the Auditorium Hotel and served notice on E. W. that he had been too slow in accepting their offer to come into their organization and that he could now come to them only as a humble client. They did not know that E. W. had his prospectus and his telegraphic announcements all ready to be filed and that all the seeming hesitation had been staged for their effect on the fighting blood of brother George and Milton E. McRae. It was in this event that rivalry with the Associated Press was born and the foundations laid for the present day United Press.

The theory of an associated press is a logical one. Papers unite their financial strength to do what they could not afford to do alone. There were such associations as early as 1856, but the business of uniting received a great stimulus at the outbreak of the Civil War. Papers at that time were owned by men of only moderate wealth. The telegraphic instrument was new. Telegraph tolls were high, and it was natural for the larger papers of that day, wishing to keep correspondents at the front and to get important war news from widely scattered and distant points, to pool their efforts to this end. After the War the association was kept up for gathering general news. The association was a mutual one not for profit. It was maintained by assessments levied on its members.

For a while there were the New York Associated Press, the Western Associated Press, serving members west of the Alleghanies, and the Southern Associated Press. At first the

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eastern papers dominated but later the western papers got control. Always the associations were controlled more or less by cliques.

As population grew and cities and papers multiplied membership in the Associated Press increased. For a time new members were admitted on vote of a majority of its members. But soon it became apparent that the privilege of being served by the Associated Press in any community was one to be protected against competition. Quickly there grew up the practice of permitting a single vote to bar new membership. In other words, any paper having the Associated Press service could veto the service to another paper in its territory. The service became a local monopoly.

Under such an arrangement it naturally was not long before the Associated Press franchise became a thing of value in itself. A man desiring to start a paper in a certain city often would have to pay a big price for the Associated Press franchise; or, failing that, he would not be able to go into that territory at all.

Then that happened which generally does happen when there is absence of competition. The management became lax and the service careless and generally unsatisfactory.

These latter conditions made it possible for a few papers to get along on extemporized telegraphic service. The Scripps papers were in this class. They had their own representatives in strategic points and ran news services of their own. Later they bought from the sporadic news services which sprang up and attempted competition with the Associated Press. The most important of these was the old United Press. When E. W. returned from Europe in 1883 he found the United Press going rather strong. Back of it was John P. Walsh of

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the *Chicago Chronicle*, a banker-editor whose operations ended his career and his life in the penitentiary. Walsh, with Scott of the *Chicago Herald*, had picked up certain scatterings of press associations and had built them into a fairly vigorous competitor of the Associated Press. In direct charge was a brilliant news purveyor, Walter P. Phillips. The United Press professed to be chiefly mutual but was in fact a one-man institution run by John P. Walsh.

The existence of the United Press proved a great boon to E. W. and his papers. The competition between the United Press and the Associated Press had taken the form of cutting rates and giving special privileges until E. W. found that his membership in the United Press was so highly valued that he was getting the use of their telegraphic wires free and at one time was getting the equivalent of a subsidy of twenty to fifty dollars a week to remain a patron of the United Press.

Clients were leaving the Associated Press and all looked well for Walsh, when there was a sudden shift of control. By taking up certain notes which had been held in the Walsh bank a New York group took the lead. They were Whitelaw Reid of the *Tribune*, Joseph Pulitzer of the *World*, James Gordon Bennett of the *Herald*, and Charles A. Dana of the *Sun*.

This group found the United Press a tame cow and proceeded to milk it. Walsh had done some milking but they finished the job. They used the United Press to help pay their cable tolls and had a number of tricks which Phillips explained to E. W., urging him to go in and "get his."

About this time the Associated Press people awoke. They became thoroughly alarmed. The rate cutting and bonus stock distributing of Walsh had cut into their organization

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badly. They saw that if they were to survive they must be up and doing. So they got together and subscribed to a war fund and overhauled the organization from top to bottom.

But it was finally seen that there must be an entire reorganization. The western crowd decided to reorganize on a stock and profit basis and E. W. was invited to join and take twenty-five per cent of the stock in return for the cooperation of himself and his papers. James E. Scripps was one of the participants in this move. The others were Victor Lawson of the *Chicago Daily News*, Frank Noyes of the *Washington Star*, and the *Chicago Herald*, Melville Stone of the *Chicago Record* and Charles Knapp. The plan of the new organization was to admit a limited number of clients, and then to refuse to take in more. Their first job was to destroy the United Press.

Unknown to them, however, this job was already done. While senility had been weakening the old western Associated Press, corruption and graft had undermined the old United Press. The stage was well set for the organization of one big news monopoly. This was in 1897.

E. W. declined the offer to take a quarter of the stock and to become a part of the monopoly.

He was not entirely disinterested in determining to decline the offer. While he hated the idea of a news monopoly, he saw how such a monopoly might interfere with his own ambitious plans. It was his purpose to found more papers. He did not intend to have barricades built across his path. But fundamentally and instinctively he resented an attempt by anybody to say that he (or another) should not have a right to print what he pleased of the telegraphic news just as he might print what he pleased of the local news. In resisting

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such encroachments he was merely broadening the field of his journalistic policy.

E. W. had expected the fight between the two press associations to be long drawn out; but it happened otherwise. The newly organized Associated Press took advantage of feud and faction in the New York group and presently seduced away all the "big four" except Dana and his *Sun*. This was the cue for E. W. to get alarmed. McRae was thoroughly so. George was rather doubtful. The offer of stock in the proposed stock-owned Associated Press was withdrawn. McRae was told by Stone that it was not too late to get in on the ground floor, but there would be no premiums now. The secession from the United Press of the New York group had put that organization on the rocks. It owed money and had none in the bank. The Associated Press crowd was riding high.

The crash of the United Press caused no sorrow to E. W. At no time did he ever intend to join the Associated Press. He intended to become the successor of the old United Press. But he felt that it was necessary in order to get the full support of McRae and of George to dramatize his exclusion from the Lawson-Noyes-Stone monopoly. This was the sole purpose of all his doings at this time.

Lawson and his crowd had given E. W. until the zero hour to come into the new association, or to remain forever in outer darkness. E. W. treated the event with due solemnity and brought quite a little party to Chicago. Besides McRae there was J. C. Harper and R. F. ("Bob") Paine, who had been in charge of a little enterprise known as the Scripps Service. Harper was there presumably to draw up contracts. McRae was keeping actively in touch with his friends Stone

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and Lawson and was bearing hopeful messages to the effect that something satisfactory could probably be worked out. E. W. let his attitude seem one of submission. He even took the pains to send his personal card by his secretary to Noyes, Stone and Lawson asking an appointment for a personal interview, only to be informed that this would not be possible until after the meeting.

At these evidences of humility McRae was joyous; Paine was disgusted, and George was beginning to get pugnacious.

Then E. W. played his last card. He sent McRae to the Associated directors with a demand that every Scripps paper should be admitted on an equality with all other member papers and that they be given a Class A position. As he anticipated, the demand was greeted with derisive laughter. McRae was humiliated and mad to the core. So, when he heard of it, was George. E. W. had put on his little drama and was now ready to launch his Scripps-McRae Press Association. His telegrams went out.

From that day's beginning to the successful operation of the present-day United Press Association was a long up-hill road. There was not very much with which to start. E. W. had sent his telegrams to a long list of afternoon papers which he knew were outside the Associated Press. He announced that he was going into the telegraphic news business and was prepared to furnish the afternoon report on demand.

The responses were not so many as he had expected. And there was a new cause for worry when he learned after his meeting in Chicago that another man had happened on the same idea at the same time and was in the act of launching another press association. This was J. B. Shale, publisher of a small paper in Pennsylvania. Shale had got the backing of

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some wealthy man and had started soliciting papers in the East which had been left out by the Associated Press or were dissatisfied with the old United Press. He had made considerable headway, enough headway so that E. W. saw himself and his new association with about half the clients he had anticipated. His expenses would be the same and his revenues cut in two.

E. W. took train for New York and got in touch with Shale and his board of directors. He found that they planned to call their firm the Publishers' Press Association. He had no difficulty in working out a plan by which he and the Publishers Press would divide territory. The Publishers' Press was to gather and serve news to the papers in the Atlantic coast states. The Scripps association, in return for this news, would gather western news. The foreign cables would be part of the Publishers' Press job.

The principal nucleus of the new Scripps news association was the service which had been built up in conjunction with the old United Press. When Paine took over its management he called it the Adscititious Report. For the far West E. W. had organized a small association known as the Scripps Blades and later as the Scripps Western Report. In charge of this was one H. B. ("Ham") Clark, once a secretary to E. W. and later manager and part owner of the United Press Association. This Western association, in addition to serving the new Scripps papers on the coast, had picked up clients and was actually making money.

The news hook-up consisted then of the Publishers' Press, the Scripps Service (Adscititious) and the Western Scripps service. The whole was rechristened the Scripps-McRae Press Association.

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The first effect of starting an independent press service was to jump the expenses of the service to the *Cincinnati Post* from twenty dollars a week to two hundred and fifty dollars a week, with the other Scripps papers in the same ratio. Paine was in charge and Phillips for a while assisted.

For ten years the three press associations cooperated and exchanged news and covered the whole country. The Publishers soon found they could not pay cable tolls, and the expense was prorated and shared for a while, the *New York Sun* assisting. But the expense of running the Scripps-McRae Press Association was for a number of years a heavy burden. It ran into hundreds of thousands of dollars. In time, however, clients increased and the work became better organized and the two Scripps associations began to make real profits.

From the beginning there was trouble with the Publishers' Press. They did what E. W. called buying dollars for a dollar and twenty cents. They showed the evil tendencies which had afflicted the old United Press under the auspices of John P. Walsh. Finally it became quite evident that the association was being used by a New York clique to forward certain stock promotions. News was held back or manufactured news sent forward for its effect on the ticker.

Then came John Vandercook. He had been brought up on the *Cleveland Press*. Promoted to be New York representative, he had been again promoted to be European representative of the Scripps papers. He had done good work, but one day he showed up at Miramar and informed E. W. that he came looking for a bigger and better job. He had served his apprenticeship. E. W. always liked this sort of appeal. He liked a man to come to him demanding. He made Vandercook editor-in-chief of the *Cincinnati Post*. Vandercook

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showed soon that he was a man of real ability, but he came back for more. He had an idea that E. W. should buy the Publishers' Press and form one big press association. Again E. W. was pleased. He liked his men to think of things for him to do. He told Vandercook to go ahead and see what he could do. Vandercook was offered the good will and debts of the Publishers' Press for \$300,000. E. W. told him to offer them enough to pay their debts and leave a little over for those in the inside and see what effect that would have. By this time E. W. was convinced that he could go out and crowd the association into the ditch, but he did not want it to fall into the hands of some other party. An offer of \$180,000 brought down the game. The Publishers' was consolidated with the two Scripps associations. Preferred stock was issued, endorsed personally by E. W. for an amount equal to the appraised value of the existing associations. This preferred stock was distributed to the owners of the two associations. Then the consolidated company issued common stock. E. W. retained the usual 51 per cent of this stock. Vandercook, who was named editor, was given twenty per cent; H. B. ("Ham") Clark was given twenty per cent and became business manager.

For several years the new United Press Association puttered along with about enough business to pay the dividends on the preferred stock. Then it began to pay nominal dividends. These nominal dividends were dividends which seemed to have been earned after the Scripps-owned papers had paid certain arbitrary assessments. By cutting down the assessments the dividends might have been turned into deficits. The business of financing the United Press in those lean years was a simple one. Figure the cost; figure the intake, and the

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balance was the amount to be apportioned to the Scripps papers in assessments.

But again after a time the receipts began to be enough greater than the cost of operation to show a real profit. There were prospects of good times ahead—good times for the man who had promoted this good enterprise—and then Vandercook died. It was the result of a surgical operation.

Roy Howard had been assistant to Vandercook as news manager. He was allowed to run things while E. W. looked over the ground for a man to succeed Vandercook. *Carpe diem* had always been Howard's motto, and he knew that the moment was pregnant with opportunity. He became as active as a wasp trying to get through a window pane. As a picker of men E. W. was unembarrassed by conventionalities. Perhaps? Why not Howard? Howard was made Vandercook's successor. When H. B. Clark left to undertake a new newspaper venture in Philadelphia, which failed, Howard succeeded him as business manager. Later E. W. saw that he was given a chance to get some of the minority stock, and it was this stock which, with the increasing business and prosperity of the United Press, laid the foundation for Howard's wealth.

The success of the United Press Association E. W. always attributed to two things, the singleness of control effected by the 51 per cent ownership of its stock, and the sharing of profits with those who manage it, through the system of distribution of the minority stock among those who have most to do with making the product. Mutual associations, he observed, illustrated the saying that what is everybody's business is nobody's business. Also the continuous shifting of

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control which is bound to take place as a result of cliques and "office politics" makes efficiency impossible.

But the real function of E. W.'s United Press Association, as he viewed it always, was to serve as a check on news monopoly and the corruption and oppression which such a monopoly would certainly produce.

When E. W. founded his press association and announced to the world that its services were to be had regardless of competition, he knew that he was opening the way, not only to the founding of new papers by himself, but to the founding of new papers by unfriendly newspaper competitors in territory where he might be flourishing. In many instances this is exactly what happened. But this, he figured, was merely part of the price he had to pay for trying to serve the public interest.

"I felt very proud of my job in founding the United Press," E. W. declared many years later. "I saw myself as the savior of the freedom of the press. I still think it was a good job; but I have a feeling as I grow older that it will take more than my individual efforts to keep that freedom."

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"Ellen has a man's mind."

Thus was E. W. accustomed to explain or excuse his strong regard for his sister. He had admittedly a mean opinion of women in general and no respect at all for their business abilities. But Ellen was different. Ellen agreed with him generally, so Ellen must have a good business mind. But he would argue at length against that fallacy. There were innumerable

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occasions when Ellen had exercised her own judgment, and her judgment had always been right. James or he might make mistakes; not Ellen.

In E. W.'s life there is nothing more beautiful than his love for Ellen. Eighteen years his senior, she was mother to him when he was a child. She had been his teacher and his cultural inspiration through boyhood and adolescence. She was his companion in his travels. She was always his appreciative listener. She was his chief counsel. She became his partner and equal sharer in business ventures. She was his nurse in illness; a nurse to his children; his rescue when he needed a friend. She was his reserve capital, with her will always made in his favor. Although E. W. lived to be seventy-two years of age, Ellen survived him and as this is written she is approaching the century mark, with a few faculties dimmed but with mind unimpaired and an interest in all vital matters that would do credit to a person of twenty-one.

In little ways Ellen was helpful to E. W. She was a walking dictionary and an encyclopaedia of reliable information. She never forgot dates or details of family history. She was a good mental back-stop. He could check with her on any suspected mental operation.

But E. W. was not the only one Ellen served. It seemed to him that her whole life was made up of service. She was the only one of the six children, English born and brought to the pioneer farm in Rushville, who aspired to and achieved a college education. It was called a college in those days, but it was not much more than a girls' higher academy. She returned to the farm to do what she could for everybody. E. W. remembers her at this time as helping with the cooking (she was a born cook) and the ironing and the cleaning, and that

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she was always very tidy in appearance. She wore all-over aprons and gloves to work in. She read to the family in the evenings, and to E. W. as a small child before he could read. She read him Shakespeare and Dean Swift, and had a marvelous trick of eliminating the broad English and making her own substitutions without a pause.

Ellen taught the village school for a brief time. She organized a private school at Rushville and taught some thirty small boys. When sister Elizabeth was ill and was left a widow by the death of her husband in the Confederate prison at Andersonville, it was Ellen who volunteered to go to Augusta, Illinois, and to take care of her in her invalidism. At Augusta she did all the work of the three-room cottage including the washing, mending and making clothes for the two small children and also taught the village school. When released from that duty Ellen returned to the farm only to leave it for Detroit where she took employment on brother James's paper, the *Journal*. There she read proof and did other chores. Later she lived at brother James's house and helped with the cooking and the care of the children. Also the book-keeping and the re-writing of miscellany.

When the father was taken ill, which was when E. W. was about fourteen years of age, Ellen returned to the farm to take care of him. He was in failing health for five years and during the last year was quite helpless. It was in this emergency that Ellen did everything. She was day and night nurse. When the end came Ellen was as near collapse as she ever came. She had to rest for a couple of weeks before she went back to Detroit to her job on the *Journal*.

As a nurse Ellen was most efficient. It stood her in good stead that she never needed more than five hours sleep in

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the twenty-four any more than she needed more than a bun and an apple for a square meal. She was one of those wispy wiry persons who, like candles, require little fuel and burn a long time. In nursing she could sleep sitting up in a chair and at the slightest movement of the patient be awake and in possession of all her faculties.

Ellen followed James from the *Journal* to the job office and later to the *News* when that enterprise was started. She never drew salary. She worked for James because James needed her. He made some sort of a tentative arrangement (which E. W. said he never kept) to increase Ellen's salary as the profits of the paper might increase; but instead of that happening, when the *News* began to grow, Ellen was crowded into the composing room and set to reading proof. So E. W. tells it.

But when it became necessary to incorporate, and when James found that the law required not less than five incorporators, it became necessary to use Ellen as one of the stockholders, and she was given one share of stock in the *News*, and later two shares in the *Cleveland Press*. This was in part payment for services rendered but up to this time not paid for.

From this time on Ellen began to function as a business woman. She did not regard herself as a dummy stockholder, and she did not act as one. She attended all meetings and gave her opinions and her reasons and often her vote would be a deciding vote. James Sweeney, the cousin, was one of the minority stockholders and the line-up was generally George, E. W. and Ellen against James and Sweeney. Once Ellen's vote saved the *Cleveland Press* from being sold to Sweeney. James had been overcome by some unaccountable timidity

and was insisting that their only financial salvation lay in selling outright the *Press* to Sweeney and leaving him to pay for it out of what he might make it pay. The consideration was eighty thousand dollars, to be prorated among the stockholders. Ellen considered that this would be base ingratitude to E. W.; but more than that, she saw no reason to think that under Sweeney and without the aid of E. W. the paper would succeed. She had her way.

And once Ellen did unexpectedly draw her accumulated wages and dividends. That was when James tried to get possession of E. W.'s stock in the Cincinnati *Post* held as security for a loan, and Ellen gave E. W. an order for \$30,000 due her from James and the Detroit *News*.

Ellen followed E. W. to California and eventually built her home in La Jolla; but she did not have a home of her own until she was sixty-three years of age. She shared in the cost of the Miramar ranch and made money in the La Jolla speculation. On the death of George in 1900 she inherited about a third of George's estate, her share amounting to about three quarters of a million. Before E. W. died, in consequence of investments Ellen had shared with him, her income had grown to three quarters of a million.

Having by this time provided for all less fortunate relatives Ellen turned her attention to founding and endowing colleges—the Scripps College for Women at Claremont and the college at Pomona—and to building hospitals, community centers, playgrounds and such like public services.

When Ellen was 86 she slipped on a rug and broke her hip. E. W. was on a cruise around the world at the time; but when he arrived at San Diego Ellen was on the wharf to greet him.

SCRIPPS' IDEAS ON EDUCATION

E. W. had his own ideas about education. Briefly, he was against it. Anything in the nature of academic education he held to be a detriment. Some things he conceded had to be learned, facts contained in the multiplication table and the spelling book. One must submit to having these crowded into the brain; but outside of that education should be the untrammelled development of the individual along the lines predetermined by heredity.

E. W.'s general indictment of education was that it tended to press all minds into a stereotyped mold. It produced conformity instead of non-conformity; and he was always against the thing that is and for the thing that is not. Only so, he believed, could there be change, and only by change can there be progress. He was for the revolution—the continuing, daily, forever revolution. How could there be strong and pioneering minds if minds must be forever drilled? Training? Yes. The training that comes from the self-imposed tasks of an aroused interest; but not the training of the mental goose-step.

In rearing his family these are the principles E. W. applied. He might hire a tutor but that was to get the essentials of mental equipment without the aid of the academy. Never having been to college and knowing practically nothing of college men, he had a deep prejudice against what he believed colleges to be. One of the continuing texts for acrimonious debate with McRae was this matter of education. McRae had a lecture he was fond of delivering before Y. M.

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C. A.'s and like audiences, extolling the virtues of schooling. Neither ever convinced the other.

E. W. insisted that he applied his educational ideas to his business. He insisted that he preferred an untrained man to a trained one. Certain it is that he never took a business manager or editor from another shop. In questioning a man with a view to taking him on, E. W. would always ask as to education, college or otherwise, and always marked a college course against the applicant. He would not necessarily reject a college man for that alone, but the offense would have to be mitigated in other ways. Was a man married? That was against him if it was a search for a young man to start a new paper. He travels fastest who travels alone. But again it was not fatal. E. W. was no doubt a marvelous picker of men. He had an almost uncanny insight into character and possibilities. He could take an indifferent editor and make him a successful business manager or vice versa. While he decried training he was one of the greatest trainers outside a circus. He was always making a silk purse out of a sow's ear. On the whole his percentage of failures was remarkably low.

Perhaps one of the craftiest things E. W. did in the selection and management of his men was that favorite trick of setting a man to the task which the man himself originated. When E. W. was running the *Cincinnati Post* in its early days he received in the morning mail a penciled letter, rather illiterate and crude, expressing the desire of the writer to go to Alaska and write up that unknown land. E. W. asked the writer to come and talk to him. He found him a pallid gangling young thing, the last in the world to be picked for stunting and personal adventure. But after a few minutes'

conversation E. W. turned on the youngster (Wells was his name) and told him to get ready to go. Wells went. It was before the days of the Klondike rush, and the country was quite unknown and the going quite venturous. Wells wrote good copy and returned safely. When next he applied for an assignment it was to start a paper in Seattle. Again E. W. ordered him to go ahead and the result of the little start made in that city was another very paying property added to the concern.

Once E. W. turned an editor overnight into a business manager. The editor was in charge of one of his Ohio papers. He had just carried out a marvelous news stunt in the discovery and exposure of a spectacular woman crook. The paper had reaped a harvest of prestige. The New York correspondents were camping on the Cleveland door-step. E. W. happened around and shook the editor's hand. "That is the kind of thing we like," he graciously proclaimed. At which the Ohio editor drew himself up and replied: "Yes. But what does it mean to me?" Thumping himself on the chest he went on, "those are kind words, but kind words do not pay bills. What does it mean to me?" E. W. was a little hustled by the suddenness of the attack. He asked for time, promising to give the matter his attention. On reaching home E. W. declared to himself that he had made a discovery. In a business way this man would go far. The next day he called him in and made him business and editorial manager of the Ohio group of papers. He was put on a rather small salary and under contract to spend no more than that for five years. At the end of that time certain stock interests in the Ohio papers would have paid for themselves and would become the property of this new manager if he made good. Of course he

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did and so from a fifty-dollar-a-week man he became a millionaire. And E. W.'s fifty-one per cent shared the expected increment.

Once one of E. W.'s new young paper-founders in the Southwest found his job dragging. He wrote to the Old Man in Miramar and received a night telegram in reply: "Put your assistant on your job and go and knock on the back doors and solicit subscriptions. Continue for six weeks and then report to me."

The young editor did so and found what kind of a paper the kitchen door favored. It became a success.

One thesis on which E. W. was obstinately persistent was that lessons in obedience are detrimental to the acquisition of qualities of leadership. He liked to illustrate with the story of Lord Nelson. Capt. Mahan, in his history, relates how Nelson had practically never had to serve under a superior. From the academy he had been sent to distant and undesirable posts where officers of high rank would not be found. So he always ranked. The little vessels and little fleets were his and in all actions it was his luck to be in, he was in command. Thus it happened that he was the man for Trafalgar. When ordered by signals to retreat he put his telescope to his blind eye and crashed through.

From the beginning of his newspaper building career E. W. planned to perpetuate his reign through his sons. He planned not to educate them, but to train them for the work which would be theirs. He defied the copy-book advice to begin at the bottom and work up. If his sons were to command they should have lessons in commanding, not saving. So he decided and announced his decision to start them at the top as soon as they were of legal age. The oldest, "Jim," whose bent

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was obviously toward money, would be put in charge of the business of the concern when twenty-one. The second, John, would be given a few instructions in editing of the papers. The third son, Robert P. Scripps, whose bent was early manifest as literary, would be made financially independent and encouraged to produce verse and fiction.

Death took John, the apple of his father's eye and a thoroughly lovable boy, before he had time to be tried out. Death took "Jim" after he had managed the concern's business for seven years, making it pay, though not at a rate so high as his father had done. When the youngest, Robert, was twenty-one he was put in charge of the editorial policies of the concern, but as the war had come E. W. himself took turns at the helm until a sudden illness laid him low. The surviving son understudied the part for four years before the end of life ended the rule of E. W. Scripps.

WHAT TO DO WITH MONEY

E. W.'s own education after he went to California was spurred along new lines by his discovery of the world of modern science. He read its literature with keen interest and, after a chance meeting with Dr. W. E. Ritter of California State University, he, with Ellen, founded the Scripps Institution for Biological Research near La Jolla.

Wishing to do more he started in 1920 what has come to be known as the Science Service. The purpose of this enterprise, as he had turned it over in his mind for years, is to bridge the chasm between actual scientific achievement and the public knowledge of such achievement. Always, as E. W.

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saw it, the facts about science were obscured by its specialized language. Truthful articles were printed in specialized publications of limited circulation and in terms not within the comprehension of the average reader. Much fake science was published and much scientific news of real importance never reached the public. To translate scientific terms into popular ones, and to give them authoritative circulation among ordinary people was what E. W. aimed at.

In order to set things in motion he offered \$30,000 a year and a prospective endowment of \$500,000, if the plan worked, and asked Dr. Ritter of the Institute for Biological Research to undertake its organization. A close friend and a great admirer of E. W., Dr. Ritter undertook the task. How well he performed it is attested by the fact that in less than ten years Science Service had grown into just the sort of an institution E. W. dreamed for it, and half a dozen similar services had been organized by press associations to serve an increasing demand by newspapers.

Dr. Ritter's first step toward organization was the selection of three representatives to serve with him, one from the American Association for the Advancement of Science, one from the National Research Council, and one from the National Academy of Sciences. These then selected other trustees to serve with them. The money was turned over to the trustees. On the first board were Vernon Kellogg of the National Research Council, John G. Merriam, president of the Carnegie Institute, George E. Hale, director of the Mt. Wilson Observatory; D. T. MacDougal of the Desert Laboratory at Tucson, Arizona; J. McKeen Cattell, editor of *Science*; Edwin F. Gay, president of the New York Evening *Post* Co.; William Allen White, editor of the *Emporia Gazette* and

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others. The late Edwin E. Slosson, author of *Creative Chemistry*, was chosen managing director and served until his death. Watson Davis was chosen editor of the news service.

E. W. always said that what people get free they do not appreciate, so when he organized Science Service he stipulated that its output should be paid for. The first income should be used to cover overhead and what was received later should be used to pay contributors. Within two years Science Service had thirty paying clients, none of them Scripps papers. Later even the Scripps editors decided that they wanted the popularized science copy.

E. W. Scripps always aimed at keeping his papers free of the advertiser. To insure this freedom he worked out theories of the cheap paper with large circulation, of adequate reserve funds, of keeping away from banks. But he wanted to try the idea of a paper with no advertisements at all. In Chicago in 1912, he started such a paper called the *Day Book*. Its management was entrusted to N. D. Cochran, who had successfully edited the *Toledo News-Bee* and *Columbus Citizen*. The *Day Book* was a tabloid paper, about nine inches long and two columns wide. The reason for combining the two ideas was one of sentiment purely; E. W. devoted to the experiment money left him by brother George, with whom the idea of the tabloid, adless paper had been a cherished project.

E. W. believed that a penny paper could be made reasonably profitable without advertising income after it reached 40,000 circulation. He was willing to spend \$30,000 a year to give the idea a tryout. The *Day Book* was therefore started and published for four years. Its aim was to publish the news, all the news. It was accordingly regarded as radical.

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It was in fact only independent. It published much news about public service utilities in Chicago, which was suppressed in other papers. It got a following and its circulation grew to nearly 40,000. Finally a month came when the books showed a profit of something like \$50. E. W. delightedly proclaimed the experiment a success.

Then came the war. With it came a tremendous boost in paper costs. But chiefly there came a general upset in public psychology. There were many new problems to be met in the publication of all papers. E. W. closed up the *Day Book*. What the result would have been if it had been published in larger form, or if the war had not broken in upon the experiment, is a question. E. W. himself regretted combining the adless and tabloid ideas. But the fact that a paper circulating 40,000 could sell for a cent and pay for itself without taking advertising opens possibilities for the future success of such a paper.

Later the Newspaper Enterprise Association was formed as a news feature and editorial service to supply Scripps and other papers. As stated in a previous chapter, its aim was to mold thought and criticise affairs as well as to give news. In 1907, when William B. Colver, afterward member of the Federal Trade Commission, was in charge of the association, E. W. laid down certain principles he wished it to emphasize. For instance, that thrift is not the greatest of the virtues; capital is a danger; large capital is never got by perfectly fair means; capitalists should be kept alert defending what they have and not be left to rest secure behind obsolete and corruptly obtained laws; that people can proceed in lawful ways to eliminate the wealth and privilege of the present plutocratic and governing classes; that old laws protecting

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wealth improperly acquired and uselessly employed can be replaced by laws that do not work these evils; that organized labor is a step in this direction; that life insurance is one of the greatest and most costly of modern vices; that we should use and guard natural resources with an eye to the future of the American^{*} people; that the public school system needs reform and improvement, both on the mental and the physical side. What are we teaching our children? By whom are they taught? For what purpose?

Since 1918 N. E. A. has been run as a non-policy feature service.

"DISQUISITIONS"

When E. W. was with people he talked; when he was alone he wrote. What he wrote he called "disquisitions."

A disquisition might be anything, on any subject. It might even be a letter addressed to some person, delivered or not delivered, finished or unfinished. It was a record of a mental operation. Many disquisitions were directed to E. W.'s sons. Some to editors of his papers. More often they were merely mental exercises or excursions. After reading a profound book on philosophy he would write a disquisition, reviewing the book and marshaling his thoughts about it. Sometimes a disquisition would contain a history of one of his business enterprises; sometimes a sketch of one of his men. There are dozens of word-portraits of the people who worked for him. At another time he would set himself to write about "Old Man Phiddy," a settler on the Mesa who brought up a family in a

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semi-desert region with nothing but industry to help him and left an estate of ten thousand dollars.

By far the largest number of disquisitions are on economics. E. W. liked to think in terms of figures and percentages. Income was always translated into terms of what capital would be required to produce it. Any business was like the barrel of a rifle; it had two sighting points which carried the eye to a certain objective. In one year it would hit at point A; in two years at point B; in seven years at point C; and so on. So it had been when in Detroit many years ago brother James had ventured to prophesy that the day might come when the *Detroit News* would pay twenty thousand a year. E. W. sighted along the barrel of the business and told himself it was a matter of millions, not thousands.

E. W. was a good prophet, and some of his disquisitions took the form of looks ahead. When it began to look as if the United States would be drawn into the world war, E. W. wrote a disquisition entitled “America First” in which he predicted that, whatever the result of the war in Europe, the United States would come out of it as the dominating nation of the world. He foresaw that England would be pushed into second place as the world’s banking nation, and that America, with her superior reserves of natural resources and her growing wealth, must achieve a great lead over war-crippled and war-burdened Europe. As a corollary to this proposition, however, he predicted that the United States would become also the most hated nation, and that it would be necessary to insure adequate military protection to safeguard her wealth. E. W. was militarist in his tendencies and always favored an adequate navy.

Lincoln Steffens, when asked what was his outstanding

recollection of E. W. and his disquisitions, replied: "The Old Man's idea about belligerent rights for labor." E. W. ventured to formulate this idea to certain intimates, but he did not broadcast it. He feared, no doubt, that he would be misunderstood or purposely misinterpreted. In general it was little more than propounding the question whether, since a real state of economic war exists between labor and employer, there might not be some belligerent rights incidental to a state of war. The subject came up when the Los Angeles Times plant was dynamited, and the MacNamara brothers were accused and tried for the crime. It was not easy to find defense for the dynamiters. Clarence Darrow was in the case and Steffens was on the spot to see what was happening. They were both guests at Miramar. In a condition of war, in which labor was crushed, its life taken day after day, was it contrary to the rules of the game to retaliate by the taking of life? Law? What law was there for labor? Was all law to be for the sole protection of property? In wars between nations there were certain rights possessed by belligerents and observed throughout the so-called civilized world. (This was before the World War). How about the substitution of dynamite for the injunction or the bayonets of the militia or the coal and iron police? Did it, after all, depend only on whose bull was gored?

E. W. shared, to a certain extent, the intolerance of those who have achieved economic success for those who have not. To him, with his great resourcefulness, it always seemed that people had only to look about them to see infinite opportunities for making a living and more than a living. Even the farm game could, in his opinion, be made to pay. He loved to let his imagination play with the unused or partially used tracts of arable land which might be made to yield wealth

untold. He had no patience with the wage slave. He early learned that a man must be his own boss to get on in the present system. The trick of “organizing,” he contended, is merely the trick of getting other people to do it for you. When Vanderlip, the New York banker, said he would organize the Hog Island ship-building industry during the war, he was illustrating E. W.’s theme that what Vanderlip had was the know how, which in E. W.’s vocabulary meant never doing himself what he could get anybody else to do half as well.

With all his interest in economics E. W. held himself to discussing the economics of the present system only. He never could be led into discussing what might be “if.” W. B. Colver and other disciples of Henry George sought to interest E. W. in the single tax remedy for the world’s evils. They sent him *Progress and Poverty* and dared him to read it. He never read it, or if he did, he never admitted it. Joseph Fels was a wealthy backer of the George philosophy. When E. W. met Fels they found much in common, but it was not on single tax. When they parted E. W. turned on his visitor and remarked: “Making money, Joe. Isn’t it easy?”

Nor, it is safe to say, did E. W. ever seriously read Karl Marx. He may have glanced through *Das Kapital*, but with all his mental daring he did not intend to let himself in for any radical political dogmas. When Bob Paine came out for Socialism E. W. merely smiled and gave him rein.

A disquisition in which E. W. seemed to take more pleasure than in many others was one which attempted to answer the question: What is a dollar? He found a good many things that a dollar isn’t; but never really nailed down his subject.

E. W. read and wrote much about population. The subject

interested him—to such an extent indeed that he endowed a chair in Miami University in Ohio to study population. He wrote of the dolichocephalic and the brachycephalic races; of the long-and the round-headed peoples.

Many books he discovered and enjoyed late in life. Rabelais was one of them, and Machiavelli's Prince. Also The Diaries of St. Simon. He was devoted to the writings of the eugenicists and would conduct a never-ending debate with himself on the relative importance of heredity and environment.

One of the most interesting of the disquisitions is devoted to a discussion of personality as possessed by a newspaper. A certain distinct character is impressed on a paper at its birth by the founder or editor, and this character persists just as it does in a human being. The machinery of the paper comes and goes just as the body is used, wasted and replenished. The paper may be housed in different quarters. It may and does change its editorial and business staff, but the character of the paper goes on. The *Cleveland Press*, reflecting Paine, a little salty; the *Cincinnati Post*, a bit pious. The *Detroit News*, in spite of the Tory conservatism of its owner, never quite recovering from Mike Dee and the Confederate blockade runner Ross. A paper may be destroyed and a new paper built on its ruins, but it cannot be altered. And the cheaper operation would, E. W. says, be to abandon all vestiges of the old paper and start a new one.

E. W. had his own *de Senectute*. Reluctantly, as he admits, he discusses old age. He had no patience with growing old and declared that any notion that it could be done gracefully was twaddle. Age might be mitigated, he held, by being careful not to bore the new generation overmuch. Wisdom he did think came to some persons with age. There was the

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honey gathered from experience. Age could advise; but a person with wisdom enough to receive good advice did not need it and on others it was wasted. After all, every generation would have its own experience and it is youth that makes the world go round.

E. W. was blind and deaf to drama. He never went to the theater. He never alluded to acting or actors. It is probable that he never saw a movie. Shaw he read for humor and philosophy but would have had no notion of how a Shaw play acts. In his writings E. W. speaks of his devotion in his youth to poetry. This he outgrew and never was interested in modern verse. He wrote fiction for some of his early papers, but in a pot-boiling manner only to fill in when bought fiction cost too much or was too lengthy. He wrote anonymously and none of his fiction survives.

In 1920 E. W. assigned the writer to the task of editing and arranging the disquisitions and other personal writings. The purpose was probably dual; one to place at the disposal of the writer material for a biography in case he felt moved to write one, and second, to have the writings in some orderly arrangement so they might be more available for children or grandchildren to read.

This task was pursued intermittently for about four years but, due largely to intermissions for other activities, never was entirely completed. An autobiography was completed and a collection of writings containing a detailed history of the newspaper concern; but the other four volumes were not finished. By will as before stated, all these writings were handed on to grandchildren.

STARTING YOUR BOY AT THE TOP

The years from 1900 to 1907 were busy years. E. W., no longer a drinking man, was active at Miramar. He was practicing long distance management, planting eucalyptus, working out desert water problems, beautifying Miramar, building roads, starting papers and rearing a family. Four sons had been born to him: James, John, Robert and Edward. And two daughters: Dolla and Nackey. Edward died at birth. John died in 1914 and James in 1921. The youngest son Robert lived to survive his father and take over the fifty-one per cent control of the business.

In 1907 E. W. was fifty-three and his oldest son, "Jim," was of age. The time had come to carry out his always-declared purpose to start his sons in the business when they were twenty-one. Jim had been brought up on the ranch, as Miramar was more often called. He had been protected against schools and colleges. Hired teachers had furnished the rudiments of learning and Jim had been left much to himself to acquire what he thought he wanted or needed. His interest ran evidently to money and E. W. felt encouraged to believe that Jim would make a good business manager of the concern.

So in 1907 Jim was given a power of attorney to represent his father and was ordered to go ahead and manage. E. W. believed the way to teach a boy to swim is to throw him into deep water. He threw Jim in.

Of course Jim found men all about him ready to help with the business problems. He consulted with them, but he had to make his own decisions. E. W. looked on but refused to give

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assistance. He had delivered many lectures to Jim and had written many letters. He had ordered his sons to be furnished with copies of his letters to his editors and business managers, and had ordered his sons to read them. He now went on the theory that his son might make mistakes; that the mistakes might even cost the concern a lot of money, but that the only way to learn the big job of management was to manage the big concern. The job must make the man.

Once Jim came to him with a proposal. "Dad," said he, "I suppose your time is worth about a thousand dollars an hour. I need about an hour of your time and will pay you the going rate. What say?"

"No," replied E. W. "What you want really is my advice. You can't buy it. Solve the problem yourself."

In time Jim got the reins of the business into his hands and made a good business manager. That he was not so good as his father E. W. was in the habit of pointing out, as evidenced by the fact that it took seven years under Jim for the business to double in value whereas it was E. W.'s rule always that it must double in five years.

A house was built for Jim about two miles from Miramar and much of his management was of the long range variety, though of course he did have to travel and keep up some sort of contact with the papers. Jim served as business head of the concern for about ten years. In 1917 disagreement arose between him and his father and he was removed.

The official transfer of authority to Jim left E. W. quite free. He declared that he had retired. He had, in a way, but it might be said that he was merely applying his rule not to do himself what he could get anybody else to do half as well.

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He could not get anybody else to write his disquisitions or the notes for an autobiography, so he did that himself.

And he kept an eye on Jim and the concern.

THE DREAM OF POWER COMES TRUE

As the Scripps organization grew it ceased to be merely a collection of local influences and began to make itself felt in national politics. E. W. began to realize a dream of greater power.

The years from 1900 on were interesting years politically. The four years of utter reaction which had followed McKinley's nomination in 1896 were brought to an end by the assassin's bullet at Buffalo. In the spring of 1900 at Chicago Tom Platt had brought about the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt as Vice-President on the McKinley ticket. McKinley in the dog-days of the first summer following his second inauguration, was killed and Roosevelt reigned in his stead.

This young man Roosevelt was regarded by the conservatives of the Republican organization as a radical. He was not in fact radical. He was a bit more honest than the run of politicians, and a bit more intelligent. This made him a Progressive. He was an assertive personality and the Old Guard did not like him. They had made him Vice-President to get him out of the New York political game and to shelve him. Now fate had stepped in and made him President. There were many among the politicians who sincerely mourned the death of McKinley.

E. W., always protesting, was drawn to Roosevelt. He

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backed him. At least he saw to it that his papers were filled with Roosevelt news. The more trouble Roosevelt made the more was E. W. delighted. It was all good copy for a newspaper, and it all seemed to E. W. to make for better things.

This was the era when "malefactors of great wealth" were denounced; when Lincoln Steffens was exposing the "shame of the cities;" when trusts were being "busted," railroad consolidations prevented, rebates wiped out, a Department of Labor added to the Cabinet, the "strenuous life" made popular; when Gaelic was being studied at the White House, a Presidential eye was being dimmed for life in a boxing encounter, hundred-mile horseback rides were being taken in winter, and the "fair-haired boys" among the newspaper correspondents were being fed such good news stuff that the home papers sat up and yelled for more.

And this was merely an overture to what was to come.

E. W. became interested in the writer because chance had brought him into rather intimate touch with Roosevelt, and he became a medium for good copy. There were many months when the writer had no duties except to keep in touch with Roosevelt and to help on his political purposes.

There were the three years when "T. R." was filling in the McKinley term, when he kept the McKinley Cabinet and tried to keep the brakes on his own political impulses. Then there was the easy capture of the nomination and the easier victory over Alton B. Parker, avowed candidate of reaction. Then Roosevelt, President in his own right, gave his own administration. The political red lights and Roman candles flared.

But as an end comes even to the Fourth of July so the four years of Roosevelt had to end. Roosevelt declared against the

third term, counting the inherited McKinley term as one. He announced to his friends that he would get out. When he began talking of Taft as his successor some of his friends suspected that what Roosevelt was really opposed to was the third "consecutive" term. If he could get a nice tame president to keep the seat warm for a term or two he might come back and render further service to his country.

"Don't try it," urged Senator Beveridge. "You can't do it. If you get off the train you will never be able to get on it again."

Beveridge was right.

E. W. did not like the choice of Taft by Roosevelt. He had known Taft in Cincinnati and regarded him always as an extreme reactionary. He did not believe Roosevelt's estimate of "Will" as a faithful friend or a loyal follower of the Roosevelt policies to be a correct one. And when, soon after the election and before the inauguration, Taft drew away from Roosevelt and surrounded himself with reactionaries of the most obvious stripe, E. W. felt that his judgment was justified.

An emissary was sent to the writer purporting to come from friends of Taft with offers of suitable rewards for peace and support of Taft. It was pointed out that certain magazine work could be thrown in the way of a friendly correspondent.

The trouble began when Secretary of Interior Ballinger began to reverse the Pinchot conservation policies. No man had been nearer to Roosevelt than Pinchot and no policy had been more sacred than that of conserving our natural resources. Ensued the firing of Pinchot from the Forestry Department, and the now famous Pinchot-Ballinger case. Louis Brandeis, now Mr. Justice Brandeis, became leading attorney

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and secured an investigation by a Senate committee in which many things were brought to the surface, including forgery of evidence by a high cabinet official. Norman Hapgood, with Colliers, Amos Pinchot as associate counsel, and always W. B. Colver and the Scripps papers were in the forefront of battle. Taft defended his reaction but victory perched for a time on the banners of the ex-President. In the court of public opinion Taft was found guilty and it hardly required his assent to the revision upward of the tariff to put a quietus on his political popularity.

Roosevelt had departed for Africa to forget politics and shoot lions. What, in view of all these happenings, would he do when he got back? The writer was called to Miramar for a talk with E. W. and it was decided that he should make the trip to Khartum to meet Roosevelt when he should emerge from the jungle somewhere about March 16, 1910. E. W. was keen for this. His correspondent would report to Roosevelt on the manner in which Taft had handled his trust and the correspondent would learn in confidence or otherwise, what Roosevelt intended to do.

The trip was made. A cable code was arranged. A private report was carried from Gifford Pinchot. A steamer was chartered at Khartum for journeying up the upper White Nile, down which Roosevelt's steamer was covering the last 1800 miles from central Africa. The Roosevelt steamer was met. Dinner in the evening was had on board along with the skins and bones of animals. The messages were delivered, and the following morning a beehive hut cable station at a native settlement called Duim was the filing point of the code word "hen" and also another message was sent of a hundred words at a dollar a word in gold and in advance. When E. W.

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got the code word through W. B. Colver, he knew that Roosevelt was in fighting mood and that he would get into the game when he got back, but that he could not afford to comment for publication at so long a range. This was the beginning of putting Taft into private life after one term, and the beginning also of the split in the Republican party which opened the way for the nomination and election of Woodrow Wilson.

In covering this assignment opposition had to be encountered from E. W.'s old friend, Walter Wellman, from whom he had purchased the beginnings of the Cincinnati *Post*. Wellman had finished Victor Lawson's balloon stunt, and had been engaged by Kohlsaat of the Chicago *Herald* to go to Africa and be first to interview Roosevelt. Luck was against him. The story broke for the afternoon papers with four hours' difference in time fighting on their side, and the Scripps papers were the only afternoon papers with a man on the spot.

From the moment of Roosevelt's triumphal landing in New York in June the Scripps papers had plenty of political news. It became evident that the reactionary leaders of the Republican party, the Hardings and the Jim Watsons, were not disposed to relinquish power without a struggle. They could see the Roosevelt popularity, and they knew that if they nominated him they could defeat any possible opposition. But they had no intention to permit Roosevelt to get control of the party organization again and they lined up behind Taft for a second term.

There followed Roosevelt's reentry into active politics; his primary campaign for delegates to the Republican convention held in Chicago in 1912; his confident announcement that he

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had secured enough to insure his nomination; the work of Watson and others through the Credentials Committee of the National Convention in counting out the Roosevelt delegates and counting in the Taft delegates; the fight and the walk-out; the assembling of the Progressive cohorts a few weeks later to organize the Progressive party; the activities of Frank Munsey and George W. Perkins in the way of finance; and finally the November election, with Wilson as a minority candidate profiting by the Republican split and coming through with enough electoral votes.

E. W. and the Scripps papers had taken part in the Democratic campaign too. When candidates were being considered it was suggested that the Scripps influence be used to secure a progressive candidate for the Democratic as well as the Republican nomination. Reports had come from New Jersey about a college professor who had become governor and who had not done badly in that office. Harry Rickey was among several Scripps men sent to New Jersey to investigate and report on Wilson. Senator Jonathan Bourne of Oregon, then still a Progressive, made an inquiry and a favorable report. So the Scripps papers said good things about Wilson.

Which was the beginning of an alliance between Scripps and Wilson which was to have more important bearings in later years.

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The first term of the Wilson administration did not interest E. W. or the Scripps papers much. The writer went early to Wilson and asked him whether he intended to cooperate with

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Progressives of both parties in an effort to secure legislative reforms, or proposed to declare as a regular of the Democratic party and to appeal only for Democratic support.

Wilson replied that he proposed to take the latter course. As he had been elected largely through Progressive support this did not make him popular with the Scripps editors. But they followed with an open mind and soon all minds were turned to new things. The war had started in 1914 and the question what it would do to the United States was becoming daily more pressing.

Wilson was a declared pacifist. This, on the whole, was the temper of the country. The people, like him, were then too proud to fight. When the *Lusitania* was torpedoed by a German submarine excitement ran high, but Wilson was firmly peaceful. Roosevelt was growling for preparedness. He hated Wilson's dilatory attitude and would have had training and war preparations begun at once. E. W. did not interfere with his editors. W. B. Colver took the line of leaving war news off the front pages and treating it as unimportant foreign news. And this was the attitude of the country up to the time when it became necessary to hold another set of political conventions and decide whether Wilson should have a second term or be beaten by some other candidate.

The split in the Republican ranks had been responsible for Wilson's election. Opposed to his reelection was the Old Guard who had stood by Taft and still were in complete control of the Republican political machine, and the newly formed Progressive party which had polled nearly a third of the votes cast, and of which Roosevelt was still the nominal leader.

But another three-sided campaign would certainly reelect

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Wilson. If the Old Guard would forget the past and nominate Roosevelt, he would win in a walk. If Roosevelt would forget his Progressive party and forgive the Old Guard some Republican nominated by the latter might win. Would he not certainly win? That is the way the problem presented itself to Roosevelt. Would they forgive him and nominate him? Or would he forgive them and support their nominee?

Roosevelt hated Wilson with a bitter hatred. He found he could forgive the Old Guard easier than he could forgive this "sniffing pacifist college professor." He forgave the Old Guard in order to defeat Wilson, went regular again and supported the nominee of the Old Guard, Charles Evans Hughes.

Ten days before the Republican and the Progressive conventions were held in Chicago, in the spring of 1916, the writer lunched with former President and Mrs. Roosevelt at Oyster Bay. The only other guests were Mr. Henry Stoddard, editor of the *New York Mail*, and Mrs. Stoddard. To my consternation Roosevelt declared at the lunch table in most emphatic terms that never again would he run as a candidate of a minority party. What he had done in the past had given the country Wilson. He would not be a party to any such disaster again.

Stoddard was not one of the trusted Progressive group. He was of the other party—that is, his sympathies in the past had been mostly with the Old Guard. Such an announcement before him had all the effect of a complete surrender. It was certain, as it seemed to me, that Stoddard would carry the news immediately to the Jim Watsons and Hardings of the Republican group and that they would see that it was no longer necessary to fear the possible Progressive candidacy of Roosevelt. They need not consider the necessity of themselves

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nominating him. They could go on with their plan to name Hughes and rely on Roosevelt becoming regular again and giving Hughes his endorsement.

I expressed disappointment; but there was little to be said. As political writer and correspondent for the Scripps papers I was compelled to watch the sad spectacle in Chicago of the betrayal and destruction of the Progressive party, knowing that it would happen and why it would happen.

When the chapter was finally closed I sat down in the Blackstone Hotel and wrote to E. W. at Miramar. I said I had no sympathy with the effort to deliver Progressive support to Charles Evans Hughes and that I could see no alternative but to throw our support to Wilson for another term. Ten days later I reported in person to E. W. at Miramar and plans were laid. On the way back I stopped in California and Washington State and talked with Senator Hiram Johnson and Senator Miles Poindexter. I told them that the Scripps papers would support them for reelection but the strength of this support would depend somewhat on how enthusiastic they proved to be over the election of Charles Evans Hughes. As it turned out neither of them was enthusiastic and both were reelected. Hughes did not carry these two states.

Word was sent to Harry Rickey in Ohio where the Scripps group of papers was particularly strong. Hughes lost that Republican state by about a hundred thousand votes.

On the return journey it was at Salt Lake City that I first noticed the strong drift of pacifist sentiment. The Republicans there confessed unreservedly that the Wilson sentiment was sweeping the West. It was like Bryan and free silver in 1896. Wilson had been renominated at St. Louis in a strongly pacifist speech by Senator Ollie James of Kentucky. The St.

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Louis convention was wholly anti-war. So before midsummer had arrived the press of the country was reporting that Wilson was running strong because "he kept us out of war." The "kept us out of war" slogan helped materially to carry Ohio for the Democratic Presidential electors.

The Republican political managers, as usual, did not know as much as they thought they did. From the time of Roosevelt's surrender to party regularity they were perfectly assured in their own minds that Hughes would be elected. Carrying New York state with its huge list of electors was all they could see. The conservative Republican East must of course determine the election. As goes New York so goes the election. So they reasoned, as they had always reasoned. And the betting followed their beliefs. Republican money could be had up to election night at slight odds in favor of Hughes. There were some Democratic takers, and at least one newspaper correspondent taker.

When the returns came in on election night the New York *World* (Democratic) conceded the election of Hughes. New York had been carried and that must settle it. It took nearly five days to get the correct returns from Washington state and California. When they were finally in, it was discovered that Hughes had suffered defeat and Wilson had won another term. Postmaster Burleson of the Wilson cabinet wrote to the writer: "I want you to know that I know that it was the Scripps papers that determined the election."

E. W. smiled. He had dreamed of building a newspaper organization which would wield power. He had reached out his hand and determined who should sit in the Presidential chair.

The LaFollette candidacy in 1912—a story not so cheering

—was the result of an order or a suggestion, written from Miramar to the writer. The presidential game had been flagging. Roosevelt would not say that he would run. In fact he had decided that he would not run and so declared. "Get us a Progressive candidate," came the order from Miramar. "Choose him yourself. Beveridge, LaFollette—whoever seems best." Roosevelt changed his mind after LaFollette had got a head start and crowded him off the track. But that is another story.

WILSON, THE WAR-MINDED

That Woodrow Wilson was not so much of a pacifist as the country believed him to be is shown, not only from the well-known happenings from 1917 on, but a singular light on his attitude is shed by the incident known as "The Sunrise Conference," so called because it took place at 7:30 A. M. at the White House. That hour was chosen in order that the event might not be reported by the later-rising newspaper correspondents.

This conference was held in consequence of an effort by President Wilson to put the United States into the war, and it took place in the spring of 1916, just as the Presidential nominations were looming. The effort at secrecy was successful, and the facts were not made public until 1921, when the writer secured confirmation in a letter from Claude Kitchen, who then was the only surviving one of those who had participated. My account appeared in *McNaught's Magazine* and was reprinted in Harry Elmer Barnes's *The Genesis of The World War*.

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Participating in the conference were Champ Clark, Speaker of the House; Claude Kitchen, Democratic Floor Leader, and Hal D. Flood, Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House. According to those present, President Wilson informed his visitors that the time had come for the United States to get into the war. The President had the previous afternoon talked with Senator Kern, Democratic Leader in the Senate, and Senator Stone, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. All those called into conference opposed the President's purpose and Speaker Clark and Claude Kitchen told Wilson frankly that they would fight in Congress any effort to secure a declaration of war. The President, seeing how fixed was the opposition, decided to bide his time. So the campaign was made on the platform of "he kept us out of war."

When an effort was made by the writer to get the facts about the Sunrise Conference he discovered that all participants were dead excepting only Claude Kitchen, and he had been called to his home in Scotland Neck, North Carolina, by illness in the family. In reply to a letter of inquiry on the subject asking for an appointment, Mr. Kitchen wrote from his home December 22, saying that such a conference had been held and that he would go into the matter fully when he returned to Washington in January. Mr. Kitchen expressed regret that he, Clark and Flood had not got together and written their recollection of the conference as they had agreed to do when last they met. Mr. Kitchen never returned to Washington, and his death removed the last surviving participant. Others knew about it, and the writer has had letters from a number of people who were told of the event at the time, among them being Allen Benson and Mrs. Champ Clark.

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In these letters President Wilson is represented as declaring that it would never be necessary for an American boy drafted for service to be shipped across the seas. The attitude of the United States in declaring war would cause Germany to quit at once.

It took nineteen months and the draft and the Liberty Loan campaign and the ending of many constitutional liberties in the United States to accomplish what Mr. Wilson hoped to achieve with a gesture.

President Wilson's attitude toward the war was doubtless what determined this country's course. Had he stood fast against American participation the sentiment of the country would have supported him, as it had for four years in keeping the United States out of the war. But something had gone on secretly in Mr. Wilson's mind and he had become war-minded a hundred per cent. Perhaps nobody will know what were the causes which changed the Wilson mind. It may have been the subtle but clever efforts of the British who were sent over for the purpose or it may have been an inferiority complex reacting to the sneer of the increasing number of war-minded ones. All that history can say is that Wilson lost no time after his inauguration in 1917 in putting the country into war.

And from June, 1917, to the date of his death the Wilson who reigned in the White House was a hard, unhuman, unrelenting Wilson. When friends went to him and reminded him that the war was over and that the time had come to open the prison doors to such as Eugene V. Debs, and the other political prisoners, his answer was a cold and determined "No."

HELPING TO FIGHT THE WAR

HELPING TO FIGHT THE WAR

War brought E. W. out of his retirement. He resumed control of his newspaper organization. He came to Washington, rented a house there and brought on his youngest son, Robert. Incidentally he recognized the fact that his son Robert was near to twenty-one years of age, and that soon he must follow his brother Jim in assuming a position of control. He was to be editor-in-chief of the Scripps organization. And he, like Jim, was to enter from the top.

But how about the war and the draft? If a young man is drafted into service he cannot be managing or editing papers. E. W. was all for the war. Frankly and unreservedly he announced his sympathy with the British. He came of British stock. His father was a Briton. If the success of the British depended in any way on him he would strip to the buff and wade in on that side. His newspapers, his money—all he had—except his sons—were at the service of his country.

There were to be exemptions from the draft. While some farmers would go, others were needed at the farm. While some artisans would go others were needed at the mill. And so, while some journalists would go, others were needed to support the war and run papers at home.

E. W. asked no favors; he demanded that his sons be exempted from military service so they might render more important service in helping him to run a great newspaper organization which was doing its part in helping to win the war.

But the thing was not being done at Washington in just

that way. Exemptions there were in plenty, but they were had by appointment to bomb-proof jobs. The lawyer who did not want trench life or life in the training camps got himself a job drawing contracts between manufacturers and the War Department for war supplies. The Washington press gallery were clapped into uniform, taught how to salute, after a fashion, told what is the difference between a corporal and a captain, and were put on governmental salary. Mr. George Creel was organized into a propaganda bureau and correspondents were assigned to his hate-spreading work. It was easy enough for the correspondents to avoid the trenches—the correspondents, the editors, the owners—any and all who had their fingers on publicity. For the truth must be suppressed and the war spirit inflamed at any cost.

E. W. had no mind to stick his sons into safe uniforms, or to ask that they be shoved into bomb-proof offices. He demanded that they be excused from the war so he could use them in his newspaper business. In the end he saw President Wilson and they were excused; but not until Bob had been conscripted into a training camp and set to shouting "woof, woof" at raw recruits. Those training camps were hells. Their story never has been written. When Bob came out it was on a stretcher—a bad cold which might have run into pneumonia if he had remained.

With all his patriotic fervor for the war, E. W. did not much like conscripting American boys for service in foreign parts. Defending one's country against alien invasion; fighting the revolutionary fight for the home and fireside; dying on domestic battlefields, or leading the heroic charge amid waving flags and curling smoke—all that might be perfectly good war. But going to Russia to die of scurvy or the cold because

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somebody's oil fields were menaced—that was still another thing. Like the mother who didn't raise her boy to be a soldier, a father might have raised his boys to help him run the news business. In 1914 these two parents had lost their favorite son. Now was the war which they favored to eat up the other two? And were these remaining sons to die in foreign parts?

Why not conscript—if conscription must be had—for training and service in the United States? The constitutionality of this was not challenged. To conscript for foreign service was certainly not in accord with the Constitution. From those trained in the camps volunteers might be called for if it seemed necessary to send troops abroad. To be sure, when sufficient headway had been acquired by the war even the Constitution would be trodden under foot; but if steps were taken in time, might it not still be possible to avert this error?

E. W. was strongly minded at one time to have legal steps taken in half a dozen states to head off conscripting into foreign service. He had a conference with Amos Pinchot and asked him if he would be willing to take charge of the work of organizing such a movement. He conferred also with Senator Robert M. LaFollette. Later he was shown a brief prepared by Hannis Taylor, who had been American Minister to Spain in the Cleveland administration and who had written the most authoritative history of the American Constitution. The Taylor brief showed convincingly that conscription for foreign service is unconstitutional. E. W. invited Taylor to call on him at his house near Washington, and after a brief talk he sent for his secretary and wrote a check for four

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thousand dollars, with which Mr. Taylor was to begin action in the Supreme Court to test out this question.

The suits were brought, but Taylor found himself whistling against a hurricane. When Congress had met to O. K. Wilson's declaration of war against Germany, the Justices of the Supreme Court had occupied the front row. Mr. Justice White had sprung to his feet and let out a rebel yell and the other grave gentlemen had behaved in much the same manner. War psychology is infectious. The court ceased to be a deliberative body. Taylor's case was thrown out in a curt verbal refusal, the important question raised not being accorded the dignity even of a written opinion.

But the Scripps boys were excused and Robert Paine Scripps was put to work as Editor-in-Chief.

Not, however, with his brother Jim's approval. Jim disapproved of handing authority to youngsters who were entirely without experience. Jim said he had a paper out in Denver which was a lame duck, and that he would be glad to appoint Bob to that property and if he made good all right; otherwise he would fire him. E. W. reminded Jim of his own start in business and informed him that the same theory would be applied in the case of the younger brother. Relations became strained between father and the oldest son.

By now the Scripps papers had begun in earnest to help fight the war. Offices were enlarged, additional writers were taken on. Charles Edward Russell, Basil Manley and others were turned loose. The writer was given a large waste basket and private assurances from E. W. not to worry. My lack of enthusiasm for the war made most of my copy not available. My signed column, which had for years been a feature of the

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Scripps service, was discontinued, but the waste basket was faithfully fed.

One day in the early fall of 1917 E. W.'s familiar limousine rolled into the driveway of my little cottage in Virginia. E. W. had formed the habit of coming quite often, and I thought little of it. He talked for a while about matters of no seeming importance, but he kept his hand to his inseparable cigar most of the time. In leaving he spoke quietly about my work, telling me again to go on making copy whether it was used or not, and not to worry. I did not know until later that this was his last activity before going to Dr. William Gerry Morgan to find out why he could no longer hold his cigar between his lips. He was told what he suspected, that something had gone wrong with the blood in the veins of the brain, and that he must cease all activities and have complete and absolute rest if he was to avert another stroke, which would probably be his last. The next day he was taken in a private car to Florida, where for six months he was not permitted to know that a war was going on, or a newspaper organization was in existence.

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At numerous times in his career E. W. seems to have been singularly fortunate in being served by working Christians. One of these he took with him when he went to Florida, Harry Schmetzdorff, who for several years had been his principal secretary.

That German name proved an inconvenience later and E.

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W. ordered it changed, and Schmetzdorff became, and is, Harry Smithton.

In one of his disquisitions E. W. tells about his first experiences with Harry. He had come to the Scripps organization from a job on the Southern Pacific railroad. He was born near The Ranch of German speaking immigrants and had been educated in the local schools. E. W. remembered that when Jim sent him Schmetzdorff something was said about Sundays not being included in the working day; but E. W. paid little attention. Every day was alike to him, and all times alike. He worked when he wanted to work and expected his secretaries to adjust their lives to his. So it was not long before a Sunday morning arrived when E. W. was shouting for Harry. When Harry did not respond to bells, phone or shouts, a messenger was sent to search for him. The messenger returned with the information that Harry was busy superintending the Sunday School and could not come. E. W. chewed his whiskers and sent word to Harry that he was fired. (What really happened was that he was fired back into the service of Jim who was kept informed and told to see that Harry did not get far away.) So it was not long before Harry was back, with an understanding that an exception would be made in his case and that dictation would not be permitted to interfere with the Sunday School. E. W. knew the value of real principle and of moral courage. In time Harry became his most trusted secretarial agent—a sort of second Atwood. E. W. found him not only trustworthy, but efficient and industrious. I myself have seen him work at a typewriter struggling with ill health until he would topple to the ground in a faint. But Harry was more than a taker of dictation. He became on the Florida trip companion, nurse and friend. He

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found a house bordering the inland waters and beguiled the long hours of idleness reading light fiction aloud, playing dominoes and other feats of kindness.

Looking at the water one day E. W. wished he might go for a sail. It was an idle wish, but to Harry it was a stunt. He got a tiny house-boat into the inlet and got E. W. aboard. From that moment E. W.'s recovery was rapid. The water delighted him. He had not realized that he cared particularly for sailing, but now it seemed to typify release. On the water he could get away from that bed and that house and that yard.

One boat led to another, the small house-boat to a larger house-boat, and then a boat in which the party could sleep and eat and with enough motor power to cruise about the quiet inlets. E. W. invited his son Robert to intermit his editing and come and try his hand at crabbing—an excellent and restful sport.

Later E. W. was to grow familiar with all the Florida waters. By September, 1918, he had gone a long way toward recovery and gave orders to buy him a boat which would be large enough to take the ocean jumps from Florida to Boston. The yacht *Kemah* was purchased and delivered at Baltimore. The *Kemah* was a little over a hundred feet in length, had comfortable living quarters for three or four people in addition to the crew and was driven by a large single gasoline engine, which, when it consented to run, contributed a reasonable amount of speed. The *Kemah* had been used as a training boat for new recruits and had suffered irremediable deterioration, so far as concerned its mechanical equipment.

E. W. had left Florida and leased a residence outside Annapolis, Maryland. He could motor from here to the harbor at

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Baltimore where lay the Kemah. It was to the Annapolis abode I was summoned in the fall of 1918. I was not told for what purpose. The Old Man wanted me. That was all.

ESCAPING FROM THE "FLU"

It was not a cheerful E. W. I found at Annapolis. He did not care for the house he had leased. The home-made gas turned into soot and blackened the white colonial woodwork. His entourage had been reduced to Harry and one or two young clerks. There was no reason for his being there. He had bought a boat and wanted to go.

That was the trouble. The boat would not go. On the voyage of delivery she had burned out her thingumabob and nothing would do but to send to Winchester or New York for some part and for a man to fix things up. The man had been sent for and had come and had reported that the next thing adjacent to the thingumabob had deteriorated and they must send to Massachusetts and get a replacement. In a couple of days perhaps, or maybe a week, it could be fixed up. But it wasn't, and the days went by. The Old Man raged.

But there was something worse even than waiting for parts. In the fall of 1918 "flu" was raging; not only in the trenches but in the United States; in Baltimore. It had got so the undertakers no longer had hearses enough to do business and corpses were being taken to the cemeteries in old automobiles, and extra forces of grave diggers were kept at work overhours. E. W. did not fancy the notion of making a slow and tedious recovery from a stroke only to be hustled off by the flu. He wanted his boat. He felt that if he could get to sea he could

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get away from the flu germs. He knew he would be all right if he could once set his foot on that boat.

But things could be worse, and soon were. The night of my arrival Harry Schmetzdorff got a wire from Chicago saying that his wife's life was despaired of and that he must come at once. E. W. always felt that his help ought not to have wives and here was an instance which proved it. Just when he most needed his secretary this family matter whisked him away.

I had to understudy as secretary, a new role for which I had no equipment. E. W. dictated a telegram to Jim in Cincinnati: "Send me a strong man to take charge of affairs and get me away from here." When the answer came from Jim it was in the form of his younger brother Bob. At once E. W. called in one of the clerks and dictated a codicil to his will. The codicil subtracted a million dollars from "that portion of my estate which the will provides shall go to my son James and add that million to the portion which is to go to my son Robert." The codicil was duly witnessed and was turned over to my keeping where it remained for about three years. This was E. W.'s answer to Jim's little joke.

The morning after Harry's departure I was given a check for \$5,000 to cash and was told to keep the money about me "in case there might be doctor's or funeral expenses, and perhaps to pay for gasoline and oil for the boat."

I had my own theories as to why there was so much delay in getting the *Kemah* into commission, and now asked E. W. if he would let me try a little experiment in the way of shifting economic motives. He consented, and within two days we were on our way. All I had done was to bet the mechanician that he could not get the *Kemah* into commission in one, two

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or three days, the first bet being \$150, the second \$100 and the third \$75. Adding a promise that he would go on the trip to Newport News at a salary of ten dollars a day to keep an eye on the engine. He won the second day bet.

It was a glad day for E. W. when we sailed. Weather was propitious. There was bright sunshine and a brisk northwest wind, and except for several stallings of the monopole engine the entire failure of the bilge-pumps to respond to either hand or mechanical power, and a slight conflagration in the yacht's saloon, due to an attempt to kindle a fire in a purely ornamental fireplace, the voyage was a complete success.

Haste should be made to state that later the *Kemah* was equipped with dual engines of a newer and better type and became more dependable. She even made the journey to and through the Panama Canal and up the Pacific Coast where harbors are few under the auspices of Captain Crandall of the Scripps Biological Bureau, but without passengers. Later the trip was made back again.

LIFE ABOARD THE *KEMAH*

E. W. cruised in his little boat on both sides of the continent, hugging the shores and following the seasons. He liked the run between San Pedro harbor and Catalina Island, and would lie off the island shore for days reading, dictating and resting. On the Atlantic side he found a snug berth behind Pidgeon Key, one of the keys which trail southwest from the tip of Florida. One day he came on a small island with a house on it and bought the house and most of the island, just in case he might want it some time. It was rather a mosquito bitten

LIFE ABOARD THE KEMAH

place, however, and he never used it. The Charleston harbor was a good one to lie in and the crew liked it because they might sneak ashore and go to a movie. At times the Kemah lay in Huntington Bay on the Long Island shore, where a house was leased for a while. Block Island waters were cool as the season advanced to summer heat, and the Kemah once went as far north as Boston. But that harbor was cluttered up with shipping and was soon abandoned.

E. W. was never more content than when cruising on the Kemah or lying in some shelter far enough away to be out of traffic and out of sight of cities. He had found another way to escape—to get away from people. A Gloucester hammock was swung across the rear deck and on it he could sit or lie, reading, dozing, visiting or playing dominoes with Harry or the Captain. The domino score with the Captain was kept by the season, each day adding something to the totals. E. W. took his dominoes with much the seriousness he took the money game. He liked to win. He was not a very sporting loser. He played a remarkable game and anyone who ever saw him thinking mathematically around three invisible corners could well understand why he was so dangerous an antagonist in the game of life.

Once in a while E. W. would send for a report and would plunge into figures for many hours, keeping Harry on the jump, with perhaps a couple of assisting secretaries. But on the whole the Kemah period was a period of rest, which was another term for long range management. At times E. W. would send for some man in the organization and would have him on the boat for a day or so. No doubt through him he was getting a look into some nook or corner of the concern. He dictated many disquisitions while living on the Kemah.

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They were generally on abstract subjects. He made a regular arrangement with a Washington, D. C., bookshop to send whatever books the proprietress of the shop thought he ought to have, light books, heavy books, the good but less read classics, and all science and philosophy. Most of these he read or browsed in himself; later he engaged persons to read aloud. He almost never went ashore.

On that first journey south from Baltimore, after leaving Newport News, a second boat almost as large as the *Kemah* was engaged to tag along behind. The power plant of the *Kemah* had proved so temperamental that this was considered wise as insurance. And so it happened that two Scripps yachts came poking into the mouth of the St. Johns river at about nine in the evening of November 7, when "Roy Howard's armistice" had sent the world into hysterics. The little lighthouse at the entrance to the river flashed us the news that the war was over. We anchored for the night and the following morning chugged up to Jacksonville. The next day we took the smaller boat, and with one sailor and one cook, sailed all day and evening up the St. Johns river. On the way E. W. dictated to me, who had to take in it longhand, a letter to Woodrow Wilson in which he gave the President the benefit of his opinions as to what things should be considered next.

First, he suggested that everything be done to wipe out the bitterness and to alleviate the personal injustices brought about by the war. E. W. urged that conscientious objectors and all political prisoners be given their freedom and have their citizenship restored. Second, he urged that steps be taken to secure such a world understanding between nations that a repetition of this war might be forever averted. His idea was not for a league of victors, but for an international

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organization which would be not unlike the bond which holds the states together in the United States. In such a league there would be a democratic plan of representation, with each nation weighed on the basis of territory, population and wealth.

The next day this letter was copied and posted in Jacksonville.

It was soon after this that I was temporarily released from the boat and permitted to return to Washington, with orders to devote my time to seeing the Department of Justice officials and others, including the White House, relative to stopping the prosecutions of such persons as Rose Pastor Stokes, and getting the political prisoners generally out of jail. Through the Civil Liberties Union a Washington committee was formed and with the assistance of Roger Baldwin, Elizabeth Gilman of Baltimore and a group of Philadelphia Quakers, the job was finally accomplished. No help was had, however, from Wilson.

A few months and I was back on the Kemah again.

Life aboard the Kemah moved on a fairly fixed routine. Once all routine was interrupted by the fact that I gave evidence of a cold. I was at once quarantined in my cabin and enjoyed days of the utmost laziness, reading books which had for years been postponed.

At the head of my bed was a quart bottle of good Scotch whisky. This was by the Old Man's orders.

When things were normal events moved about as follows: At eight A. M., "Onward Christian Soldier" was put on the Victrola by the valet and the machine started. This was the signal for my overside swim, and a notice that breakfast would soon be ready in the cabin. E. W. had moved his rising

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hour from noon to morning, and liked company when he ate.

Breakfast over—and his breakfast was over in a few minutes, for Scripps always regarded eating as a chore, and would have it over in the least possible time—the boss was ready to have a little talk. Perhaps a newspaper had been brought aboard, and it might have been the subject of a hurried glance. But a paper merited little attention. Cigars—the mild Santa Fe's he had made to order by the hundreds—were packed into his pockets—one of the duties of the valet, and properly lighted also by the valet, and extra cigar holders, properly cleaned, were placed in handily available places and the day had begun.

It might be something suggested by recent reading, a problem in heredity, the number of germs which, from one of two ancestors, might persist in the offspring of the third generation. Or some new twist of that old debate as to which is the more formative influence, environment or heredity. Or it might be a problem of ocean currents in modifying climate, or the ratio of increase in knowledge in the last century as compared with the aeons which had preceded it, and what would be the consequences to civilization of this geometric speeding up. Out of the smoke-laden cabin after awhile to the sunny deck. Stretched out in his Gloucester hammock, and properly tucked in by Ernest.

"Draw up!" he would command, "and light up. Ernest, get Mr. Gardner a handful of cigars and see that he is kept lighted. Yes, as we were saying, England's shipping fell in that period from," etc.—etc.

Scripps's talk was stimulating. He knew his facts and he thought in straight lines. He was never afraid to follow the

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line of thought to its logical conclusion. Racial movements, social tendencies but particularly mathematical and statistical equations stirred his interest. He was not a dabbler in popular science, but had drunk deeply of the literature of the latest and most learned writers. His self-education had reached a postgraduate stage of interest in research.

He would pause occasionally to ask a question or to listen to an opinion, but mostly it was a monologue. He was not oblivious to natural beauties, and would interrupt himself sometimes to comment on some peculiar cloud formation, as he would always note a new moon in the early evening or the first appearance of the old one. The stars interested him too, but not technically, only in their simple outlines of the dipper, Orion, and the North Star.

Come midday and he would press the electric button which dangled overhead and tell Ernest to have lunch served on deck. The flow of talk would continue. Generally in the afternoon he was ready to read or take a nap tucked up in his hammock, but there was one day, which stands out in memory, when dinner below was only a brief interval, and our talk was resumed on deck. There was nothing to interrupt and it lasted until eleven P. M.

"This has been a very pleasant day," Mr. Scripps remarked as he said the usual good night.

Once about that time he had an editor come to see him and at the end of the first hour discovered him sound asleep.

I remember also one occasion when we anchored off Siasconset, and Fred Howe, the well known writer and reformer of Cleveland, Ohio, came aboard to pay his respects. (By that time the yacht was the sea-going Ohio.) It was early evening. Howe dozed and when he awoke his taxi was waiting on

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the pier and the yacht was at sea. It was the Old Man's way of being hospitable. He would give Howe a good night's rest—if he chanced to be a good sailor—and have him fresh to talk to in the morning.

Which recalls the time Mr. Scripps took his dentist unwittingly to sea. The yacht was anchored in Potomac harbor and a Washington dentist was doing intensive service in the construction of extra plates and such. Scripps asked him if he could not come and do some of the fitting on the yacht, and while it was going forward sailed quietly down the river and out on a roughened ocean. E. W. always saw something very amusing in the seasickness of others. (He never suffered himself.) The dentist was quite ill and E. W. was highly amused. The dentist later sent him a bill for \$15,000, and E. W. sportingly paid a third of it.

E. W.'s sense of humor, if the truth must be told, tended to the Gargantuan. He was not without his subtleties, but with him horse-play was the thing. He would chuckle still over the trick Jim had played, as a boy, on his woman nurse when he bribed the ranch handy-man to rig up a contrivance in the outside toilet which when pulled by a hidden string would apply a paddle to the place where paddles are usually applied. The startled appearance of the maid and her yell as she emerged were pictures to be hung along with those of Rabelais.

All talk by E. W. was by no means mathematical or sociological. He loved to mine the minds of other people, and if he came upon a promising lode would explore it to its end. He could be a veritable mental force pump when inclined. But the habit grew on him of masking his intellectual approach with a smoke screen of generalities, seemingly the

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most inconsequential. If anything important were pending I learned to expect some hours of smoke screen before it would develop. Often it seemed as if he were like a trainer on a horse farm taking his mind for preliminary canters around the course, just to be sure it was in proper shape to go. Perhaps this was a left-over of a practice of early years, when he was drinking his four bottles of whisky a day, never to make an important decision final until he had slept on it.

Sometimes E. W. would try out the ideas in his disquisitions on his valet. He had begun having valets after he went to live in California, and had experienced a great variety of them. Sometimes they would be Japanese, sometimes Filipino, and at other times English and American. All of them he bullied, alternating his bullying with periods of extreme good nature. When one of his valets went ashore clad snappily, and represented himself as the proprietor of the yacht, E. W. was merely amused. When in a bad humor, he would use piratical language in regard to the merest trifles which most of his men learned soon to discount to its proper value. If they did not learn this lesson soon, they were not long in the service. One of E. W.'s favorite valets—one who was with him most of the time on the *Kemah* and the *Ohio*, was a Norwegian-American named Ernest Warburg. It was he who expounded the philosophy of valeting to me. "It is my job," he explained, "never to lose my temper, no matter what the boss may do or say. At times it may be hard but if I fail at any time to keep my head, I am not fit for my job."

So well did E. W. like Ernest that he once put him in his will, and later made the legacy contingent on Ernest keeping him alive a certain number of years, the amount to increase with the years. But, as it happened, the yacht delayed too

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long at Curacoa and Ernest absorbed too much of the local distillate to be able to keep to his excellent principles. He later turned up as head steward at a big hotel.

But valets were not the only objects of E. W.'s bullying. Indeed there were few (I glory in the fact that I was one) who were exempt from it.

Compensating for his physical weakness when a boy, he became strong in the use of his brain. Feeling this strength and the strength of success he often laid about him in the bully fashion.

Partly this was compensation also for his social disabilities. His upbringing did not equip the thirteenth child on the Illinois farm for social contacts, and, for some reason, this was one of those tasks in his self-education which he was not able quite to master.

It is true, as he tells in his account of young manhood days in Detroit, he practiced posture and deportment before the mirror, and took dancing lessons so he might get on better with the girls; but he never came to realize wherein lie the fundamentals of successful social contact, and was forever handicapped by his self-consciousness and his tendency toward the egocentric. This naturally became more exaggerated in his closing years, due to his solitary habit of existence. He suffered always from a social inferiority complex. This was responsible for the rudeness of which he was often and mostly unconsciously guilty. It was his particular protective coloration. He speaks of the matter, it will be recalled, in his account of the trip abroad he took in the company of Ellen when he was about thirty-two. He remarks naively that Ellen always got on famously with people of culture and good social status, while his efforts were a constant failure.

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The failure he attributes to his impatience at other people's inability to see at a glance that he, E. W. Scripps, was a person of importance and great intellectual powers. He was not willing by the slow methods conventionally employed to convince them of this, but was always doing the equivalent of treading on their insteps to show them how he felt about it.

Which, admittedly, would not make for social popularity. It is not impossible also that the habit of life chosen by E. W.; the role of recluse, and this bullying attitude toward those about him, may have had their part in formulating those prejudices against institutions of learning, and his gratuitous conclusion—for colleges were things he knew nothing about—that all such institutions were solely and exclusively manufacturers of snobs. The fact that there might be snobbery not of college making never seemed to occur to him.

There is evidence that a social snub in the case of E. W. was a barbed arrow that might be found in his flesh after many years. Once in a moment of characteristic frankness he related how he had stepped up to a California United States Senator in the Palace Hotel in San Francisco and asked him to identify him at a bank so he might cash a check. He had introduced himself and tendered him his card. Scripps supposed his reputation to be state-wide, and while he had not known the Senator personally, he regarded the matter as a mere detail. The Senator remarked that he had never heard of Scripps and turned on his heel. Scripps never forgave him, and in later years the Senator had reason to regret the lack of support of the Scripps papers.

Another confession bearing on social weakness told of how a rather bitter business wrangle was finally brought to a close to the benefit, of course, of the Scripps side of it, and on

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parting the other man had remarked: "Some day, Mr. Scripps, you may be rich enough to afford to be a gentleman."

Scripps had no answer. When he related it he was evidently still wondering what the answer should have been.

Scripps was socially unequipped. He had no small talk. He would not affect an interest in the little interests of other people. He loathed gossip. He was careless of his attire. He was oblivious to the interest or beauty of little things. He was not interested in people as people. He cared not for the momentary or daily drama of life as it takes place around us all. He did not care for plays or the theater. Women were beyond his pale. Pictures, furnishings, objects of art, were things he could measure only by the check book; with the consequence that he affected austerity in these matters or permitted himself to be surrounded by the garish and the gaudy.

SENTIMENT AND WILL DANGLING

There were times when Scripps's bullying attitude seemed in all respects a virtue; namely, when he employed it against the advertiser. The curse and blessing of the press are its advertisements. Without them most papers could not live; with them most papers cannot live a life of virtue. Through their dependence on the advertiser they easily become the prostitutes of business.

Scripps was determined always that his papers should not be kept. It was not a high moral pose with him so much as an instinctive feeling that it was he, rather than his paper,

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that was being kept and he did not care for that. As I have said, Scripps fought at first for personal freedom—full economic freedom; and then for a greater measure of freedom for those underneath. To kick an advertiser was to kick the man who might think he owned you. To kick him hard and often was Scripps's greatest pleasure. At one time it was a big-store Jew who took on superior airs and thought to dictate to the papers' business office. Scripps bullied until he got the contract canceled, and having torn it up in the presence of the offending store man, he showed him the door and forbade him ever to enter it again, with threats of violence if he did. He then sent word to his business manager that no advertising should be accepted from that firm until a new general manager had been sent to take the place of the one who had incurred his displeasure.

This instance was but typical.

The policy extended to a demand by Scripps that, in all his papers, a sharp division should exist between the editorial and the business offices. Never under any remote circumstances was a business office to attempt to tell an editorial office what to do. The editorial office was even given control over the pay roll and personnel of the composing room, in order further to promote its independence of "downstairs."

Poor McRae, in the early days of his activities as a general business manager, incurred the anger of the boss when on one occasion the latter found him trying to modify the course of one of the Ohio editors in the interest of a pending advertising contract. Scripps forbade him ever to enter those editorial offices again and gave instructions, in his presence, that if he did he was to be ejected with whatever violence might be necessary.

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In a way the policy was a good one even to the end of getting business. People prize what they cannot get, or what is hard to get. There was no pretense about the independence of these Scripps papers. They were disagreeably and rudely independent. But they had the circulation and the advertisers needed them.

Scripps's family knew him more as a boss than as a father or a husband. Honor thy father was regarded by him as the first commandment, and honor with him meant obey.

On his ranch he generally ignored bells and telephones. He raised his voice and if he had been brought up to be the hog-caller on a big farm, he could not have developed a more far-reaching voice. What he wanted, be it servant, secretary or family, he called for with a liberal call. It was his pride and boast that his voice would carry to the limits of his estate.

In E. W. Scripps there was a strong strain of sentiment. Possibly it was not stronger than in most men but in him it was at least frankly revealed. It permeates all he wrote about himself. It was a sort of every-day kind of sentiment, going with his musical thesis that "the old tunes are the best tunes," a sentiment that likes to finger the early souvenirs and wonder about the girls that did or did not love us. He dwelt on his early love affairs, recounting them one by one, with speculations as to whether she had suffered in her heart as much or little as he had suffered. He tells of "nice" and "not-nice" girls he knew, and later that surprising (to him) combination of the "nice not-nice" girl who "will." He tells a pretty story of his courtship and his marriage. Then reticence ensues and he seeks a vicarious pleasure in accounts of other people's adventures in this realm.

And with his sentiment there was a generally unsuspected

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sensibility to hurt. He could not endure ridicule, however gentle or kindly meant. He was quick to take offense—often to take it secretly. He was generous and acted frequently on impulse. One of his men once informed by him that a legacy for him of \$25,000 was in the then Scripps will. After due consideration the man came to Scripps and asked that the legacy be canceled and an increase in pay be given in its place.

"I should rather not dwell so much on your failing health," the beneficiary explained.

Scripps smiled and promised to eliminate the legacy. He gave orders also for the increase of pay. Later it developed that in place of the \$25,000 legacy, the will was changed to provide that his employe should have, for the term of his life, interest on one hundred thousand dollars.

In Scripps's final will there were provisions for organization members who might become ill, or helpless for any other reason.

Scripps was what Butler in his *Way of All Flesh* describes as a "will dangler." He was eternally making and re-making his will. It was always hanging over his family in some form or another. He had experienced wills—that of George with its attendant law fight—and he knew the trouble they could make, particularly the necessity for seeing that they were legally air-tight. All his later years Scripps had an obsession that efforts would be made to break his will. He had lived for twenty or more years in California. But California had a statute or a provision in its Constitution which forbade a testator leaving more than half of his estate away from his surviving wife and the immediate relations. Scripps was determined not to leave half of his estate to his widow. As the newspaper properties had grown in size and influence, there

had grown in Scripps's mind the determination that they must, by all means, be held together and operated with some degree of unity. For business and policy reasons alike this seemed to him necessary. The income would be enough to give the surviving beneficiaries all they would want or need, but the question of unity and management was vital. They must not be split in half and then scattered among incompetents and lawyers.

But how get away from California law? By maintaining residence in some other place. He had been married and had set up his first home in Butler County, Ohio. The judges say a man may exercise his preference in choosing what his residence shall be; and that evidence may be taken of his intentions in the matter. E. W. Scripps gave early and continuous evidence that he intended Butler County to be his legal residence; no matter if he had moved away and raised a family in California. He carried on his business stationery for many years a superscription "Return to Butler County, six summer months, to San Diego six winter months." He studiously paid his taxes in Butler County (which prospered by this practice) and saw that not only he but his sons cast their votes in Butler County.

There was no challenge as to residence when the final will was offered. It was admitted to probate in Butler County and the plan to bind together the far scattered properties was made effective by trust deed and will enforced by Ohio courts.

Fearing a controversy over his will Scripps took the most elaborate precautions to meet such a possible attack. At the time he made his final will he had himself examined by two psychoanalysts of repute, and saw to it that a report of their

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findings was preserved where his lawyers could put their hands on it. He wrote freely of his plans and intentions in his disquisitions, so these might be exhumed and brought into evidence if they were needed. He talked to certain of those about him and advised them what to do in certain circumstances. He could almost feel himself rising from his grave to direct his case if the will should be attacked.

But his spirit has had no reason to be restless on this score. The lawyers who were consulted had not the temerity to make the attack, and the provisions of the will were accepted by those concerned.

Nor would Scripps have been much moved by the action brought by the widow of his oldest son demanding some six millions as due on an old agreement between son and father, that the son should have a certain percentage of any increase in value of the properties managed. At this writing that suit is taking its leisurely way through the courts of appeal and may some day be settled. The controversy hinges on the question whether Scripps did, and could, terminate the agreement with his son when a controversy arose between them and they ceased to have personal or business dealings with one another.

Shortly after the break between father and son, the latter died leaving the majority control of some half a dozen coast papers to his widow, an example of what Scripps was trying hard to prevent. Since Scripps's death these properties have been run as independent properties, without co-operation with those which flaunt the Scripps-Howard banner.

WAS SCRIPPS A RADICAL?

Although Scripps founded a chain of papers which are regarded as radical, he himself held no fundamentally radical beliefs. He was not a Socialist, nor even a single taxer, as were many of his men. He had no tendency toward revolution. For the most part he avoided formulating his belief.

In fact Scripps was merely a social and economic Protestant. He found himself in the beginning underneath looking up. He didn't like that position and struggled to get on top. But he felt a sympathy with others who were underneath and made common cause with them. Happening to be in business of publishing papers, he expressed his feelings in his papers. Which proved to be good journalism. He believed the American governmental system could be made to yield better things. If the people suffered it was, he thought, largely their fault. It was their ignorance of remedies which were at hand that made them slaves to their fellows. If they were imposed upon and ground down it was because they did not realize the power that lies in numbers. His job was to arouse and point the way. The cure for the ills of democracy would be more democracy.

"I am just a conservative old millionaire," he would say. "You can't be rich and be a radical."

Scripps did not intend that he should be taken at his word or too literally believed. Always in his policies he was the same. It was his creed to tell the truth, without fear or favor; to fight for the underdog and to cling to those fundamentals of democracy, tied up in the first ten amendments to the

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Constitution. With freedom of speech, freedom of the press and freedom of individual belief preserved he believed it possible for the masses to work out their salvation. It might take time. There would be set-backs, as there were following the World War, but eventually he felt that the fight could and would be won.

Listening at one time to the complaint of one of his men who chafed over the failure of the Scripps papers or any other organization to move for a change in the fundamentals which control the distribution of the world's wealth, he replied:

"Be patient. Those things, when they are done, are going to be done by us."

"What do you mean by us?"

"By us who have and control."

"Speaking now as a member of the rich and privileged class?"

"Yes. Poverty and unemployment are a waste. They are uneconomic. They are poor business. They are poor administration. But you won't remedy them by revolution, nor even by Socialism. They are business troubles and they must be handled by business men. Some day we will get around to it and see that everybody is set to work and that everybody has the chance to eat three good meals a day."

"But how about the selfishness of human beings? The Marxians say you will never move until you are moved."

"Enlightened selfishness, my boy. It won't be going against human nature. It will be doing the thing that is best for ourselves. It isn't a good thing to have too much poverty about. It is like having a running sore on the body. It is likely to

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spread poison. It must be healed. But it will take the men with business brains to do the job."

At one time Scripps feared revolution. How the notion entered his head—a revolution in the United States whether regarded as desirable or undesirable, being for many reasons quite beyond the pale of possibility within any period we are able convincingly to visualize—why he should have brooded on such a possibility is a mystery. In his later years the bad dream had apparently passed.

Lincoln Steffens once said that Scripps thought straight but went crooked. Steffens was at one time an out-and-out revolutionist. It is my belief that on certain subjects Scripps closed his mind. On controversial or remedial economics he refused to think or read, for fear he might be embarrassingly convinced.

Speaking of his position as the possessor of millions and the recipient of a huge income, Scripps would say to his men:

"I can't help it. It is you who elect me to this job. If you would do the job, I wouldn't have to. You elect me to do your thinking for you. You are too lazy to think for yourselves. Why don't you get out and start your own papers? You pay me a big income because you think I am worth it. I make decisions for you—perhaps one decision in six months—and that's what I am paid for and I earn my money at that. The hardest work in the world is to think."

At one time he turned on the writer with the warning:

"Don't get the hired-man habit."

LONG-DISTANCE MANAGEMENT

LONG-DISTANCE MANAGEMENT

E. W. Scripps seems to me unique, in his capacity for what he called long-distance management. This practice began with his earliest paper, which he managed sitting under trees reading books or rowing on Lake Erie, and continued to his six months' voyages alone on the yacht Ohio. Always in later years there was the fiction that he had retired. But even when death took him he did not completely retire; for today he manages with the dead hand through the provisions of a trust deed and a will.

In 1907 E. W. was supposed to be in retirement. He was on his ranch in San Diego County, California, far removed from the business offices of his papers. He spent years superintending the planting of his eucalyptus forests, making reservoirs to collect the occasional rains, laying miles of pipe to irrigate his citrus groves, planning and building Miramar, building private and country roads, planting his palmettos and cactus beds; giving an eye to the up bringing of his sons—taking an interest in biology and helping out with the university experiment station, helping his brothers in their real estate speculations, keeping in touch with Sister Ellen, who was a heavy owner in many of the properties and who also had retired to a home on the sea shore. Oh, there were many activities in this retirement! He had no time for his papers.

But what a joke that all was! Long distance management—that is what he was engaged in. It may be that in the great business organizations of this age there are men who, with

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leisure for everything else in the world, can simultaneously practice long distance management as did Scripps; could, for example, manage such far flung integers of business as complex and delicate as newspapers are by nature, but if there be such they have not come to my notice. The great Mr. Hearst—and he has his attributes of greatness—certainly never did it. He has found time to play but for the thirty years of his editorial and publishing activity he has been continuously touching elbows with his editors and business managers.

Scripps was in retirement but for many years not a man was hired nor a man fired without a written authority from himself. Flimsy sheets of paper drifted across his desk, to be looked at, if or when he felt inclined, and he made good his boast that he could look at two figures in a report and know at once whether the property required attention. He wrote letters to his editors, hammering into them the fundamental principles which he insisted should be observed in running Scripps papers, letters which for style, force and content are probably without parallel in the history of journalism.

This long distance management is just one of the unconventionalities in Scripps's success. His is not the story of the poor boy who, by diligent attention to his employers' interests, was duly rewarded with a partnership and was thus enabled to share in the profits. It is not the story of the industrious boy who never watched the clock, and was always on hand early in the morning. It is not the story of the good boy who joined the Y. M. C. A. and got swim, gym and vim for eight cents a day. It is not the story of the boy who did not "use tobacco, sir," and tied a white ribbon in his buttonhole to show how he felt about that other thing. No. He drank

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and smoked—both to excess—and was (before matrimony) frankly unmoral about women. He played poker, sat up late nights, lay abed in the morning, seldom went to his places of business, loafed and read and pondered on his own greatness.

Getting the other man to do it was no doubt in part responsible. But an intelligent reading of the story of his life shows that these were periods of intense activity when Scripps himself was doing the thinking and acting—all the thinking and all the acting that was done. When, for instance, his newspaper plant was mobbed by the employes of the Chisholm Iron Foundry, it was Scripps who was on the job. He was ready to meet emergencies. If the secret must be told, Scripps' loafing hours were many of them devoted to merely thinking about matters pertaining to his business. As he once confessed: "I wanted to be ready with the right decision when the deciding time should come."

But he seemed almost always to be performing the miracle of achieving success without visible effort.

To Milton McRae, for many years his partner and always his great admirer, it remained an unsolved riddle.

"Do you think, Ed, it is just luck that has made you so successful?" McRae once asked. "Look at me. Don't you admit I work harder and know more about the details of the business than you do?"

To which E. W. with his tongue in his cheek, replied:

"Yes, Mack. The difference between my luck and yours is measured by our fortunes."

McRae did not realize that he was an outstanding exponent of the trick of letting the other fellow do it.

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McRae worked. Scripps thought about how they would divide the spoils.

McRae did not lose by being "the other fellow." He got his little bunch of millions; not the great bundle like Scripps's, but quite a lot for a man who started life soliciting names for a business directory.

There was, too, another secret in the Scripps business miracle. Scripps left a score of millionaires in his wake. There is much ado over Mr. Hearst because Arthur Brisbane, one of his employes, is a millionaire. Scripps paid poor salaries but he took many partners and he treated his partners well. Always it was the Scripps policy to retain the control of his papers in the form of 51 per cent of the stock ownership but always during the growing years of the concern it was Scripps's practice to stake a poor but promising young man to a minority interest—say twenty per cent—in a new paper permitting him to pay for the twenty per cent with notes to E. W. to be met when and if the property was brought to a paying basis. The capital to start the paper was advanced by Scripps. The new editor was given a bare living salary. A similar arrangement was made for a young business manager. The less experience the youngsters might have had the better E. W. liked it. He picked men on character or by instinct. They were told to be fearless and active and economical and to succeed within—say—two years. Penalty for failure—heads chopped off.

Think of your ambitious dollarless reporter getting a chance like that! Would he work? Would he make it snappy?

How different from Hearst, sweeping into a city like a Coal Oil Johnny with millions to burn! But many of the big and established Scripps properties of today were started in

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the way described and many of those dollarless reporters are going to their offices today in limousines.

Perhaps the most important contribution to Scripps's money success was his ability to pick men and bind them to him. In the beginnings when Scripps was seeing his men and working in close contact with them there was a relationship throughout the concern which was organization at its best. A man once picked and set to his task was let alone. If the man asked help he got it. He was trusted a hundred per cent. If the day came when there was no longer confidence in his ability or his intentions, the head manager and the lawyer would appear with the axe.

"We start papers and we kill papers. We do not sell or buy papers."

Such was the slogan of E. W. Scripps for many of the early years. It was abandoned later.

In starting a paper E. W. Scripps always said he preferred to pick a man who had made no success. He was distinctly opposed to taking a man who had made one success and urging him on to make another elsewhere.

When in charge of a staff of men in the very early days, Scripps never "bossed." He fraternized with them and, as he termed it, "instigated" them. An office staff was a fraternity for a common purpose—which purpose was to raise hell. No jealousies, backbiting cliques or conspiracies in his organization. It was all for hell and hell for all.

A third non-conventional aid to the Scripps success in business was the prompt and frequent quitting of his job. Quitting his job was one of the best things Scripps did. He quit a job as drug clerk because he did not like it. He quit sweeping out the office of his brother's paper in Detroit, and went

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to loafing about the docks. He quit work in the job printing office because they set him to collecting bills. He quit soliciting subscriptions because he wanted to be a reporter. He quit as reporter because he wanted to be city editor. Finally he quit work altogether because his brother wanted him to go to Europe with him and offered to pay the expenses of the trip. While in London he decided to quit taking wages at any time in the future and, by borrowing money, to join the employing class. That was how he got his big start in life.

When success is all around, spelled in terms of lands and houses, servants, yachts and the flattery which follows power, it is easy to ponder on the element of luck, and to look back and see just how and where luck played its part. Whatever Scripps might reply to the doubting McRae, to himself he was entirely frank about that element of chance. Indeed he seemed to love to dwell on it.

If he had not had a brother—a half brother, twenty years his senior—already established in Detroit as an editor, the boy from the farm might not have had the chance even to begin sweeping out a newspaper office. If he had not had another brother who had saved money earned on the family farm who could be induced to put that money into the family's newspaper experiments, those early experiments might have been a failure. If there had not been a sister who was willing to stake her all—her work and her savings as a teacher—the first up-hill grade might (and probably would) have proved too steep.

The result, in these events, might not have been economic failure by E. W. Scripps for at one time, it will be remembered, he seemed well started at the business of making window shades, and might easily have become the world's

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window shade king with villas at all desirable resorts. But luck decreed that his relatives should be what they were and the conspiracy of the gods was to make him what he finally became.

There were other elements of chance about which Scripps loved to think. Brother James, editor and publisher of the *Detroit Journal*, and part owner of a collateral job-print works, experienced that fire on Easter morning, and with the end of the *Journal* acquired insurance money with which to venture alone into newspaper making. It chanced that the panic of '73 had just occurred and the working man was more ready to pay one cent for a small cheap paper than five cents for a big paper. It chanced that, after earning an interest—a small minority interest—in Brother James's new paper by his excellent work in circulating it, brother George was threatened with those unpleasant consequences by the parents of the girl with whom he had been casual, and urged Ed to go abroad with him for that six months' trip during which E. W. made two life-determining resolutions: the first to get out of the wage-taking class, and the second to found by Fabian methods a newspaper empire—a group of newspapers which he would control—control unseen, practically unknown, but through which he could wield real power.

Was it chance that moved the elder brother James to be willing to lend ten thousand dollars to this loafing dreamer in Rome with which to start the first of his imperial group?

Against the brief for chance there is the argument that all these chances might have been at hand and been neglected if the youth who founded the Scripps papers had not shown himself a phenomenal circulation manager—by which he earned his first real money—; if he had not forced himself

into the editorial department of his brother's paper with the sole purpose of learning to edit and to write; if he had not exhibited an ability to pick, for his brother, small salaried but brilliant men to staff the *News*, and to "instigate" them to ever-renewed hell-raising; if he had not had confidence in himself that he could start and run a paper as well as his brother, if not better; if he had not demonstrated when the time came that he could write and manage and finance a paper of his own; if he had not dared risk his makings on a chance for bigger makings; if he had not been a clever intermediary between the brothers James and George to keep the family fortunes cooperating in the publishing business; if he had not so won the confidence of his sister Ellen that all her influence, help or money were at his complete disposal at all times; if he had not been able to pick men from anywhere and everywhere who were so worthy of his trust that he could give them full power of attorney over all his possessions and go away to the ends of the earth with a perfectly easy conscience; if he had not been able to use men of varying sorts, religious men, dissipated men, dull men, virtuous men, and to get the best use out of them; if he had not had the shrewdness to know what kind of a paper would circulate; if he had not had the courage to fight for the under-dog; if he had not been strong enough to master liquor when it had him in the 20-year strangle hold of habit; if he had not had the vision to see the one spot where he could work and prolong his life; if he had not had the wisdom to refuse to gamble at the other fellow's game but to build on the hard rock of the business which he knew—if it were not for elements such as these brought to the equation, what would be the use of mere luck?

GROOMING HIS SHADOW

Leon Gozlan in his introduction to the life of Balzac, says:

"It is rarely that men of distinction arrived at a serious age do not concern themselves, even unconsciously, with the picture which the world will paint of them when they exist only in name. The truth of this becomes apparent when one considers the care with which Montaigne, Rousseau, Voltaire and a thousand others groomed their shadows, Montaigne in those marvelous essays, Rousseau in his scandalous confessions, Voltaire in his admirable correspondence. They become obsequious courtiers, frank and imperturbable lovers of posterity. One might accuse these anxious sovereigns of sending their portraits to the majesties of the future, in order to learn—or rather to conjecture—for they never will really learn how they will be received by them."

E. W. Scripps had begun even when I first met him to "groom his shadow." There were the disquisitions, which he probably never intended to have published; and the letters, and the autobiographies and my assignment to edit them; and the long, frank talks about many things. All grooming.

We were lying off Block Island in the warm days of fall when there came aboard an artist man—one Young-Hunter. He said he had received orders to paint the portrait of E. W. Scripps. I did not pry into the beginnings of his commission but lent myself to aid in its proper execution.

"Let it not be a head and shoulders bust," I entreated. "Wait around a few days and get the Old Man in the little cabin after breakfast reading his paper. Get his cigar with

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ashes dropping on his clothes. Get his sweater, his boots, his pleasant smile; get the look, if possible, of the brown eyes; get at least a flash of the real man, the human being. Young-Hunter did what seemed to me an excellent job, and the Old Man had furnished me the frontispiece of this book.

Jo Davidson, the sculptor who often does magnificent work, made a bust of E. W. but, in my opinion, failed to get his subject. The letter to Davidson from Steffens, printed in the early pages of this volume, prescribe quite accurately what I had hoped might be interpreted into bronze. The portrait by Young-Hunter, appearing as a frontispiece, seems to me the best surviving likeness.

FATHER AND SON DISAGREE

By the time the National Conventions of 1920 were being held, the Republican at Chicago and the Democratic at San Francisco, E. W. was dividing his time between Miramar Ranch and the Kemah.

The Democrats were trying to find a successor to Wilson, and were considering the impossible Mitchell Palmer, and the almost equally impossible "Crown Prince" McAdoo. The Republicans were determining at the Blackstone Hotel that, after General Leonard Wood had been permitted to shoot his charge, they would name Warren G. Harding as the next President.

The Democrats finally got down to the little governor of Ohio, the leaders feeling that defeat might as well be suffered through Cox as anybody else; and Harry Daugherty had his way about Harding.

FATHER AND SON DISAGREE

E. W. mixed in national politics this year for the last time. His role was relatively unimportant, though what he did bore rather important fruit eight years later. Sometime about the middle of March, 1920, I received a letter from E. W., written at Miramar, telling me to go to our old friend Justice Brandeis and get from him a letter of special introduction to Herbert Hoover, who was then beginning his service in the Department of Commerce. I was to go to Hoover and ask him all the questions I could think of bearing on his availability for President and his desire to run for that office.

The assignment would have been regarded by most politicians and by most political editors as fantastic. At that time Mr. Hoover had just about come back to the United States after years of engineering and relief work in foreign countries. He was being honored for his war work, but was regarded as not in the least politically minded. There was some lurking question even as to his citizenship, and some more questioning as to what might be his foreign financial alliances.

But E. W. had spoken before about the need of the country in the reconstruction period for a man of affairs, an organizer who could pull things together and not be too politically minded. I had advised him that, in my opinion, there was not the remotest possibility of our being able to foist a Hoover on the political organization which had the making of Presidents. I told him that the first guess would be as to whether Hoover were a Democrat or a Republican, and that this would embarrass any candidate.

The interview was had and the confidential report made, and in consequence Editor-in-Chief R. P. Scripps was given a hint that it might be well to summon Harry Rickey out of his retirement and assign him to getting votes for Hoover

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in the next Republican convention. I had assured Mr. Hoover that the next President would be a Republican. I was right about the absence of any speaking acquaintance between Hoover and the Republican politicians; but Rickey's work netted six Hoover votes out of the one thousand and eleven cast in the convention.

By 1928 Hoover was more seasoned in politics.

If the desire of E. W. had been realized the country would have been spared the corruption and scandals of the Harding era.

My last political assignment was to watch the Harding campaign from the vantage ground of Marion, Ohio. After a few days I wrote E. W. that there was no need for further investigation. Harding would win by an overwhelming majority. The voters were fed up with war stuff.

Meanwhile E. W.'s private affairs had proceeded unhappily. While at the San Francisco convention I received a telegram summoning me to meet the Kemah at Avalon on Catalina Island. E. W. had quarreled with his eldest son Jim, and they were no longer on speaking terms. We sailed from Avalon to San Diego Bay and E. W. spent the time of the trip sitting in the Gloucester hammock and telling me about the quarrel. Jim had secured fifty-one per cent control of five of the coast papers, and refused to return that control to E. W. In reply to paternal orders Jim had declared that his father had trained him to be a good business man; that he now believed himself to be a better business man than his dad; that he would regard it as poor business to give up the papers he had acquired and that he would not do so.

Harsh things were said on both sides but the interview closed with a reminder from E. W. that the division of the

ONE BOAT LEADS TO ANOTHER

total property was still to be determined by will, and that it might prove poor business to keep what he controlled at present rather than to take his proportionate share in the entire estate. About a year later, without any reconciliation, Jim died.

The sequels of these happenings were the administration of the Pacific coast group as separate properties, without co-operation with the Scripps-Howard group; and litigation by Mrs. Jim Scripps, who sued the estate of E. W.—or rather the trust estate left to R. P. Scripps, trustee—on a claim for unadjusted compensation due Jim and his heirs for the latter months of his administration as business manager of the whole concern.

ONE BOAT LEADS TO ANOTHER: THE YACHT "OHIO"

As in the Florida recuperation days one boat led to another; the Kemah led to the Ohio. A chance remark about an old classmate who had bought what he wanted of the West Indian Island of Dominica, and who lived the life of a bachelor hermit, prompted a question as to why we did not go and see him. The answer was obvious. The Kemah could not go so far or navigate such dangerous waters. "What would we do," E. W. demanded, "if we had a regular sea-going yacht?" The answer was again obvious. We would go. And then we would go some more.

After months during which the incident had quite passed from my mind I learned that Bob had been asked to see about having the Ohio built at Newport News shipping yards

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And in due time the twin Diesel engined, half million dollar, trim looking and comfortable living Ohio was ready to be manned, and my various employments were again varied by an order to select a captain and his officers, together with a steward and to see that the rest of the personnel were what they should be. Then in November, 1922, I was directed by wire to report in New York to sail the following day on the Ohio for Jacksonville, Fla. At Jacksonville a will and a trust deed were signed in the presence of the lawyer for the concern and the business manager and the son, R. P. Scripps.

Then the Ohio went on a trial cruise which took us as far east as Dominica Island and finally as far west as San Diego harbor. The trip showed the Ohio to be a seaworthy craft and the captain a good seaman. The Ohio anchored in San Diego harbor February 12, 1923.

E. W. liked his bigger boat and resolved that it should be his home for the rest of his days. And it was.

LIFE ON THE OHIO

During the summer of 1921, with Harding beginning his administration, with W. B. Colver called back from the Federal Trade Commission to be principal editor under Bob, and with little doing except the work for political prisoners, I was summoned to Miramar for a six weeks' vacation. I knew E. W. had something in the back of his head, but I could not for a long time figure it out. Finally I discovered that it was to set me to editing his disquisitions and his autobiographical notes. Reluctantly, for it seemed to draw me further from the active political work which I liked, I took on the job,

LIFE ON THE OHIO

stipulating only that it be a half-time job and that I be permitted to use other time in keeping in touch with the outside world. An increased salary and an unlimited expense account were added to help sweeten the job. I remembered E. W.'s rule, never to do yourself what you can get anyone else to do half as well, and promptly organized my office. Which was well; for the familiar summons soon took me away from the work to go along on the *Kemah* or the *Ohio*. But for four years the work crept along.

It was while we were lying at anchor off Huntington Bay, Long Island, that I discovered one plan which E. W. had in mind when he ordered the *Ohio* to be built. He repeated to me the proposal which the rich Ohio manufacturer had made to him, then a young man, traveling in Africa. My reply—and it disappointed him—was much the same that he had made to the rich Ohio traveler. I could not for any inheritance he might provide ignore personal claims and connections on shore, nor could I afford to take out of my life what might be many years of productive labor.

Life on the *Ohio* was later organized much as E. W. wished to have it. His surviving son and his wife, and sometimes Mrs. Scripps, went on cruises; but more often E. W. chose to get away from people and to this end would anchor off the Galapagos Islands, or some such desolate spot, and stay as long as fresh water and provisions lasted. He had a trained nurse, supplied by Dr. Gerry Morgan of Washington, to look after his diet and supply any little doctoring needed, and he had paid readers to give him his books without too much strain on his eyes. His old friend, Negley D. Cochran, who had edited the *Ohio* papers and the *Day Book* experiment, went on the first trip with him around the world.

WHAT TO DO WITH EXCALIBUR

E. W.'s illness, the death of his eldest son, the effort to train a young man to edit who would rather write verse, combined to set E. W. thinking hard as to what might happen in the coming years and what he ought to do about it.

That slight hemorrhage which he had suffered in his brain—what if there were a repetition of that, enough to render helpless but not to kill? Who would run the show? What would happen to a concern which now employed its men by the thousands and counted its turnover by the millions? What was to happen when he died? What about the policies? The Scripps policies? Might it all be commercialized, or sold to Hearst? God forbid!

"I have forged the great sword Excalibur," he was wont to say. "Now who will wield it?"

To provide against the possibility of a long period of helpless invalidism it was E. W.'s first plan to have drawn a power of attorney giving to me absolute discretion to act for him in all necessary matters; this to last until his death. He talked frequently of the matter and went into great detail as to how I should get a separate safety deposit box to hold the document, and what in case of my death, should be done by my surviving widow—if any—or my administrator.

A second plan, which was finally carried out, namely, to throw the whole property into a trust, with the prospective heir, R. P. Scripps, as trustee, made it unnecessary to resort to the arrangement first proposed.

Policies are created by people. Nothing that E. W. could

WHAT TO DO WITH EXCALIBUR

do by will could insure that his papers would forever or even for a generation carry on certain policies. He might build a high wall of tradition and of precedent; but they might leap the wall and overflow into the swamp. His best effort, as he felt, would lie in selecting people and giving all power to those selected. The thing to avoid was permitting a newspaper estate to drift into the hands of widows and devisees, or to have boards of trustees to divide the responsibility and, by cliques and factions, neutralize all vigor or continuity in policy.

To hold the organization together, then, was the objective; and to leave a centralized control similar to the fifty-one per cent control which he had learned to insist upon for himself—to leave this centralized control to some one person—to some person who would not betray the trust and who, preferably, would be a member of the family. E. W. frankly acknowledged the hold of family name. He would like to perpetuate himself. He would like to leave a monument to his personal strivings; to leave as his monument an organization carrying on his fight for the under dog, and doing something perhaps eventually to help his fellow creatures. How to do it? At first he had seen the hand of fate providing an oldest son born for business, a second son likable and full of generous human traits, who might easily be trained to cherish a trust inherited from his father. But fate had unsaid what she seemed at first to say and now there was but the one pointing, the one way to go. The youngest son must hold the fifty-one per cent. He must be the one to keep the faith.

At one time, it is true, E. W. did seriously consider a distribution of the fifty-one per cent among the acting editors of the various papers, or among the more trusted survivors

of the concern's beginnings, leaving the minority or a certain percentage of the income charged with the care of the family and relatives. But this plan was finally put aside in favor of centralized control. There was an additional advantage in the centralized control plan in that it might provide a period of probation. If he, E. W., could live a few years after setting up the trust his son, as trustee, might serve an apprenticeship which would strengthen his hands for the big job to come after death.

So former Secretary of War Newton D. Baker, who had gone back to private law practice was called in and told to study the problem and see what could be done.

As a result of various conferences a will and trust agreement were drawn up, and the documents were signed and formally executed, on November 23, 1922, on board the yacht Ohio lying off Jacksonville, Florida.

Expressed in non-legal language the trust agreement did the following, among other things: It transferred to Robert P. Scripps, as trustee, the complete control of all the properties held by E. W., carried by ownership of fifty-one per cent of the stock in them. In return for this transfer Robert P. Scripps, as trustee, undertakes to administer the properties according to instructions set forth in the trust agreement. The income from the properties, according to such instructions, during the life of E. W., was to be paid over to E. W. or made subject to his control. The agreement provided, finally, that power remained in E. W. during his life at his discretion, to terminate the trust and take back the properties. But at his death the will provided that the trust be and remain in effect until terminated by the occurrence of certain events mentioned in the trust, such as the death of the widow and the

WHAT TO DO WITH EXCALIBUR

arrival of the children of R. P. Scripps at an age to inherit. The eventual heirs are the children of R. P. Scripps. No provision was made for the family of James Scripps. The equivalent of the income on a million dollars is left to E. W.'s widow and about half that amount to the married daughter, Nackey Scripps Meanley. A modest annuity was provided for the writer of this biography. Thirty thousand dollars a year was left to Science Service and \$15,000 a year to Miami University of Butler County, Ohio, to study population. Special funds are provided, and the trustee is instructed to use them, to care for superannuated employes of the concern.

One of the most important provisions of the agreement is, that a third of the profits accumulating in the trust fund, after taxes, allowances, etc., have been taken out, shall be used to start or buy more newspapers. This was intended to provide healthy growth of the concern.

The will provides that, in case of the death of R. P. Scripps, the trust be administered by three trustees appointed to serve until three of the sons of R. P. Scripps reach the age of 25 years. The trustees nominated by E. W. are Gilson Gardner, Thomas L. Sidlo, General Counsel, and Roy W. Howard, Chairman of the Board of the Scripps Company. The trustee, Robert P. Scripps, is given power under the will to substitute at his discretion other persons for these named by E. W. Scripps, or he may make such substitutions by will. In this, as in other matters, E. W. carried out his policy of placing no limitations on a trust, when once it is determined to give such trust.

The operation of the concern under this trust agreement, beginning in November, 1922, continued until the death of E. W. Scripps, March 12, 1926, and has been continued by

LUSTY SCRIPPS

virtue of the will since that date. According to ordinary expectations the life of the trust would be about twenty years from the date of the testator's death. After that the concern will presumably be carried on by the surviving sons of Robert P. Scripps, who would inherit according to the surviving number. Any daughters of R. P. Scripps would inherit each a half share as measured by the shares of the sons.

Elaborate precautions are taken in the trust agreement against the breaking of the trust or will. If such effort had been made and had succeeded, it was provided that the estate go to a distant relative, one Thomas Scripps of San Diego.

PLAYING DEAD AND DYING

Having decided what he would do with Excalibur and having done it, E. W. played dead. Bob was the concern and he, E. W., was just absent and unaccounted for. He might be anywhere. The radio and the maritime agencies might know. They could find out where a yacht called the Ohio might be at any time. But so far as business went he was not on earth. Roy Howard had succeeded Jim and W. W. Hawkins was understudying Roy. The trustee was editor and, to all intents and purposes, owner of the Scripps concern.

E. W. did not interfere. He did not advise. He took the same course with the younger son he had taken with the older. He refused to be consulted. It may be guessed he was not ignorant of what went on in a general way, and it is certain that one spring he put into the harbor at Baltimore and had Harry bring a trunkful of office accounts and papers, over which he spent the better part of two days. But that

PLAYING DEAD AND DYING

was all. If the son were on probation he was not in any way reminded of the fact.

E. W. did exactly as he pleased. Once he had a whim to visit old scenes in Rome, and with his nurse, Mrs. Steelman, and Stella Mageehee, his principal reader, he visited the Coliseum and the Forum. But the visit made him sad and he hurried back to his beloved ship. He sailed the China Sea and was tossed about in a wicked storm, but loved it all. He circumnavigated the globe and found his sister Ellen on the dock when he pulled into San Diego harbor. He touched at Australia and did what he never had done before permitted himself to be interviewed by the local press. A sense of the joke was on him at the moment and the boys never knew how they were being "strung". In some weird way they went off with the notion that this old party in white kid high boots was principally interested in foundlings' homes.

The white kid boots were the contribution of Ernest Warburg, who had a passion for spending E. W.'s money on attire. Knowing that E. W. liked top-boots Ernest hit on the plan to have some made of white kid for dress occasions.

While cruising about during these final three years E. W. made two or three codicils to his will. In one he left his nurse a substantial sum, enough for economic independence, in case she remained with him and kept him alive for a certain number of years. In will-making he had learned not to put a premium on his own death. He made and unmade a codicil appointing the writer his literary executor. He made a codicil presenting certain sums of money to his grandson John, son of his second son, and a McRae daughter. He provided a legacy of \$25,000 to the invaluable Harry Smithton. He made a contract with Dr. W. Gerry Morgan of Washington, D. C.

LUSTY SCRIPPS

that if he were stricken with any lasting illness Morgan would come to him in any part of the world.

While cruising off the coast of Africa in the fourth year of E. W.'s life on board the Ohio, he anchored off the harbor of Liberia. As was his custom he sent ashore and invited the American consul to dine on board with him. The consul had gone and E. W. was ready to retire when he sank into unconsciousness, muttering "Too many cigars this evening, I guess," and in a few minutes he was dead. It was his heart. Dr. Morgan had noticed that this was the weak organ and had warned him that even the light Santa Fe cigars which he smoked almost constantly were not very good for him.

He was buried at sea. This was as he wished it to be. Often he spoke of the possibilities and somewhere he had even left written instructions to this effect. His will provided for burial in a family plot at West Chester in Butler County, Ohio; but this was more a matter of citizenship proof than of sentiment. The sea seemed to him an ample and a fitting burial plot.

His death occurred March 12, 1926. He had lived to be seventy-two years of age. When he had passed his seventieth birthday he had caused his literary steward to look up and have framed and hung near his chair what the psalmist says about a man's age being three score years and ten. "And if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow."

A P P E N D I X

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LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF EDWARD W. SCRIPPS

I, Edward W. Scripps, of West Chester, Butler County, Ohio, sixty-eight years of age, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make, publish and declare this my last Will and Testament.

ARTICLE ONE: I hereby revoke all former or other Wills and codicils at any time by me heretofore made.

ARTICLE TWO: I direct that all my just debts and expenses of funeral and burial be first paid out of my estate by my executor hereinafter named.

It is my wish that I be buried at West Chester, Butler County, Ohio, my home, where I have provided a burial place. However, if for any reason this place shall not prove suitable to my family, or should they desire that I be buried elsewhere, it is my wish that the place selected be in the State of Ohio.

ARTICLE THREE: It has been my desire and endeavor during my lifetime to make proper and adequate provision for my wife, Nackie H. Scripps, and to that end I have provided a substantial and certain income for her use and benefit from two separate and distinct trust funds created by me during my lifetime (one of which was created this day), and have also in the past given her other valuable property. For this reason I do not make any additional provision for her here, feeling that she will share my belief that ample provision has been made for her proper maintenance and support.

ARTICLE FOUR: As regards the children of my sons James G. Scripps and John P. Scripps, I feel that I have made abundant provision for their future through the transfer of large and valuable items of property to their fathers during the latters' lives and also through the medium of a certain trust fund (Nackie H. Scripps,

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Trustee) and therefore do not make any additional provision for said grandchildren in this my Will. As regards my daughter Nackey Elizabeth, and her children, I feel I have made abundant provision in the aforesaid trust fund (Nackie H. Scripps, Trustee) and in the other trust I have this day created, and therefore do not make any additional provision for her or her children in this my Will. As regards my daughter Dorothy (Dolla) Blair, I have adequately provided for her suitable maintenance and support through the medium of the above mentioned trust fund (Nackie H. Scripps, Trustee) and therefore do not make any additional provision for her in this my Will.

ARTICLE FIVE: I give and bequeath to my son, Robert Paine Scripps, absolutely, my two yachts, "Ohio" and "Kemah".

ARTICLE SIX: All the residue of my estate of every kind and description and wherever situated of which I die seized or entitled to, or over which I have the right of testamentary disposition, I give, devise and bequeath to Robert Paine Scripps, of West Chester, Butler County, Ohio, in trust and not otherwise, his nominees and/or successors, or in the event he shall predecease me or fail to nominate a successor or successors as Trustee, then to Gilson Gardner of Washington, D. C., Roy W. Howard of Pelham, New York, and Thomas L. Sidlo, of Cleveland, Ohio, their successor or successors, in trust and not otherwise, for the uses and purposes and upon the terms, conditions and stipulations set forth in a certain Trust Agreement entered into and executed by me as Trustor with Robert Paine Scripps, as Trustee, on the 23rd day of November, 1922.

ARTICLE SEVEN: I hereby nominate and appoint my son, Robert Paine Scripps, of West Chester, Butler County, Ohio, to be the executor of this my last Will and Testament without bond. In the event of the death of my son Robert, I hereby nominate and appoint the following persons to succeed him as executors with equal powers: Gilson Gardner of Washington, D. C., Roy W. Howard, of Pelham, New York, and Thomas L. Sidlo of Cleveland, Ohio.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name on this sheet and written my initials in the margin of the other

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one preceding sheet of this my will, and have placed the same in the hands of Newton D. Baker, of Cleveland, Ohio, whom I direct to offer the same for probate at my death.

Done at Jacksonville, Fla., this 23rd day of November, 1922.

Edward W. Scripps.

On the 23rd day of November, 1922, the undersigned being present and believing the testator Edward W. Scripps to be of sound and disposing mind and memory, saw the testator subscribe his name at the end of the foregoing Will and write his initials in the margin of the other preceding sheet of said Will and heard him declare the same to be his last Will and Testament, and also heard him orally revoke all former Wills and codicils. Thereupon, each of us, in the presence of said testator and at his request, and in the presence of each other, hereby attest and subscribe said Will as witnesses the day, year and place above written.

Roy W. Howard, residing at Pelham, New York

H. L. Smithton, residing at San Diego, Calif.

E. F. Elfstrom, residing at San Diego, Calif.

CODICIL

I, the undersigned, EDWARD W. SCRIPPS, of West Chester, Butler County, Ohio, do hereby make, publish and declare this my codicil to my last will and testament dated November 23, 1922,

FIRST: I have engaged Katherine Steelman as my nurse for three years if I live that long, said three years commencing June 1, 1925. If she shall continue in my employ till the time of my death and my death occur prior to June 1, 1928, I give and bequeath to her such a sum as will, after payment of all state and national taxes assessed against said bequest, make up when added to the amounts previously paid to her by me on account of said employment the total amount of Fifteen Thousand Six Hundred Dollars. The acceptance of this bequest by said Katherine Steelman shall constitute a complete waiver by her of any and all claims which she may have against my estate or against me growing out of said employment.

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Provided, however, that should said Katherine Steelman continue in my employ until June 1, 1930, and my death not occur until after said last mentioned date, I give and bequeath to her such sum as, after payment of all state and national taxes assessed against said bequest, will, together with whatever property she may have, howsoever and from whatsoever source she may have acquired the same, bring her total holdings at the time of my death up to the sum of Fifty Thousand Dollars.

SECOND: All my unpublished manuscripts of disquisitions, essays, biographical notes and stories (but not including my Diary Notes), I give and bequeath to my friend Gilson Gardner, in trust for the following purposes: He may edit and publish, at his own expense and risk, but without cost to my estate, all or any part of my said writings and any profits arising from such publication shall be shared equally between said Gardner and my estate. All of my said writings whether published or not shall be kept and preserved by said Gardner until my youngest grandchild shall have reached the age of twenty-one years and he shall permit my grandchildren to read the same. When my youngest grandchild shall have reached the age of twenty-one years, this trust shall cease and said writings shall become the property of my son Robert P. Scripps. In the event of the death of said Gilson Gardner before the termination of this trust, my son Robert P. Scripps is hereby appointed trustee in his stead.

THIRD: I desire that each of my grandchildren shall have the right and opportunity to see and read any and everything that I have written. To that end I direct that all my writings of every kind and nature whatsoever not included in the previous item shall go to my son Robert P. Scripps and be held by him in trust for the benefit of all of my grandchildren each of whom shall be entitled to see and read said writings. Said trust shall terminate when my youngest grandchild shall have attained the age of twenty-one years and said writings shall then become the absolute property of my son Robert P. Scripps.

FOURTH: There are due me from the estate of my deceased son John P. Scripps certain moneys, including moneys advanced by

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me toward the salary, expenses, doctor's bills and burial expenses, of my said deceased son and including also my fees as administrator of his estate. I hereby give and bequeath to my grandson John P. Scripps, Jr., son of my deceased son, such a sum of money as will, after payment of all state and federal taxes assessed against said bequest, be equal to the amount of all sums which I may hereafter collect from said estate; *provided however* that said legacy shall be paid to my said grandson only if and when he shall attain the age of twenty-one years, and that should he die before attaining that age said legacy shall lapse and become void.

FIFTH: In the event of the death of my son Robert P. Scripps before the termination of the trusts provided for in this codicil, he shall be succeeded in the trusteeship by such person or persons as he may designate by will.

SIXTH: I hereby republish my Will of November 23, 1922, executed by me at Jacksonville, Florida, except as same is modified by the codicil.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto subscribed my name at Ridgefield, Connecticut, this 3rd day of August, 1925.

Edward W. Scripps.

WITNESSES:

Esther Kane, residing at Washington, D. C.

Carl Oskar Rasmussen, residing at Brooklyn, N. Y.

Curtis Killyer, residing at San Diego, Cal.

The foregoing instrument consisting of three pages including this was at the date thereof by the testator, Edward W. Scripps, subscribed, published as and declared to be his codicil to his last will and testament therein referred to, all in the presence of us who, believing him to be of sound and disposing mind and memory, did thereupon in his presence, at his request and in the presence of each other subscribe our names as witnesses thereof.

Esther Kane

Carl Oskar Rasmussen

Curtis Killyer

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CODICIL

I, Edward W. Scripps of West Chester, Butler County, Ohio, do hereby make, publish and declare this codicil to my last will.

I hereby revoke the codicil to my said will which codicil was signed and published by me the 3rd day of August, 1925, at Ridgefield, Connecticut.

Witness my hand at New York, N. Y. this 2nd day of September, 1925.

Edward W. Scripps.

WITNESSES:

Curtis Killyer, residing at San Diego, California

Robt. F. Winkler, residing at Cincinnati, Ohio

Carl O. Rasmussen, residing at 380 Smith Str., Brooklyn

The foregoing instrument consisting of one page was on this 2nd day of September, 1925 by the said Edward W. Scripps, signed, published and declared to be a codicil to his last will and testament, all in the presence of us who thereupon at his request in his presence and in the presence of each other, subscribed our names as witnesses thereto.

Curtis Killyer

Robt. F. Winkler

Carl O. Rasmussen

I, the undersigned, EDWARD W. SCRIPPS, of West Chester, Butler County, Ohio, do hereby make, publish and declare this my codicil to my last will and testament dated November 23, 1922.

FIRST: I desire that each of my grandchildren shall have the right and opportunity to see and read any and everything that I have written. To that end I direct that all my writings of every kind and nature whatsoever, unless otherwise disposed of shall go to my son Robert P. Scripps and be held by him in trust for the benefit of all my grandchildren each of whom shall be entitled to see and read said writings. Said trust shall terminate when my youngest grandchild shall have attained the age of twenty-one

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years and said writings shall then become the absolute property of my son Robert P. Scripps.

SECOND: There are due me from the estate of my deceased son John P. Scripps certain moneys, including moneys advanced by me toward the salary, expenses, doctor's bills and burial expenses, of my said deceased son and including also my fees as administrator of his estate. I hereby give and bequeath to my grandson John P. Scripps, Jr., son of my deceased son, such a sum of money as will, after payment of all state and federal taxes assessed against said bequest, be equal to the amount of all sums which I may hereafter collect from said estate; *provided however* that said legacy shall be paid to my said grandson only if and when he shall attain the age of twenty-one years, and that should he die before attaining that age said legacy shall lapse and become void.

THIRD: In the event of the death of my son Robert P. Scripps before the termination of the trust provided for in this codicil, he shall be succeeded in the trusteeship by such person or persons as he may designate by will.

FOURTH: I hereby republish my Will of November 23, 1922, executed by me at Jacksonville, Florida, except as same is modified by this codicil.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto subscribed my name at Charleston, South Carolina, this 29th day of September, 1925.

Edward W. Scripps.

WITNESSES:

Lela Calhoun Brown, residing at Hailey, Idaho

James R. Young, residing at Rushville, Ill.

Leonard W. Mosby, residing at Cincinnati, Ohio

The foregoing instrument consisting of two pages including this was at the date thereof by the testator, Edward W. Scripps, subscribed, published as and declared to be his codicil to his last will and testament therein referred to, all in the presence of us who, believing him to be of sound and disposing mind and memory, did

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thereupon in his presence, at his request and in the presence of each other subscribe our names as witnesses thereto.

Lela Calhoun Brown

James R. Young

Leonard W. Mosby

TRUST AGREEMENT

THIS AGREEMENT entered into at Jacksonville, Fla., this 23rd day of November, 1922, by and between EDWARD W. SCRIPPS, of West Chester, Butler County, Ohio, First Party, hereinafter called the Trustor, and ROBERT P. SCRIPPS, of West Chester, Butler County, Ohio, Second Party, hereinafter called the Trustee, witnesseth that,

WHEREAS, the Trustor has requested the Trustee to take title to and hold in trust for safekeeping, management and final disposition, for and upon the terms, conditions and stipulations, and subject to the uses and purposes hereinafter set forth, certain property this day assigned, delivered, transferred and conveyed to the Trustee by the Trustor, a schedule whereof is attached hereto, marked "Exhibit A", and verified for identification by the signatures of both of the parties hereto; and

WHEREAS, the Trustee has agreed to and does accept said property in trust upon the conditions and stipulations and subject to the uses and purposes herein set forth, as is evidenced by his signature hereto;

NOW, THEREFORE, the parties hereto, in consideration of the premises and of the mutual covenants and agreements herein set forth, do hereby promise and agree with each other as follows:

POWERS VESTED IN TRUSTEE

ARTICLE ONE: The Trustee shall have and retain possession of and title to all property of every description coming within the terms hereof, including all property that may from time to time be substituted therefor or added thereto, and all income, rents, interest, dividends and profits accruing thereon, and shall control, manage, sell, invest and reinvest, and deal with the same in such manner and form as he shall deem wise, all statutory or other limitations as

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to the investment of trust funds now in force or hereafter effective being hereby expressly waived.

Provided, however, that the Trustee shall at no time sell or dispose of any shares of stock of The E. W. Scripps Company and/or any voting stocks constituting any part of the trust estate during the life of the Trustor without first obtaining his written consent thereto, and that upon the decease of the Trustor the Trustee shall always retain sufficient voting shares of The E. W. Scripps Company and such other stocks as may be necessary to insure control by the trust estate of this and allied companies wherein the Trustee holds the controlling number of shares under this trust at the time of the death of the Trustor until the final distribution of said trust estate as hereinafter provided, unless the Trustee shall in his absolute discretion deem it necessary to dispose of any such stocks for the purpose of preventing loss or damages to the trust estate.

ARTICLE TWO: The Trustee shall have the power, upon first obtaining the written authority of the Trustor during his lifetime, and thereafter the unrestricted power, to execute and deliver any and all deeds, leases for any term irrespective of the duration of the trust, proxies, power-of-attorney, agreements and any other instruments in writing, including stocks, bonds, notes, checks, drafts and any other financial obligations, whether as maker, endorser, drawer, acceptor or in any and all other capacities, as the Trustee shall in his discretion deem necessary or proper.

ARTICLE THREE: The Trustee shall have the power, upon first obtaining the written authority of the Trustor during his lifetime, and thereafter the unrestricted power, to vote all stocks constituting any part of this trust for any and all lawful purposes and to do and perform all necessary corporate acts as he shall deem wise, including the right to vote for himself as director or officer, waiving of notices, calling meetings, subscribing for stock, and participating in the organization, reorganization, consolidation or merger of newspaper or allied companies or enterprises.

ARTICLE FOUR: The Trustee shall have the power, upon first obtaining the written authority of the Trustor during his lifetime and thereafter the unrestricted power, to borrow money by the

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issuance of trustee notes or certificates, or otherwise, upon such terms and conditions and for such purposes as he shall deem proper and necessary in administering this trust and/or discharging any trust or charge hereinafter imposed upon the trust estate and to secure the repayment of such loans, with interest, he shall have the power to mortgage, pledge or in any manner hypothecate any or all part of the trust estate. Any person making advances or loans to, purchasing from or otherwise dealing with the Trustee, shall not be required to see to the application of the purchase price or other money or property paid or delivered to the Trustee.

ARTICLE FIVE: The Trustee shall have the power to purchase stocks, bonds, notes and other evidences of indebtedness of newspaper, allied and associated companies and to make loans thereto, and to any person connected therewith, upon such terms and conditions as he shall deem proper, all statutory or other limitations as to such investments and loans of trust funds now in force or hereafter effective being hereby expressly waived.

ARTICLE SIX: The Trustee shall have the power to compromise, compound and adjust all claims in favor of or against the trust estate upon such terms and conditions as he shall deem just and proper.

ARTICLE SEVEN: The Trustee shall have the power to determine as between persons entitled to income and principal, what is income and what is principal of the trust estate, and to apportion expenses, charges, losses, gains and profits to principal and income as he shall deem equitable.

ARTICLE EIGHT: The Trustee shall have the power to employ and hire such persons, agents and attorneys as he shall deem necessary to aid and assist him in administering this trust and shall pay their reasonable compensation and expenses, and the Trustee shall not be liable for any neglect, omission or wrong-doing of such persons, agents or attorneys.

ARTICLE NINE: From the gross income derived from the trust estate or from the principal thereof, if the Trustee deem that necessary or advisable, the Trustee shall first pay and discharge as and when due, any and all taxes and assessments, (including

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federal estate taxes, if any, but not state inheritance or succession taxes, if any, which shall be paid by each of the several beneficiaries hereunder), insurance charges and all other expenses of every kind and nature expended or incurred in the management and protection of the trust estate and of this trust. All income taxes, real and personal property taxes and assessments levied or assessed upon principal and/or income of any beneficiary hereunder, shall be borne and paid individually by each such beneficiary. The decision of the Trustee shall be final in determining as between the trust estate and the beneficiaries hereunder what taxes and assessments are to be paid out of the trust estate and/or by the beneficiaries individually.

RIGHTS RESERVED BY TRUSTOR

ARTICLE TEN: The Trustor reserves unto himself, during his lifetime, the entire net income derived from the trust estate and available for distribution hereunder, and the free use and enjoyment of all real estate conveyed to the Trustee hereunder.

ARTICLE ELEVEN: The Trustor reserves the right and the Trustee hereby assents to the express right and power reserved unto said Trustor to revoke in whole or in part this trust, and to modify in any respect the terms and provisions of this trust, any such revocation or modification to be evidenced by written instrument signed by the Trustor and delivered to the Trustee. To whatever extent this trust shall be so revoked, the Trustee shall thereupon transfer and deliver to the Trustor such part or all of the property comprising the trust estate as may have been withdrawn under such revocation.

ARTICLE TWELVE: The Trustor reserves the right and privilege to hereafter place into this trust additional real and/or personal property by transferring, assigning and conveying the same to the Trustee and by annexing hereto additional exhibits setting forth a concise description of the same, whereupon such additional property shall be held upon the conditions and stipulations and subject to the uses and purposes herein set forth. Such additional property added to this trust prior to the release or withdrawal of any por-

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tion of the property then constituting the trust estate may be treated as substituted for property afterward released or withdrawn, provided the Trustee shall be notified in writing by the Trustor at or before the actual acquisition of such additional property that the same is intended as a basis of a future release or withdrawal.

ARTICLE THIRTEEN: The Trustor reserves the right and directs that any and all property (including the property constituting the trust estate in case the trust should for any reason fail) acquired by the Trustee hereto under and by virtue of the residuary clause of any Will executed by the Trustor, shall be held, managed, controlled and disposed of by him as Trustee, under the powers and for all the purposes set forth in this trust, unless and insofar as the terms of the Will otherwise specifically provide. The execution of this instrument by the Trustee shall constitute his assent and agreement to administer all property so received by him in trust for such purposes.

SUCCESSORS TO TRUSTEE

ARTICLE FOURTEEN: From and after the demise of the Trustor, the Trustee hereunder, Robert Paine Scripps, may nominate, by instrument in writing, duly acknowledged, one or more persons to act as Trustee or Trustees hereunder in conjunction with or as successor or successors to him, and such Trustee or Trustees shall be invested with such voting powers as the said Robert Paine Scripps, Trustee, may prescribe in writing, at the time of the application, or in the absence of such prescription of powers, shall be invested with all such powers as said Robert Paine Scripps has as Trustee under this agreement.

In the event that the said Robert Paine Scripps, Trustee, shall for any reason fail to so designate a person or persons to succeed him as Trustee hereunder, then upon the death, resignation or disability of Robert Paine Scripps, Trustee hereunder, he shall be succeeded as Trustee with all the power and authority herein conferred upon said Trustee by each of the following named persons, to-wit: Gilson Gardner of Washington, D. C., Roy W. Howard of

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Pelham, New York and Thomas L. Sidlo, of Cleveland, Ohio, who upon signifying their acceptance of this trust by affixing their signatures hereto shall hold office jointly as follows:

Gilson Gardner shall hold office until the attainment by the eldest son of Robert Paine Scripps, son of the Trustor, of the age of twenty-five (25) years, whereupon said grandson of the Trustor shall succeed and take the place of said Gardner as Trustee and the term of office of said Gardner shall thereupon expire; Roy W. Howard shall hold office until the attainment by the second son of Robert Paine Scripps, son of the Trustor, of the age of twenty-five (25) years, whereupon said grandson of the Trustor shall succeed and take the place of said Howard as Trustee and the term of office of said Howard shall thereupon expire; and if the said Robert Paine Scripps, son of the Trustor, shall have a third son or other sons, then upon the attainment of said third living son of the age of twenty-five (25) years he shall succeed and take the place of Thomas L. Sidlo as Trustee and the term of office of said Sidlo shall thereupon expire; otherwise the term of said Sidlo shall expire when the last of the then living sons of said Robert Paine Scripps shall attain the age of thirty-five (35) years, whereupon the then survivor or survivors shall succeed to the sole trusteeship of said trust estate; the object of this provision being to assure experience and continuity in the administration of the said trust estate and its several subsidiary trust estates and interests and to provide for the assumption by the grandsons of the Trustor of the duties of administration and trusteeship upon their respective attainment of the above mentioned age. If any of the said grandsons of the Trustor shall have attained the age of twenty-five (25) years at the death of the said Robert Paine Scripps, son of the Trustor, said grandson or grandsons shall succeed to the office of Trustee according to the above order set forth. In the event of the death of any of the aforementioned successor Trustees, the survivor or survivors shall nominate his successor or successors as Trustee hereunder.

No more than three persons shall qualify and act as Trustee hereunder at the same time. Each person qualifying as Trustee under

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the provisions of the preceding paragraph shall have the same discretion, authority and power in all respects as if originally herein specifically nominated as such Trustee. In the event any question shall at any time arise among the successor Trustees in relation to the administration of this trust, the votes of the Trustees shall be equal and such question shall be decided by majority vote, unless otherwise provided by Robert Paine Scripps, Trustee, as set forth above.

Wherever reference is made in this agreement to Robert Paine Scripps as Trustee or to "Trustee", it shall be held in all cases to mean and include all nominee and/or successors of the said Robert Paine Scripps as Trustee.

ARTICLE FIFTEEN: Neither Robert Paine Scripps nor any of his sons shall receive any compensation for services as Trustee under this trust and each by the acceptance of this trust agrees that the provisions for each as herein made shall be full compensation for such services, provided, however, that nothing herein contained shall debar other successor trustees from receiving proper and just compensation for their services.

DISTRIBUTION OF INCOME OF TRUST ESTATE

ARTICLE SIXTEEN: From and after the demise of the Trustor, the Trustee shall pay to Nackie H. Scripps, wife of the Trustor, during her life, from the entire net income derived from the trust estate and available for distribution hereunder, a sum equal to one-third of such entire net income, provided that such sum shall in no event be in excess of the sum of Sixty Thousand Dollars (\$60,000.00) for any one year, and in addition thereto the said Nackie H. Scripps, wife of the Trustor, shall have the free use and enjoyment, during her lifetime, of such part of the real and personal property hereunder as is situated in San Diego County, California, and known as "Miramar", consisting of the houses, buildings and ranchlands, household goods and furniture, ranch equipment and implements, automobiles and other items of personal property pertaining thereto, but not including any of the personal files, records and valuable papers of the Trustor which may, at the

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time of the decease of the Trustor, be located upon said estate, all of which shall be taken into custody by the Trustee hereunder and kept and disposed of in such manner as he may deem proper.

ARTICLE SEVENTEEN: From and after the demise of the Trustor, the Trustee shall set aside and pay over to a separate fund for the benefit of Nackie Elizabeth, daughter of the trustor, and her issue, during her life and until her youngest child shall have attained the age of twenty-one (21) years, or the termination of this trust as hereinafter provided, whichever event shall happen first, from the remaining net income derived from the trust estate and available for distribution hereunder, the sum of Thirty Thousand Dollars (\$30,000.00) per annum; the Trustee to have absolute discretion to determine what annual amounts shall be sufficient to meet the proper living expenses of said daughter and her issue, which sum the Trustee shall pay to the said Nackie Elizabeth in quarterly installments or oftener, and shall accumulate, invest and reinvest the residue thus remaining in any year in such manner and form as he shall deem wise, all statutory or other limitations as to the investment of trust funds now in force or hereafter effective being hereby expressly waived, and shall hold such accumulations for the benefit of her issue, as hereinafter provided; it being the desire of the Trustor that his said daughter shall at all times have, within the limits of the provision herein made, a suitable support and maintenance and reasonable means for travel, education and self-improvement but that all moneys so received from said trust estate shall be used exclusively for such purposes and shall during her coverture be for the sole and separate use of herself and her issue.

Upon the death of the said Nackie Elizabeth, or in the event that she should predecease the Trustor leaving issue surviving her, the Trustee shall administer and use the annuity herein provided for the benefit of such issue under the same conditions and for the same purposes as in case said Nackie Elizabeth were living. Upon the attainment of any of such issue of his or her twenty-first year, or the termination of this trust as hereinafter provided, whichever event shall happen first, the income from said annuity, together

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with all the accumulations held by the Trustee under this provision, shall be divided into shares as follows: one for each child of the said Nackey Elizabeth then surviving, and one for the issue of each deceased child leaving issue surviving at the time of such accumulations in full and to receive his or her share of such annuity in quarterly installments or oftener, and each infant beneficiary to receive such portion of his or her share of said accumulations and annuity as said Trustee shall in his uncontrolled discretion deem advisable, the remainder to be accumulated and paid to each of said issue upon his or her attaining the age of twenty-one (21) years. Upon the demise of the said Nackey Elizabeth and/or upon the youngest of her surviving children attaining the age of twenty-one (21) years, and/or upon the termination of this trust, whichever event shall happen first, the annuity herein provided shall thereupon cease and terminate.

Should the said Nackey Elizabeth die without issue, or should leave children surviving her all of whom shall die without issue before attaining the age of twenty-one (21) years, or before the termination of this trust as hereinafter provided, then upon the death of the said Nackey Elizabeth (leaving no issue) and/or of the last survivor of such children, and/or the termination of this trust, whichever event shall happen first, said annuity shall thereupon cease and terminate and all accumulations from said annuity then held by the Trustee shall thereupon be distributed by the Trustee as principal or income of the trust estate in the manner hereinafter provided.

The Trustee may in his uncontrolled discretion during the term of this trust, discharge and terminate the annuity herein provided by conveying, transferring and delivering to Nackey Elizabeth and/or her issue in fee, upon trust as herein set forth and not otherwise, property and/or money of the trust estate exclusive of voting stocks in The E. W. Scripps Company and/or newspaper and allied companies, the value of which property shall equal the sum of Five Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$500,000.00) as determined by the Trustee in his uncontrolled discretion, but yielding at the time it is so provided a gross annual income of not less than Thirty

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Thousand Dollars (\$30,000.00), whereupon the above provisions of this Article Seventeen and so much of the provisions for distribution of the trust estate as is set forth in Article Twenty-six of this trust, shall cease and terminate and be of no further effect.

ARTICLE EIGHTEEN: From and after the demise of the Trustor, the Trustee shall pay from the remaining net income derived from the trust estate and available for distribution hereunder, to Robert F. Paine, of San Diego County, California, and his issue, during the term of this trust, the sum of Three Thousand Six Hundred Dollars (\$3,600.00) per annum, in quarterly installments or oftener, the issue of Robert F. Paine to take *per stirpes* and not *per capita*.

ARTICLE NINETEEN: From and after the demise of the Trustor, the Trustee shall pay from the remaining net income derived from the trust estate and available for distribution hereunder, to Gilson Gardner, of Washington, D. C., or in the event of his death, to his wife, during the term of this trust, the sum of.....
.....per annum, in quarterly installments or oftener. In the event of the death of Gilson Gardner and his wife prior to the termination of this trust then said annuity shall thereupon cease and terminate.

ARTICLE TWENTY: Within five years after the demise of the Trustor, the Trustee shall pay from the remaining net income derived from the trust estate and available for distribution hereunder to Harry L. Smithton, of San Diego County, California, and his issue, the sum of Twenty-five thousand (\$25,000.00) Dollars, together with interest at six (6%) per cent per annum, payable quarterly, from the date of the death of the Trustor until said sum is fully paid and discharged.

ARTICLE TWENTY-ONE: From and after the demise of the Trustor, the Trustee shall set aside and pay over to a separate fund to be known as the "Newspaper Investment Fund", during the term of this trust, an annual sum equal to and not less than thirty (30%) per cent of the net income to be derived from the trust estate and available for distribution hereunder remaining after providing for the bequests and annuities specified in Articles Sixteen to Twenty inclusive. The Trustee shall administer and use the aforesaid "News-

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paper Investment Fund" for the purpose of investing in new newspaper or news enterprises, either by purchase or founding, and/or for meeting obligations and commitments previously incurred on account of newspaper or news enterprises; and the investments and interests so acquired shall belong to and become a part of the trust estate and wherever practicable the property of the E. W. Scripps Company. In undertaking such new enterprises the Trustee shall acquire and retain as part of the trust estate hereunder sufficient stock or other evidences of ownership as will secure to the Trustee hereunder the voting control of each enterprise, and the Trustee may in his uncontrolled discretion sell, donate, and/or otherwise dispose of the remaining stock or other evidences of ownership of each enterprise to the persons who become the general and local editors and managers thereof or to the members of the editorial and business staffs, upon such terms and conditions as the Trustee may deem just and proper.

The Trustee is also empowered out of the aforesaid Fund to provide and maintain annuities and/or gifts for the use and benefit of such persons employed by or connected with the E. W. Scripps concern, or relatives or dependents of such employees, as the Trustee in his uncontrolled discretion may determine and designate as deserving of the same by reason of faithful service in said concern.

ARTICLE TWENTY-TWO: From and after the demise of the Trustor, the Trustee shall pay during the term of this trust from the remaining net income derived from the trust estate and available for distribution hereunder, the sum of Thirty Thousand (\$30,000.00) Dollars per annum, in annual installments or oftener, to Science Service, Inc., a Delaware corporation having a present office in Washington, D. C., to be used as and exclusively for the purposes mentioned in its Certificate of Incorporation, filed and recorded May 16-17, 1921.

The Trustee may in his uncontrolled discretion, during the term of this trust, discharge and terminate the annuity herein provided by conveying, transferring and delivering to Science Service, Inc., (the above mentioned corporation), in fee, upon trust as herein set forth and not otherwise, property and/or money of the trust

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estate, exclusive of voting stocks in The E. W. Scripps Company and/or newspaper and allied companies, the value of which property shall equal the sum of Five Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$500,000.00), as determined by the Trustee in his uncontrolled discretion, but yielding a gross annual income at the time it is so provided of not less than Thirty Thousand Dollars (\$30,000.00) whereupon the above provisions of this Article Twenty-two, and so much of the provisions for distribution of the trust estate as is set forth in Article Twenty-nine of this trust, shall cease and terminate.

ARTICLE TWENTY-THREE: From and after the demise of the Trustor, the Trustee shall pay during the term of this trust, from the net income derived from the trust estate and available for distribution hereunder, the sum of Fifteen Thousand Dollars (\$15,000.00) per annum to Miami University of Butler County, Ohio, to be used for the maintenance and development of the departments of economics, political science and sociology and particularly in promoting the study of the economic, political and social effects of the growth and distribution of population in America.

The Trustee may, in his uncontrolled discretion, during the term of this trust discharge and terminate the annuity herein provided by conveying, transferring and delivering to Miami University, in fee, upon trust as herein set forth and not otherwise, property and/or money of the trust estate, exclusive of voting stocks in The E. W. Scripps Company and/or newspaper and allied companies, the value of which property shall equal the sum of Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars (\$250,000.00) as determined by the Trustee in his uncontrolled discretion, but yielding an annual income at the time it is so provided of not less than Fifteen Thousand Dollars (\$15,000.00), whereupon the above provisions of this Article Twenty-three and so much of the provisions for distribution of the trust estate as is set forth in Article Thirty of this trust, shall cease and terminate.

ARTICLE TWENTY-FOUR: From and after the demise of the Trustor, the Trustee shall during the term of this trust pay over annually the remaining net income derived from such trust estate

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and available for distribution hereunder, to Robert Paine Scripps, son of the Trustor, and his issue, absolutely.

Upon the death of Robert Paine Scripps, or should he predecease the Trustor leaving issue him surviving, said remaining net income derived from the trust estate and available for distribution hereunder shall be divided into shares as follows: One share for each male child of the said Robert Paine Scripps and one-half of one share for each female child of the said Robert Paine Scripps; should any child of the said Robert Paine Scripps die leaving issue, then such share as such deceased child would have received shall be divided among such issue *per stirpes* and not *per capita*; each adult beneficiary to be paid his or her share in quarterly installments, or oftener, and each infant beneficiary to receive such portion of his or her share as the above-mentioned successor Trustees shall in their uncontrolled discretion deem necessary to provide for the maintenance and education of each such beneficiary during his or her minority, any balance remaining to be separately invested and accumulated by the Trustees and paid to each such beneficiary upon his or her attaining the age of twenty-one (21) years. In the event that any child of the said Robert Paine Scripps dies before attaining the age of twenty-one (21) years without leaving issue him or her surviving, all accumulations held hereunder for the benefit of such child, together with the said child's share of the net income as herein provided, shall be divided and distributed in the manner and proportions above set forth among the children of the said Robert Paine Scripps then living.

TERMINATION OF TRUST AND DISTRIBUTION OF CORPUS OF TRUST ESTATE

Upon the death of Robert Paine Scripps, son of the Trustor, or of the last surviving child of said Robert Paine Scripps living at the time of the Trustor's decease, or upon the death of Nackie H. Scripps, wife of the trustor, whichever event shall last happen, this trust shall thereupon cease and terminate and the entire trust estate, together with all accumulations and income thereunder, shall

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go and be by the Trustees conveyed, transferred and delivered in fee, as follows:

ARTICLE TWENTY-FIVE: The sum of One Million Dollars (\$1,000,000.00) in property or cash to such person or persons and in such shares or amounts as Nackie H. Scripps, wife of the Trustor, shall by last will or testamentary disposition appoint, provided, however, that in no event shall the aforesaid sum exceed one-third of the total value of the trust estate as determined by the Trustees hereunder at the time of the distribution.

ARTICLE TWENTY-SIX: The sum of Five Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$500,000.00) in cash or property to Nackey Elizabeth daughter of the Trustor and her issue. In the event of the death of the said Nackey Elizabeth at the time of the termination of this trust, said sum shall be divided amongst her issue *per stirpes* and not *per capita*.

ARTICLE TWENTY-SEVEN: The sum of Sixty Thousand Dollars (\$60,000.00) in cash or property to Robert F. Paine, of San Diego County, California, and his issue. In the event of the death of Robert F. Paine at the time of the termination of this trust, said sum shall be divided amongst his issue *per stirpes* and not *per capita*.

ARTICLE TWENTY-EIGHT: The sum of
..... in cash or property to Gilson Gardner of Washington, D. C. In the event of the death of Gilson Gardner at the time of the termination of this trust, said sum shall be paid to his wife, should she be then living. In the event of both Gilson Gardner and his wife having deceased at the time of the termination of this trust, the provisions of this Article as above set forth shall lapse and the aforesaid sum shall be paid into the residue of the trust estate.

ARTICLE TWENTY-NINE: The sum of Five Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$500,000.00) in cash or property to Science Service, Inc., a Delaware corporation, having a present office in Washington, D. C., to be used always and exclusively for the purposes mentioned in its Certificate of Incorporation, filed and recorded May 16-17, 1921.

ARTICLE THIRTY: The sum of Two Hundred and Fifty Thou-

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sand Dollars (\$250,000.00), in cash or property, to Miami University of Butler County, Ohio, to be used in the development of the departments of economics, political science and sociology and particularly for the purposes set forth in Article Twenty-three hereof.

ARTICLE THIRTY-ONE: All the rest, residue and remainder of the capital and/or income of said trust estate, whether real, mixed or personal, shall be paid and delivered to the issue of Robert Paine Scripps, son of the Trustor, in the following shares: One share for each male grandchild of the said Robert Paine Scripps and one-half of one share for each female grandchild of the said Robert Paine Scripps. And in the event there be no such living grandchildren, then fifty-one (51 %) per cent of the voting shares of The E. W. Scripps Company shall be transferred and delivered to Thomas O. Scripps of San Diego, California, nephew of the Trustor, or to such child or children of his as he may designate by instrument in writing duly acknowledged, and the entire residual estate thereafter remaining shall pass and be paid over to the heirs-at-law of E. W. Scripps, Trustor.

ARTICLE THIRTY-TWO: In making any division and distribution of said trust estate, the Trustees may make the same in cash or property, or both, as they may deem best, and the decision of said Trustees as to the value of any property distributed shall be final. In order to enable the Trustee to make final distribution, they shall have full right, power and authority to sell any of the assets constituting the trust estate upon such terms and conditions as they shall deem wise, subject, however, to the provisions of Article Thirty-one dealing with the contingency of certain voting shares of The E. W. Scripps Company passing to Thomas O. Scripps.

ARTICLE THIRTY-THREE: It is an express provision of this trust, controlling over all other provisions hereof, that it must continue for the full duration of the term stated herein, and it shall in no event be terminated prior thereto by any court or equitable proceeding and/or the beneficiaries and/or the Trustee; and in the event that it shall, for any reason, be so terminated by, through or with the consent or connivance of the beneficiaries hereof, the

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whole trust estate and undistributed income and all accumulations pertaining thereto shall be by said Trustee conveyed, transferred and delivered in fee, to Robert Paine Scripps, son of the Trustor, absolutely, or if said Robert Paine Scripps, be not living, then to the children of Robert Paine Scripps, absolutely, in accordance with the ratio specified in Article Thirty-one, to the complete and entire exclusion of all of the other designated beneficiaries of this trust, their heirs and assigns, anything to the contrary herein contained notwithstanding; provided, however, that if the said Robert Paine Scripps, son of the Trustor, and/or the aforesaid children of Robert Paine Scripps, aid or contribute in any manner whatsoever toward the termination of this trust prior to the full duration of the term stated herein then fifty-one (51%) per cent of the voting shares of The E. W. Scripps Company shall be transferred and delivered to Thomas O. Scripps of San Diego, California, or to such child or children of his as he may designate by instrument in writing duly acknowledged, and the entire residual estate thereafter remaining to the persons designated in the last three lines of this article, unless the said Thomas O. Scripps or any child or children designated by him participated in any manner whatsoever in the premature termination of this trust as herein provided, in which event the whole trust estate and undistributed income and all accumulations pertaining thereto, including the aforesaid fifty-one (51%) per cent of the voting shares of The E. W. Scripps Company, shall be conveyed, transferred and delivered to such of the heirs-at-law of E. W. Scripps, Trustor, as have not participated in any manner whatsoever in the termination of this trust prior to the full duration of the term stated herein.

ARTICLE THIRTY-FOUR: Any question which shall arise as to the execution, performance, interpretation and/or validity of this instrument, or any part thereof, shall be determined by and in accordance with the laws of the State of Ohio. In the event any part of this instrument shall be found invalid, the remainder of this instrument shall not thereby be invalidated but shall remain in full force and effect.

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IT IS MUTUALLY AGREED BY AND BETWEEN THE PARTIES HERETO THAT:

Each and every beneficiary under this trust is hereby restrained from and are and shall be without right, power, and authority to sell, transfer, pledge, mortgage, hypothecate, alienate, anticipate or in any other manner affect or impair his, her or their beneficial and legal rights, titles, interests, claims and estate in and to the income and/or principal of this trust during the entire term thereof, nor shall the rights, titles, interests and estate of any beneficiary hereunder be subject to the rights or claims of creditors of any beneficiary, nor subject nor liable to any process of law or court, and all of the income and/or principal under this trust shall be transferable, payable and deliverable only, solely, exclusively and personally to the above designated beneficiaries hereunder at the time they are entitled to take the same under the terms of this trust, and the personal receipt of each designated beneficiary (except the Trustor) hereunder shall be a condition precedent to the payment or delivery of the same by said Trustee to each such beneficiary, and if any beneficiary hereunder shall at any time or times alienate or attempt to alienate, charge or dispose of or in any manner affect or impair his, her or their beneficial and legal rights, titles, interests, claims and estates in and to the income and/or principal of this trust during the entire term thereof before the same shall have been delivered to them under the terms and conditions herein provided, or if by reason of their bankruptcy or other events happening either before or after the Trustor's death said income and/or principal otherwise intended for such beneficiary or any of them shall wholly or in part cease to be enjoyed by them or any of them as above provided and the same, or any part thereof, or any interest therein, shall, or but for this proviso would, become vested in some other person or persons, then the trust hereinbefore expressed concerning said income and/or principal shall thereupon cease and terminate as to the beneficiary whose interest may be so affected and all income otherwise hereinbefore provided for such beneficiary shall thereafter be held and distributed by the Trustee during the residue of the life of such

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beneficiary according to the absolute discretion of the Trustee, but the Trustee may pay to such beneficiary, or for his or her maintenance and support (or to the wife, husband, child or children of such beneficiary) thereafter during the residue of the life of such beneficiary, from such income and/or principal, such sums, and such sums only, as said Trustee in his absolute discretion, shall think fit and proper, using or retaining any unexpended sums for the benefit of any one or more of the beneficiaries hereunder whose interest is not so affected.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, Edward W. Scripps, the Trustor hereunder, has set his hand and seal, and Robert Paine Scripps, the Trustee hereunder, to evidence his acceptance of the trust herein expressed has set his hand and seal, the day and year first above written.

Signed in the presence of: *Edward W. Scripps* (SEAL)

Trustee

Thos. L. Sidlo

Robert Paine Scripps (SEAL),

Roy W. Howard

STATE OF FLORIDA
COUNTY OF DUVAL

} ss

Before me, a Notary Public in and for said County, personally appeared the above-named EDWARD W. SCRIPPS, who acknowledged that he did sign the foregoing instrument and that the same is his free act and deed.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name at Jacksonville, this 23rd day of November, A. D., 1922.

Karl E. Jurz

Notary Public

(Schedules of property transferred to the Trustee—16 single spaced typewritten pages—omitted).

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THE STATE OF OHIO
BUTLER COUNTY

} ss

I, Gideon Palmer, sole Judge and ex officio Clerk of the Probate Court within and for the aforesaid County and State, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of the last will and testament and trust agreement in the matter of the estate of Edward W. Scripps, deceased, admitted to probate April 26, 1926.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said Court at Hamilton, Ohio, this 14th day of May, 1926.

(SEAL)

(Signed) GIDEON PALMER,

Probate Judge.

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